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LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.,

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles. The Editor. 1, 41, 81, 121, 169, 209, 249, 289, 329, 369, 419, and	459
Dermond—A Tale. By Hugh Macgregor Campbell. 11, 60, 90, 129, 176, 221, 280, 319, 400, and	430
The Editor in Canada—	
I. New York, Boston, New Brunswick, and Pictou	20
II. Pictou, New Glasgow, Springville, and Antigonish	69
III. Cape Breton, and the City of Halifax	105
IV. Quebec, Montreal, and Glengarry	151
V. Cornwall, Ottawa, and Kingston—The Marquis of Lorne, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., and Evan MacColl	183
VI. Toronto, Beaverton, and Woodville—The Hon. George Brown, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, and the Hon. Donald A. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario	231
VII. Guelph, Lucknow, and Kincardine	304
VIII. Woodstock, London, Hamilton, and the Falls of Niagara	351
IX. New York and Philadelphia—Independence Hall and Dr Shelton Mackenzie	393
The Quigrich, or Pastoral Staff of St Fillan. By the Rev. Allan Sinclair ...	33
A Sutherland Highlander's Welcome to the Marquis of Lorne to Canada ...	39
The Early Scenes of Flora Macdonald's Life, &c. By the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A. ... ... 52, 138, and	475
Genealogical Notes and Queries—	
Caithness Campbells ... ... 78 and	159
Colonel Read	79
The Macraes	208
Macbeans of Kinchyle, the Crerars, and Rosses of Inverchastley 279, 297, and	368
Macdonalds of Balranald ... ... 399 and	452
The Shaws of the Black Isle	452
Ian Lom—John Macdonald—and his Times. By the Rev. Allan Sinclair ...	97
History of the Clan Mackenzie—Opinions of the Press	118
Allan nan Creach—A Legend. By Torquil	135
Retirement of Provost Simpson	137
Professor Rhys' Welsh Philology—Review	144
The Highland Clearances and the Highland Crofters	148
Annual Dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness—full Report	160
List of Canadian Agents	168
A Mackintosh Raid into Aberdeen in 1382. By the late Alex. Fraser	193
The Wise Laird of Culloden. By M. A. Rose	195
New Celtic Work—Leabhar nam Fior Ghaidheal	200
Highland Musical Instruments	204
Flower Lore—Review	206
A History of the House and Clan of Mackintosh	208
Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness—Review	242
Bide a Wee, and Other Poems. By Mary J. MacColl.—Review	246
A Legend of St Kilda. By M. A. Rose ... ... 258 and	298
The Girls of Canada	264
John Mackenzie's Monument—Balance Sheet	264
The Monks of Iona. By Colin Chisholm	265
Notes on Caithness History. By Geo. M. Sutherland ... 271, 361, and	445
The Battle of Invernahavon. By Patrick Macgregor, M.A.	284
Old Celtic Romances—Review	286
The Lewisman's Grace	303
The Authenticity of Ossian. By the Rev. Allan Sinclair	311
Highland Books	318

PAGE.

Mary Mackellar's Songs and Poems—Review 327
The Macaulays of Lewis 337
The Emigrant. By M. H. W. 338
The Celtic Side of Burns. By the late James Cunningham 345
Donald the Fiddler—A Legend. By M. A. Rose 347
Inverness Highland Rifle Volunteers 350
Gaelic Books for the Melbourne Exhibition 359
The late Alexander Fraser, Registrar—A Memoir 360
Highland Legends. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder—Review 364
The Gaelic Songs of Dr Maclachlan, Rahoy—Review 364
Highland Handbook, and Macbrayne's Guide to the Highlands—Reviews 367 and 368
The Rev. Alex. Stewart, F.S.A. Scot.—"Nether-Lochaber"—A Sketch ... 379
The late D. C. Macpherson—A Memoir 391
The Aged Piper and his Bagpipes. By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A. ... 404
The Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society—Addresses by the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D., Colin Chisholm, and the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A. 406
The late Angus Macdonald—the Glen-Urquhart Bard 416
Farms Indeed! and Souls to Match 417
The Government Factor and the Widow's Cow. By Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A. 426
The Clan Mackenzie in Sarnia, Canada 434
The Highland Rifle (Ross-shire) Militia. By the Editor 435
The *Invernessian*—A New Monthly Periodical—Prospectus 451
Teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools. By Wm. Jolly, H.M.I.S. 453
The Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.—a Chieftain 456
The Macdonalds and the Macleods in Harris. By MacIain 457
Match-Making among the Frasers. By M. A. Rose 470
Superstition Extraordinary 472
Canntaireachd; or Articulate Music. By A. M. 483
History of Ireland by Standish O'Grady—Review 490
To the Reader 494

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., and the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., on the Gaelic Scriptures ... ... 26, 32, 112, and 116
The Quigrich. By Colin Chisholm 117
„ By M. A. Rose 149
„ By the Rev. Allan Sinclair 199
Principal Shairp on Ossian. By the Rev. P. Hately Waddell, LL.D. ... 274
The Macdonalds of Keppoch. A Nova-Scotian Macdonald 276
The Clan Iver—A Son of Iver 278
The Raid of Killichrist. By William Mackay and A. Mackenzie 323

POEMS AND SONGS.

To Evan MacColl. By Duncan Macgregor Crerar 118
To my Father. By Mary J. MacColl 198
Call Pharais—A Cheud Duan. Translated by Rev. Allan Sinclair 201
Maighdean Loch-nan-Eala. By John Campbell, Ledaig 219
In Sutherlandshire. By W. A. Sim 248
The Relief of Ekowe. By Alexander Logan 257
Horinn ho cha bhi sinn tursach. By Alexander Campbell 418
Tigh Dige nam Fear Eachannach. By Alexander Campbell 450
Monessia—A Song by Jerome Stone, with Notes by "Nether-Lochaber" ... 468
Oran a Chlo. By Alexander Campbell 473

GAELIC SONGS, WITH MUSIC.

Oran Leannanachd 80
Gu'm a slan a chi mi 120
Mo Mhaili Bheag Og 247

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XLIX. NOVEMBER, 1879. Vol. V.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

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I.

To write a full, authentic, and, at the same time, a popular history of this ancient and illustrious family is no easy task. Its earlier annals are much obscured, and it is difficult to decide between the various contradictory accounts given of it by the earlier chroniclers. The researches of Skene, Gregory, and others have, however, made the task much easier, and the result more trustworthy than it could otherwise have been. Gregory's "History of the Western Islands and Isles of Scotland," now scarce, is an invaluable guide, and will be largely taken advantage of in the following pages, down to 1625. The object of that work, to quote the author himself, "is to trace the history of the territories once owned by the great Lords of the Isles, from the time of the downfall of that princely race, in the reign of James IV. of Scotland, until the accession of Charles I. to the throne of Great Britain."

It is not our intention to speculate at length on the different races which are variously stated to have originally occupied the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Those who desire to enter upon that subject will find various and divergent authorities to consult, which need not here be referred to. In this work we shall get on solid and authentic historical ground as soon as possible, and leave speculation as to the origin and prehistoric annals of the Clan to those who delight in such attractive but generally useless inquiry. Mr Skene holds that the Macdonalds are of Celtic, or at all events of mixed Celtic origin, that is, descended from the Gallgall, or Gaelic pirates, or rovers, who are said to be so described to distinguish them from the Norwegian and Danish *Fingall* and *Dubh-ghall*, or white and black strangers or rovers. He maintains that they are of a purely Pictish descent, not even mixed with the Dalriadic Scots. Gregory says that "the earliest inhabitants of the Western Isles or Ebudes (corruptly Hebrides) were probably a portion of the Albanich, Caledonians, or Picts. In some of the Southern Islands, particularly in Isla, this race must have been displaced or overrun by the Dalriads on their first settle-

ment; so that, at the date of the Scottish conquest the Isles, like the adjacent mainland, were divided between the Picts and the Scots. The change produced in the original population of the Isles, by the influx of the Scots—a cognate Celtic race—was, however, trifling compared with that which followed the first settlement of the Scandinavians in the Isles towards the end of the ninth century." From 880 to about 1100 the Western Isles were under and governed by Norwegian and Danish kings. In 1103 the Islanders took for their king Lagman, the eldest son of Godred Crovan, King of Man. This Prince, after a reign of seven years, abdicated, when the nobility of the Isles applied to Murchad O'Brien, then King of Ireland, to send them over a Prince of his blood to act as Regent during the minority of Olave, surviving son of Godred Crovan who died at Jerusalem, where he went on a pilgrimage, shortly after his abdication of the throne. The Irish King sent them Donald MacTade, who ruled over the Islanders for two years; but he became so obnoxious, by his tyranny and oppression, that the Island Chiefs rose against him, and expelled him; whereupon he fled to Ireland, and never again returned to the Isles. Olave succeeded and reigned for forty years, preserving his kingdom from aggression, and securing a long period of peace within his dominions. This king was known among the Highlanders as Olave the Red. He was succeeded by his son, Godred the Black, whose daughter, Ragnhildis, married Somerled, Prince or Lord of Argyle, from whom sprung the dynasty so well known in Scottish history, and of whom we shall have much to say in the following pages, as the Lords of the Isles.

It is impossible to decide what the elements were of which the inhabitants of the Western Isles were at this period composed; but there appears to be little doubt that a mixture of Scandinavian and Celtic blood was effected in very early times; and the same holds good of the contiguous mainland districts, which, being intersected by various arms of the sea, were also, like the Isles, overrun more or less by the Norwegian and Danish sea rovers; but, in spite of this, history and topography prove beyond question that the Celtic language ultimately prevailed, and that it was very much the same as is spoken in the present day. While there is no doubt at all as to the mixture of races, it is much more difficult to decide to what extent the mixture prevailed; but all the best authorities hold that the Celtic element predominated. It is, however, of much more importance to discover which of the Scandinavian tribes infused the largest portion of northern blood into the population of the Isles. Gregory says that the Irish annalists divided the piratical bands, "which in the ninth and following centuries infested Ireland, into two great tribes, styled by these writers, *Fiongall*, or white foreigners, and *Dubhghall*, or black foreigners. These are believed to represent, the former, the Norwegians, the latter, the Danes; and the distinction in the names given to them is supposed to have arisen from a diversity either in their clothing or in the sails of their vessels. These tribes had generally separate leaders, but they were occasionally united under one king; and, although both were bent, first on ravaging the Irish shores, and afterwards on seizing portions of the Irish territories, they frequently turned their arms against each other. The Gaelic title of *Righ Fiongall*, or King of the Fiongall, so frequently applied to the Lords of the Isles, seems to prove that Olave the Red, from whom they were descended in the female line, was so styled, and that, conse-

quently, his subjects in the Isles, in so far as they were not Celtic, were Fiongall or Norwegians. It has been remarked by one writer,* whose opinion is entitled to weight, that the names of places in the exterior Hebrides, or the long island, derived from the Scandinavian tongue, resemble the names of places in Orkney, Shetland, and Caithness. On the other hand, the corresponding names in the interior Hebrides are in a different dialect, resembling that of which the traces are to be found in the topography of Sutherland, and appear to have been imposed at a later period than the first mentioned names. The probability is, however, that the difference alluded to is not greater than might be expected in the language of two branches of the same race after a certain interval; and that the Scandinavian of the Hebrides was, therefore, derived from two successive Norwegian colonies. This view is further confirmed by the fact, that the Hebrides, although long subject to Norway, do not appear ever to have formed part of the possessions of the Danes.†

We now come to consider more especially the origin of the Macdonalds, at one time, by far the most important, most numerous, and most powerful of the Western Clans. This noble race is undoubtedly descended from Somerled of Argyle, but his origin is involved in obscurity and surrounded with considerable difficulty. Of his father, *Gillebride*, and of his grandfather, *Gilledomnan*, little is known but the names. According to both the Highland and Irish genealogists, Gilledomnan was sixth in descent from Godfrey MacFergus, who in an Irish chronicle is called Toshach of the Isles, and who lived in the reign of Kenneth MacAlpin. Tradition asserts that Godfrey or one of his race was expelled from the Isles by the Danes.‡ which assertion if correct, may apply to the conquest of Harald Harfager, who in all probability dispossessed many of the native Island chiefs. But the Celtic Seanachaidhs are not satisfied with a descent even so remote as Fergus. They trace, through a long line of ancestors, the descent of that chief from the celebrated Irish King, *Conn nan Ceud Cath*, or Conn of the Hundred Battles. So far the account of Somerled's origin according to those who maintain his Scoto-Irish descent. Others have maintained that he was undoubtedly a Scandinavian by male descent. "His name," says Gregory, "is certainly a Norse one§; but then on the other hand, the names of his father and grandfather are purely Celtic; whilst the inter-marriages that must have taken place between the two races in the Isles and adjacent coasts, make it impossible to found any argument on the Christian name alone. Somerled is mentioned more than once in the Norse Sagas, but never in such a way as to enable us to affirm with certainty what the opinion of the Scandinavian writers was as to his origin. He appears to have been known to them as *Sumarlidi* Haullds, and the impression produced by the passages in which he is mentioned is rather against his being considered a Norseman. It is possible, however, as he was certainly descended from a noted individual of the name of Godfrey, that his ancestor may have been that Gofra MacArailt, King of the Isles, who died in 989. But, on the whole, the uni-

* Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. i., p. 266.

† Highlands and Isles, pp, 8-9.

‡ Hugh Macdonald's MS. History of the Macdonalds, written about the end of the seventeenth century.

§ The Norse *Somerled*, and the Gaelic *Somhairle*, are both rendered into the English, *Samuel*.

formity of the Highland and Irish traditions, which can be traced back at least four hundred years, lead to the conclusion that the account first given of the origin of Somerled is correct."

We are informed by the Macdonald genealogists that Gillebride was expelled from his possessions, and that he and his son Somerled were obliged for a long time to conceal themselves in a cave in Morvean, from which circumstance the father is known in tradition as *Gillebride na h' Uamh*, or of the Cave.* From certain circumstances, obscurely hinted at, continues Gregory, it would seem that Gillebride, after the death of Malcolm Ceannmor, had, with the other Celtic inhabitants of Scotland, supported Donald Bane, the brother of Malcolm, in his claim to the Scottish throne, to the exclusion of Edgar, Malcolm's son, and that, consequently, on the final triumph of the Anglo-Saxon party, Gillebride would naturally be exposed to their vengeance in exact proportion to his power, and to the assistance he had given to the other party. His possessions are believed to have been on the mainland of Argyle, but this has not been conclusively ascertained. Somerled when young was drawn from his obscurity, and placed at the head of the men of Morvern, to defend the district from a band of Norse pirates who threatened to ravage it. By his courage and skill Somerled completely defeated them; and, following up his success, he soon after recovered his paternal inheritance

* "Fragment of a Manuscript History of the Macdonalds," written in the reign of Charles II., by Hugh Macdonald, is printed from the Gregory collection in the "Collectanea de Rebus Albanis," pages 282-324. It is often referred to by Gregory in his "Highlands and Isles." It begins as follows:—"Sommerled, the son of Gilbert, began to muse on the low condition and misfortune to which he and his father were reduced, and kept at first very retired. In the meantime, Allin Mac Vich Allin coming with some forces to the land of Morverin for pillage and herships, intending to retire forthwith to Lochaber, from whence he came. From this Allan descended the family of Lochiel. Sommerled thought now it was high time to make himself known for the defence of his country, if he could, or at least see the same, having no company for the time. There was a young sprout of a tree near the cave which grew in his age of infancy. He plucked it up by the root, and putting it on his shoulder, came near the people of Morverin, desired them to be of good courage and do as he did, and so by this persuasion, all of them having pulled a branch, and putting the same on their shoulder, went on encouraging each other. Godfrey Du had possession of the Isles of the north side of Ardnamurchan from the King of Denmark. Olay compelled the inhabitants of some of these Isles to infest Morverin by landing some forces there. The principal surnames in the country were Macinneses and Macgillivrays, who are the same as the Macinneses. They, being in sight of the enemy, could act nothing without one to command them. At length they agreed to make the first person that should appear to them their general. Who came in the meantime but Sommerled, with his bow, quiver, and sword? Upon his appearance they raised a great shout of laughter. Sommerled enquiring the reason, they answered they were rejoiced at his appearance. They told him that they had agreed to make the first that would appear their general. Sommerled said he would undertake to lead them, or serve as a man otherwise. But if they pitched upon him as their commander, they should swear to be obedient to his commands; so, without any delay, they gave him an oath of obedience. There was a great hill betwixt them and the enemy, and Sommerled ordered his men to put off their coats, and put their shirts and full armour above their coats. So making them go three times in a disguised manner about the hill that they might seem more in number than they really were, at last he ordered them to engage the Danes, saying that some of them were on shore and the rest in their ships; that those on shore would fight but faintly so near their ships. Withal he exorted his soldiers to be of good courage, and to do as they would see him do. The first whom Sommerled slew he ript up and took out his heart, desiring the rest to do the same, because that the Danes were no Christians. So the Danes were put to the flight; many of them were lost in the sea endeavouring to gain their ships; the lands of Mull and Morverin being freed at that time from their yoke and slavery. After this defeat given to the Danes, Sommerled thought to recover Argyle from those who, contrary to right, had possessed it, being wrung out of the hands of his father unjustly by Macbeath, Donald Bain, and the Danes."

and made himself master of a great portion of Argyle, and thenceforth assumed the title of Lord, Thane, or Regulus of Argyle, and became one of the most powerful chiefs in Scotland.

Smibert agrees generally with the better known writers already quoted, and considers it probable, from many concurrent circumstances, that while the Macdonalds were wholly Celtic fundamentally, they had the blood of the Irish Celts commingled in their veins with that of the Pictish Celts. The term Gall-gael applied to them by early writers, signifying strangers or Piratical Gaels, seems to him to prove that from the first they dwelt in the Isles or sea coasts of the west, and severed them broadly from the Norse pirates, who at the same time visited our western shores. "The Gall-gael appear to be clearly distinguishable from the primitive or Dalriadic Scots" who issued from Ireland, and originally peopled a considerable portion of Argyle, then termed Dalriada. "The sires of the Macdonalds arrived, in all likelihood, at a somewhat later epoch, fixing themselves more peculiarly in the Isles of the western coasts; though, when the Scots overturned the kingdom of the southern and eastern Picts in the ninth century, and shifted more or less extensively to the richer territories then acquired, the Gall-gael seem to have also become the main occupants of Argyle and the surrounding mainland. From that period they are closely identified with the proper northern and north-western Gaelic Picts, with whom they, beyond doubt, formed connections freely. The interests of both were henceforth nearly the same; and for many successive centuries they struggled conjointly against the growing and adverse power of the Scottish monarchy of the Lowlands."

Of this view of "the descent of the Siol Cuinn (the special name given from an early chief, named Conn of the Hundred Battles, to the ancestors of the Macdonalds) it may at all events be said that there would be some difficulty in offering a more rational and intelligible one, and it may be justified by various and strong arguments. The early and long-continued hostility which they displayed towards the Scots will not admit of their being considered as a pure Scoto-Dalriadic tribe. On the other hand, their constant community of interests with the Gaelic Picts of the north and north-west goes far to prove a close connection with these, and a liberal intermixture of blood, though it does not altogether justify us in ascribing their descent wholly and primarily to that native and purely Celtic source. "Other facts indeed point strongly to an Irish original. Among such facts may be reckoned the repeated references of the Macdonald race, to Ireland for aid, in all times of peril and difficulty, for many consecutive centuries. From the Somerleds of the eleventh, down to Donald (called the Bastard) in the sixteenth century, the kings and chiefs of the house are again and again recorded as having visited that island and sought assistance as from undoubted relatives. Nor did they do so vainly, the Macquarries, for example, being almost certainly among such introduced auxiliaries. Moreover the line and range of their early possessions lead us directly towards Ireland. The Isle of Man was long one of their chief holdings, while Bute, Arran, and Islay, with Cantire, were among their first Scottish seats, all being in the track of Irish rovers or emigrants. Again the heads of the Macdonalds themselves seem to have entertained opinions as to their descent only explicable on the same supposition. Sir James Macdonald, writing in 1615, speaks of his family as

having been 'ten hundred years kindly Scotsmen under the Kings of Scotland.' . . . . 'On the whole, the conclusion reasonably to be drawn from these and similar circumstances is, that the direct founders of the Macdonald race came primarily from Ireland at some very early period of the annals of the Dalriad-Scots; and that they were left (or made themselves) the successors of that people in place and power in the west of Scotland, at the precise time when the overthrow of the southern Picts drew their Dalriadic conquerors further inland. That the Siol Cuinn, or Race of Conn, then became deeply and inseparably blended in regard of blood, as well as of interests with the native northern Gael, is a farther conclusion equally consistent with facts and probability."

"The almost natural division between the Highlands and the Lowlands, conjoined with the remembrances which must long have existed of Pictish greatness, ever urged the inhabitants of the former region of all sections and descriptions to unite for the maintenance of its independence against the encroaching Lowlanders. Besides, the ties betwixt the Scots and the Gaelic Picts were broken up at a very early period. The former entirely lost their Pictish dialect, spoken in Bede's time, and became otherwise thoroughly *saxonised*. On the contrary, the Highlanders, whether natives or immigrants, Gaelic or Erse, were from first to last, of the same primary Celtic stock; and, accordingly, it was but natural that all of them should have combined against the Lowlanders as against a common foe, and should, in short, have been blended in the course of time into one people, and that people the Gael of Scotland." The same writer proceeds to say that various other clans of less note are implicated in the question of the origin of the Macdonalds as well as themselves; and he candidly admits, though personally disposed in favour of the Irish origin, that it is certainly enveloped in considerable difficulties. He then goes on to point out in reply to those who consider an Irish origin "degrading," that such parties appear to forget that whatever Ireland may have been since, that to the ancient western world it was the very cradle of religion and the nursery of civilisation. He asserts that undoubted evidences exist of the advanced state of the Irish people at a time when the Celts of Britain were comparatively in a state of barbarism. To belong to a race "which sent forth Columba, and through him originated an Iona, with all its concomitant blessings, might satisfy the pride of birth of even the haughtiest families." The settlement of the Saint in Iona would appear, he thinks, to confirm the supposition that the immigrants of the sixth century, which he thinks were accompanied by Saint Columba, and with which the ancestors of the Macdonalds came over from Ireland, only obtained possession at first of some of the smaller islands, and that they held little of the mainland until the tenth, eleventh, or twelfth centuries, after the removal further south of the Dalriadic-Scots.

Summing up the views of other writers on this subject, particularly of those above quoted, the editor of Fullarton's "History of the Highland Clans" assumes that the clan governed by Somerled formed part of the Gall-gael, that their independent kings must in all probability have been his ancestors; and, therefore, that the names of these kings should be found in the old genealogies of Somerled's family. "But this appears scarcely to be the case. The last king of the Gall-gael was Suibne, the son of Kenneth, who died in the year 1034; and, according to the manu-

script of 1450, an ancestor of Somerled, contemporary with this petty monarch, bore the same name, from which it may be presumed that the person referred to in the genealogy and manuscript is one and the same individual. The latter, however, calls Suibne's father Nialgusa; and in the genealogy there is no mention whatever of a Kenneth. But from the old Scottish writers we learn that at this time there was such a Kenneth, whom they call Thane of the Isles, and that one of the northern maormors also bore the same name, although it is not very easy to say what precise claim either had to be considered as the father of Suibne. There is also a further discrepancy observeable in the earlier part of the Macdonald genealogies, as compared with the manuscript; and besides, the latter, without making any mention of these supposed kings, deviates into the misty region of Irish heroic fable and romance. At this point, indeed, there is a complete divergence, if not contrariety, between the history as contained in the Irish annals and the genealogy developed in the manuscript; for, whilst the latter mentions the Gall-gael under their leaders as far back as the year 856, the former connect Suibne by a different genealogy with the Kings of Ireland. The fables of the Highland and Irish Sennachies now become connected with genuine history. The real descent of the chiefs was obscured or perplexed by the Irish genealogies, and previously to the eleventh century neither these genealogies nor even that of the manuscript of 1450 can be considered as of any authority whatever. It seems somewhat rash, however, to conclude, as Mr Skene has done, that the Siol Cuinn, or descendents of Conn, were of native origin. This exceeds the warrant of the premises, which merely carry the difficulty a few removes backward into the obscurity of time, and there leave the question in greater darkness than ever."

Skene, in his "Highlanders of Scotland," writing of the "Siol Cuinn," says:—"This tribe was one far too distinguished to escape the grasping claims of the Irish Sennachies, and accordingly it appears to have been among the very first to whom an Irish origin was imputed; but later antiquaries, misled by the close connection which at all times existed between the Macdonalds and the Norwegians of the Isles, have been inclined rather to consider them as of Norwegian origin. Neither of these theories, however, admit of being borne out either by argument or authority. The followers of the Irish system can only produce a vague tradition in its support against the manifest improbability of the supposition that a tribe possessing such extensive territories in Scotland should have been of foreign origin, while history is altogether silent as to the arrival of any such people in the country." The writer then points out that it has been proved that the Irish traditions in Scotland were of a comparatively modern origin, and that the Norwegian origin of the race has been assumed without solid reasons, mainly from the fact that the Danish and Norwegian pirates ravaged the western shores of Scotland, and brought its inhabitants under subjection, when the conquered Gaels, to some extent, adopted the piratical and predatory habits of their conquerors. The traditions of the Macdonalds themselves, he says, tend to show that they could not have been of foreign origin. The whole of the Highlands, and especially the districts possessed by the Gall-gael, were inhabited by the Northern Picts, at least as late as the eleventh century. In the middle of the twelfth the Orkneyinga Saga terms Somerled and his sons, who were the

chiefs of the tribe, the Dalveria Aett, or Dalverian family—a term, according to Skene, "derived from Dala, the Norse name for the district of Argyle, and which implies that they have been for some time indigenous in the district; and this is confirmed in still stronger terms by the Flatey-book, consequently the Macdonalds were either the descendants of these Pictish inhabitants of Argyle, or else they must have entered the county subsequently to that period. But the earliest traditions of the family uniformly bear that they had been indigenous in Scotland from a much earlier period than that. Thus, James Macdonell, of Dunluce, in a letter written to King James VI., in 1596, has this passage—'Most mightie and potent prince recomend us unto your hieness with our service for ever, your grace shall understand that our forbears hath been from time to time* your servants unto your own kingdome of Scotland.' Although many other passages of a similar nature might be produced, these instances may suffice to show that there existed a tradition in this family of their having been natives of Scotland from time immemorial; and it is therefore scarcely possible to suppose that they could have entered the country subsequently to the ninth century. But besides the strong presumption that the Macdonalds are of Pictish descent, and formed a part of the great tribe of the Gall-gael, we fortunately possess distinct authority for both of these facts. For the former, John Elder includes the Macdonalds among the 'ancient stoke,' who still retained the tradition of a Pictish descent, in opposition to the later tradition insisted on by the Scottish clergy, and this is sufficient evidence for the fact that the oldest tradition among the Macdonalds must have been one of a Pictish origin. The latter appears equally clear from the last mention of the Gall-gael in which they are described as the inhabitants of Argyle, Kintyre, Arran, and Man; and as these were at this period the exact territories which Somerled possessed, it follows of necessity that the Macdonalds were the same people."

In another part of his valuable and rare work, Skene says that "we are irresistibly driven to the conclusion, that the Highland Clans are not of a different or foreign origin, but they are a part of the original nation who have inhabited the mountains of Scotland as far back as the memory of man or the records of history can reach—that they were divided into several great tribes possessing their hereditary chiefs; and that it was only when the line of these chiefs became extinct, and Saxon nobles came in their place, that the Highland Clans appeared in the peculiar situation and character in which they were afterwards found." And he then proceeds:—"This conclusion to which we have arrived at by these general arguments is strongly corroborated by a very remarkable circumstance; for, notwithstanding that the system of an Irish or Dalriadic origin of the Highland Clans had been introduced as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, we can still trace the existence in the Highlands, even as late as the sixteenth century, of a still older tradition than that contained in the MS. of 1450; a tradition altogether distinct and different from that one, and one which not only agrees in a singular manner with the system developed in this work, but which also stamps the Dalriadic tradition as the invention of the Scottish Monks, and accounts for its introduction. The first proof of the existence of this tradition, which I

* The expression of "from time to time," when it occurs in ancient documents, always signifies from time immemorial.

shall bring forward, is contained in a letter dated 1542, and addressed to King Henry VIII. of England by a person designating himself 'John Elder, Clerk, a Reddshanks.' It will be necessary to premise that the author uses the word '*Yrische*' in the same sense in which the word *Erse* was applied to the Highlanders, his word for Irish being differently spelt. In that letter he mentions the 'Yrische lords of Scotland *commonly callit* REDD SCHANKES, and by *historiagraphouris* PICTIS.' He then proceeds to give an account of the Highlanders; he describes them as inhabiting Scotland 'befor the incummynge of Albanactus Brutus second sonne,' and as having been 'gyauntes and wylde people without ordour, civilitie, or maners, and *spake none other language but Yrische;*' that they were civilized by Albanactus, from whom they were 'callit Albonyghe.' And after this account of their origin he adds, 'which derivacion the papistical curside spiritualitie of Scotland *will not heir* in no maner of wyse nor confesse that ever *such a kynge, namede Albanactus reagned ther*, the which derivacion all the Yrische men of Scotland, which be the *auncient stoke*, cannot, nor will not denye. But our said bussheps drywithe Scotland and theme selfes from a certain lady namede Scota (as they alledge) came out of Egipte, a maraculous hote cuntretti, to secreate hirself emonges theame in the cold ayre of Scotland, *which they can not afferme by no probable auncient author.*' From the extracts which have been made from this curious author, continues Skene, it will at once be seen that there was at that time in Scotland *two* conflicting traditions regarding the origin of the Reddschankes or Highlanders, the one supported by the Highlanders of the *more auncient stoke*, the other by the 'curside spiritualitie of Scotland;' and from the indignation and irritation which he displays against the 'bussheps,' it is plain that the latter tradition was gaining ground, and must indeed have generally prevailed. The last tradition is easily identified with that contained in the MS. of 1450 and consequently there must have existed among the purer Highlanders a still older tradition by which their origin was derived from the 'Pictis.' The existence of such a tradition in Scotland at the time is still further proved by Stapleton's translation of the venerable Bede, which was written in 1550. In that translation he renders the following passage of Bede, 'Cugus monasterium in cunctis pene sept entrionalium Scottorum et omnium *Pictorum* monasteriis non parvo tempore arcem tenebat,' as follows:—'The house of his religion was no small time the head house of all the monasteries of the northern Scottes, and of the Abbyes of all the REDDSCHANKES.' It would be needless to multiply quotations to show that the Highlanders were at that time universally known by the term Reddshankes."

Our author says that in regard to this, the oldest tradition which can be traced in the country, that it accords with the conclusions at which he had arrived otherwise by a strict and critical examination of all the ancient authorities on the subject, and forms a body of evidence regarding the true origin of the Highlanders of Scotland to which the history of no other nation can exhibit a parallel; and he points out that while the authority of John Elder proves that the tradition of the descent of the Highlanders existed before the Irish or Dalriadic system was introduced, we can at the same time learn from him the origin of the later system and the cause of its obtaining such universal belief. The first trace of the Dalriadic system is to be found in the famous letter addressed

to the Pope in 1320 by the party who stood out for the independence of Scotland against the claims of Edward I. To this party the clergy belonged, while those who supported Edward I. believed in the more ancient tradition on which he founded his claim, and which included a belief in their descent from the Picts. The question of the independence of Scotland was thus to a considerable extent, most unfortunately, placed by the two parties, on the truth of their respective traditions, and "it is plain that as the one party fell, so would the tradition which they asserted; and the final supremacy of the independent party in the Highlands, as well as in the rest of Scotland, and the total ruin of their adversaries, must have established the absolute belief in the descent of the Highlanders, as well as the kings and clergy of Scotland, from the Scots of Dalriada." But in spite of all this, John Elder's letter proves that, notwithstanding the succession of false traditions which prevailed in the Highlands at different periods, traces of the ancient and probably correct one were to be found as late as the middle of the sixteenth century.

What is true of the Highlanders generally must be more or less true of individual clans, and of none more so than of the Macdonalds, to whom we must now return. From all these authorities, though a little conflicting in some of their opinions, there seems to be no difficulty in coming to the conclusion, that whether Somerled, at a remote period, descended from some of the Scoto-Irish immigrants to the Western Isles, or not, the date of such descent is so far back, and his ancestors, if not of them, were so mixed up with the original Celtic Picts who, in those remote ages, inhabited the Isles and North-west Highlands that the Macdonalds and their immediate progenitor, Somerled of the Isles, may be fairly described as of native Highland origin; and that with at least as much accuracy as Her Majesty of the United Kingdom when she is, notwithstanding her continental connections, justly described as of native British descent.

(To be Continued.)

The Hon. Mrs Murray Aust, in her "Guide to the Beauties of Scotland," written in 1799, relates the following:—"A lady of fashion, having ascended Ben Nevis, purposely left a bottle of whisky on the summit. When she returned to Fort-William, she laughingly mentioned that circumstance before some Highlanders, as a piece of carelessness, one of whom slipped away, and mounted to the pinnacle of 4370 feet above the level of the fort, to gain the prize of the bottle of whisky, and brought it down in triumph."

Query.—Can you, or any of your correspondents versed in Highland *patronymics* and *aliases*, kindly inform me what is the origin of the name "MacKeddie," which has been used as an *alias* by some families of Camerons, and to what branch of the main stock those belong who have used it?

J. Macdonald Cameron.

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—Tennyson.

BOOK I.—"AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA."

—o—

Chapter I.

There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep.

—King Lear.

The wild and picturesque features of our Western Coast are well known. For ages the Atlantic has surged along the sea shores, washing away the softer soil, ploughing up the buried rocks, and splintering them into a thousand shapes, hollowing out great caverns, and separating numerous tracks of rock and mountain from the mainland. Everywhere the coast line is torn and shattered, with myriads of little islands clustering around it, and a strong current sweeps rapidly through the narrow channels, rendering navigation dangerous to the unwary mariner or even to the experienced rovers who, in ancient times, infested the Northern Seas.

Most of the little islands barely maintain a few sheep on their mountain slopes, and the only fertile part is invariably found on the lee side. Sometimes, however, a small strip of well-cultivated pasture land, nestling under the shelter of a mountainous headland, blooms gem-like amidst the surrounding desolation. Different from many islands similarly situated that of Kerrera, with all its elevated surroundings, is not allowed to bask in sunny splendours on the southern shores of Mull. The far-sounding Atlantic forces its way through the passage of Colonsay, after skirting the triple barrier Islay, Jura, and Oronsay, on the one side, and the high cliffs of Mull on the other, and rushes impetuously in the full swell of its tide against the jutting rocks of Dunkerlyne. The whole island is but one mass of rude confusion. It slopes upwards from north to south in broken, indented outlines, till the high cliffs skirting a little bay, one mighty arm of black, unequal masses rushes far out into the sea as if to clutch the waves as they rear in sheets of fleecy foam and thunder along the beach.

Crowning the outward rock the lines of a tower and ruinous heaps are distinctly dark against the leaden sky, and as the sea-mews dash, whirl, and shriek around them, the whole is rendered more savage and solitary.

Such is the opening scene of our story—the keep of Dunkerlyne—as it appeared on an April morning in the early part of the fourteenth century.

Yet, desolate as it might appear, the tower was not without its inhabitants, and to-day there was a stir about the castle.

A galley was labouring among the breakers.

The hoarse shouts of the men were borne by the winds above the noise of the waters. They sounded faint, then deep.

"What! shall the vessel strike?" some one was heard to cry.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the men.

They weathered with confidence—yea, with the assurance of gods. Blood in their thoughts; curses on their lips; ale in their flagons; they lived under the very darkness of death's shadow.

A sail, half-hoisted, struggled with the warring winds.

The men leaped to and fro with the dexterity of demons—their eyes flashing, their massy locks shaggy to the breeze, and their scaly armour glittering and reflecting the crested breakers.

The galley sunk from sight—above her the waters broke in snowy foam—yet she rose and leapt among the seething and hissing billows.

The oars struggled and splashed—some struck, others broke.

At length the sail became swollen and the mast creakingly bent to the breeze.

"Hold, ye useless jackanapes! Taut with these hallyards! Aid that fingerless loon! Leap Gylen!—carefully now, or the mast may go!"

Thus the weather-worn warrior commanded at the helm. Firmly he held against the tide as it made the rudder creak, and threatened in its strength to pitch him overboard.

As the vessel caught the wind and bore out to sea ploughing and plunging, the song of the bravoes burst forth:—

'Tis death to our foes
Who meet with our blows,
On the stormy seas
Where borne by the breeze
Rules the Viking.

'Tis a swelling sail,
A brimmer of ale
And a gusty gale
For the Viking.

Soon the galley became a speck in the distance—now hidden, now visible—till lost in the mazy mists beyond.

. . . . . .

From the old tower there were two who gazed anxiously across the waters watching the disappearance of the vessel.

Jarloff the minstrel was sad, and spoke of the evil that would result from such a voyage.

Dermond, the son of the pirate, was also sad at heart, but from the natural exuberance of his spirits, and his strong belief in the prowess of his father, who had just carried his ship so successfully through the breakers, he replied with laughter.

The old harper merely shook his head in answer.

Soon both relapsed into silence.

Dermond paced to and fro apparently absorbed with his own thoughts, while the harper still sat looking out upon the sea watching the progress of the storm.

At length the old man lifted his harp, ran along the wires to test their faithfulness, and then burst forth into a rhapsody of song, the only intelligible lines which appeared to Dermond being the Scandinavian chorus:—

Forfete with thy brow so fair,
And thy locks of sunny hair,
Make thy voice of peace to bear
And be heard.

Suspend the lightnings of war,
As they flash through clouds afar;
Thou, the great thundering Thor
With the red beard.

. . . . . .

As the day lengthened the storm increased, there was no sign of the rover's return, and the wind drove with a fiercer fury round the solitary keep of Dunkerlyne.

Darkness set in early, adding a superstitious gloom to the warring of the elements.

Pacing the platform in front of the castle was the gaunt figure of Olave, the son of Jarloff, with his fair locks flowing from beneath his headpiece, and his merry blue eyes sparkling with health and good humour. His plaid was firmly drawn around him, and visible in its folds was a long dirk that knocked against his groin and flanks as the cold blast made him pace with redoubled vigour the length of the rocky platform. His mind was stored with snatches of Scaldic sagas, which he chanted, wild and rugged as the scenes around him.

"Merry as usual, Olave!" said Donald, who kept watch on the battlements above.

"What should make me sad? When I'm like to be melancholy I sing myself into good-humour, and when the storm beats on the rock, my Norse blood boils and leaps in my veins: not like you, good Donald, to quiver at the blast; 'tis my life and strength."

"Well enough for you, but I'd sooner try my sword against twenty Sassenachs than strive with this night's wind."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Olave, "Let the wind rage, and the twenty Sassenachs come if they will, I care for none of them."

"But what of our chief, Brian the Rover, to be at sea on such a night?"

"Our chief, Brian! Why, he's as wary an old fox as ever was in the toils. I've seen him weather a worse gale with a worse crew. Besides he knows every fiord and headland on the coast, and every tide and wind that runs and blows."

"But what could make him set sail on such a morning as this was?"

"No doubt he has his reasons, as he always has, and it's no part of our duty to wonder at what he does. But rely on it, Donald, there's something strange in the wind, as we shall soon learn; so strengthen your courage and brighten your arms for the encounter. As for me I'm ready for the worst, so—

'Tis death to our foes
Who meet with our blows,
On the stormy seas
Where borne by the breeze
Rules the Viking," &c.

. . . . . .

Leaving the sentinels, however, to pursue their conversation, let us look to the tower where Dermond and his ancient Jarloff kept a much drearier look-out.

The old man's long white locks floated on the winds as he sat leaning on his harp and gazing across the Sound.

The harp strings throbbed with Æolian murmurs, and Jarloff regarded the omen with superstitious melancholy.

As for Dermond, with all his veneration for the old seer, he now began to share his anxiety. He paced restlessly to and fro, and wished that he had gone to sea in spite of his father's opposition, so that he might have been assured of what had caused the detention.

"Know you, good Jarloff," said Dermond, "if this expedition of my father has aught to do with the rebellion of Bruce?"

"Of a certy it has. Every sign in the heavens and every movement on the earth have to do with that valiant rebel just now."

"And why should my father distrust me in all these expeditions of his, seeing I am old enough and bold enough to be his stay and guardian in every danger that might assail him?"

"Neither your discretion nor your bravery are doubted in these affairs, but I fear me, Brian, your father, is much changed of late. He is borne down by the weight of his burdens."

"Why then does he not give me a part to bear? He is getting old and I am young and ready to shed my blood in his cause, whatever it may be."

"You shall know anon. Meanwhile you must be patient. Trust me, your day will come, and only a stout heart and a strong arm will avail you in the struggle."

"Humph!" said Dermond half-contemptuously.

"What fools these old men are," he muttered to himself. "They never can know again what it is to be young. What strange misgivings they have regarding us. I know how much they fear me, in telling me nothing. But I've learned more than they can understand."

"John of Lorn holds another mysterious council to-night, does he not?" he continued, addressing the minstrel.

"As you say, he does."

"My father's attendance is required, I believe."

"It hath been so commanded."

"And why should he not obey?"

"He would if he could, but his will must bend to the fates."

"I don't care about having another break with John of Lorn—the old wolf. But if it is to be—well then—it must be. But why should my father rush upon an enterprise so fraught with peril?"

The old man merely shook his head.

"Your blood is young, and you are restless, my son," said the minstrel at length. "I was the same myself at your time, but what a merry time that was of a surety. My songs gained the favour of the fair, and when good old Aco ruled the Isles, my prowess was the envy and admiration of his knights. There was nothing on the board but good old Gascony, and mailed shirts and headpieces were as plentiful as Highland plaids. What a time that was to be sure!—and your brave old grandfather went by sea and land with a royal retinue clad in the best of burnished steel. Well and heavily he could ring his battle-axe about the pates of his enemies, but now alas—"

Here he stopped and sighed, and the youth was greatly relieved, for he

had heard a great deal too much about these old days from this whining old man. The dreams of Dermond were all in the future, and although he liked to hear of the past, he had heard quite enough of this version of the old times to weary him. Above all things, however, he liked to hear Jarloff's stories of the knights of England and their chivalry. The predatory habits of his father had done much to disgust him with the sea-life, which, since the days of the Norse kings, had lost much of its fascination, and his secret ambition was to spur a heavy charger with lance in rest, and to win honour and renown in the battlefield and at the tournay. Of course he was thoroughly initiated in the chivalric accomplishments of his companions. He had studied the use of the dirk, sword, and battle-axe, and could wield them with either strength, skill, or dexterity, but beyond the contests and exercises of Dunolly and some fugitive expeditions, he had had few opportunities of distinguishing himself in mortal combat.

"What ails you, good Jarloff?" said Dermond, more impressed than ever with the old man's melancholy. "Why, I've never found you as bad as this in what seemed to me the worst of times. Can't you cheer up and give us a song or a saga of the days of old? Something stirring, full of fire, of love, and doughty deeds?"

The minstrel, rousing himself from his reverie, began to chaunt plaintively:—

While every bird has sought its home,
Old Brian waits and will not come—
I fear, I fear this night shall prove
Too strong in arms for life or love.
Dunkerlyne halls are dark and drear,
Old Brian lingers still too long—
Why comes he not, our hearts to cheer
With jovial mirth and good old song.

"A murrain on such minstrelsy," said Dermond, with some warmth. "Give us something merry."

He had scarcely spoken, however, when a wild shriek rang through the castle, and for a moment the darkness opened up, and a fiery meteor, known as the *dread-shradagach*, lit up the heavens with a surging wave of pale, green light, and the moon and stars became momentarily visible like pallid and shivering ghosts in the nocturnal brilliancy. Darting from the left shoulder of Orion the Aërolite chariot shot obliquely westwards, and, bursting into a thousand brilliant fragments, seemed to explode with a sound as of distant, rumbling thunder among the mountains of Mull.*

There was then a fearful silence. For a moment the storm seemed to have passed away, but only to renew with more awful violence.

Then the darkness was something intense.

Soon the ruddy glare of the watchfire illuminated the gloom, and the sonorous voice of Dermond was heard commanding the duties of the little garrison.

The men were properly equipped for lending aid should the pirate's vessel be driven on the rocks while attempting to reach the mouth of the creek, where a huge fire was lighted to show the place.

*** It may be remembered that the celebrated "Nether-Lochaber," in the *Courier*, directed attention to a similar phenomenon as this which occurred in the beginning of the fourteenth century, as certified by the ancient chroniclers.**

Extra faggots were added to the fire in the hall, and the smoke found its way out by an aperture in the roof, or strayed through the apartment blackening the oaken rafters. A great spit was turned by a shaggy-headed boy, while around there sat the privileged few. The glare lighted up the bare walls and the anxious features of the watchers, who sat tracing figures in the curling flames. Silently they sat as the storm swept fiercely round the rock, and the tower seemed to shake on its basement.

Dermond was still on the watch-tower attempting to descry his father's bark in the darkness. The roar of the waters rose dismally in the gloom, and the scornful laugh of the tough-old Viking rang mockingly in his ear.

The beacon hanging over the wall of the tower swung backwards and forwards, and the flames played with the blast as they hissed hideously in the rain.

Free and distinct, he seemed to hear the piercing cry of the sea-wraith rend the tempest of the night, and the syrens of the deep sang their dirge of murmurs. At times they would rise above the noise of every wave and gust of wind, and then die away with the renewed roar of the storm.

Towards midnight a great amount of wreckage was driven in by the tide and dashed against the rocks.

Descending to the mouth of the creek, Dermond endeavoured to bring part of it ashore, in order to ascertain whether any of it belonged to his father's galley.

A small raft, made from logs and barrels bound together with ropes, with some one clinging to it, was seen driving past in the darkness. At first it seemed like to be dashed on the rocks from the violence with which it was washed in by the tide, but caught in the whirl of a contrary current it bore past and was driven seawards again.

In spite of every remonstrance Dermond got his galley under weigh, resolved upon rescuing the waif.

A thousand emotions were quivering in his breast, and skilfully he carried the vessel out past the mouth of the creek into the midst of the storm and the darkness.

The raft was again driven ashore, but Dermond found that having launched his vessel it was a very different thing to take it back again through the surf, and he soon found he was being driven by the tide farther and farther from Dunkerlyne.

Alarm and consternation prevailed in the castle, but there was no other vessel available which could live in such a sea.

As for Jarloff, amidst all the commotion, he was unmoved.

The raft was driven ashore, and the half-dead stranger who clung to it, notwithstanding the superstition of the times which predicted evil from such an act, was carefully taken care of for Dermond's sake, although there was little hope of his recovery from the state of stupor in which he was rescued. From his dress and appearance he seemed to be a youth of noble lineage, and everything was done that could be done in his behalf. He was placed before the great fire in the hall, and the efforts for his resuscitation were carried out under the directions of the minstrel.

Olave and Donald were relieved from the watch, and in order to dispel the gloom that settled down on the little company, they told their tales of love and adventure.

As for Jarloff, he did not fail to expatiate on the glorious reign of King Aco, and how he was outwitted off the coast of Largs.

The incident of the descent of Lorn on Rathlin was retold, and how Francis, the first chief of Dunkerlyne and father of Brian, had been slain by the hand of his brother, Cyril, in the encounter.

"That night," said the old man, "while the beacon blazed from the tall tower of which only the ruins remain, the storm raged more furiously than the oldest man living ever knew. The sea-wraith was distinctly visible shrieking on the battlements, and the soldiers fled into the hall. Besides the *Dreag* was more awful than that of to-night, the gates were burst, and the tall tower of the beacon was precipitated over the rocks, and never since rebuilt."

"Just thirty years since this very night," said old Alastair, who remembered the tragic affair vividly.

Soon the gray dawn began to appear and the stormy winds to abate into their usual murmurs, but neither Brian the Rover nor his son Dermond had returned from the sea.

Chapter II.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

—Don Juan.

Brian, the Chief of Dunkerlyne, though generally known as "Old Brian the Rover," from the premature whiteness of his locks and his piratical pursuits, had hardly passed the meridian of his manhood. Like his ruinous habitation, age had not caused his declension. The stern, inflexible expression on his countenance spoke not of happy and peaceful days; the wrinkles on his spacious forehead, his searching, restless glance, and the scars on his rugged features were a striking chronicle in themselves of the stirring life he had led among the Western Isles.

He had been early banished from his native land, but not from his paternal home. Francis, his father, was the son and heir of Rathlin, but unhappily dispossessed by that irritable Lord owing to a family feud. Francis was strongly of opinion that the mercenary mode of warfare then carried on by some of the Irish chiefs, could neither throw off the yoke of England nor remove the grievances of his country, and he secretly entertained hopes that Ireland would one day rise to take her place beside England, and share the glory of her arms among the nations of the world. Rathlin, becoming aware of the sentiments of his son, swore eternal enmity to the wretch of his blood who would submit to the crown of England, and consequently planted the younger brother, Cyril, in his inheritance. Stung with the reproach of his dishonoured position, Francis gathered together a number of his attached followers with other adventurers, and roamed the sea, a plundering pirate. Finally, for the sake of his wife and his boy, Brian, he settled at Dunkerlyne and built that almost impregnable keep. Royally he lived for a time till the Norseman overran the Isles and subjected them to his sway, but on the defeat of Aco at Largs, Lorn entered into a compact with Francis and the other chieftains to

conspire against the usurper, and to acknowledge the Chief of the Macdougals as their Lord. In the confusion which took place on the Norsemen being driven from the land towards their ships, the men of the isles, accordingly, seized upon the imperfectly armed galleys, attacked those refusing to bring down the black raven from their mast-heads, left the remnants of Aco's force to perish on the shores, and sailed for their island fastnesses exulting in their success. But the joy was temporary, and gall was added to bitterness, for the Chief of Dunkerlyne now groaned under the supremacy of Lorn. After a long interval of peace, Lorn, in order to gratify his lust for revenge, resolved upon a descent on the shores of Rathlin, and Francis and the other fiefs of the island king were compelled to accompany the expedition. Persuasion with threats had to be applied in order to induce Francis to go, as an attack on his brother's castle was far from recommending itself to him. But there was no resisting the will of his liege lord, who promised him on return that the wish of his son, Brian, for the hand of Margery of Lorn would be gratified, and the house of Dunkerlyne and Dunolly would be more closely allied. Unhappily, Francis never returned. In the darkness of the night he fell by the hand of his own brother, and mourning had hardly ceased when the marriage of Brian was celebrated.

This tie, however, did little to subdue the aspiring spirit of Brian, for his whole ambition was for independence.

Lorn did not fail to discover the sentiments of his audacious relative, who was little skilled in the art of dissimulation, and a strict watch was kept over him.

A plot for the massacre of Lorn's household was soon matured. The sentinels of Dunolly were bribed, and the attack was to take place at midnight. Lorn anticipated the storm—how, it could not be discovered—but that night with a force of arms he entered Dunkerlyne and accused the chief of his meditated treachery.

Brian was instantly thrown into his own dungeon, and a more faithful dependant installed in his place.

At length, through the entreaties of the beautiful Margery, her husband was set free, on the condition that his garrison should be diminished and the defences reduced.

This to some extent accounted for the extensive ruins. The castle now consisted of a single tower perched on the utmost verge of the crag, the other tower having been thrown down as related by old Jarloff in the previous chapter. Most of the other defences were destroyed at the command of John of Lorn, and little huts erected in their stead for the accommodation of a few followers.

Outwardly, however, the defences were still considerable. The landing place was approached by a hidden creek only known to those acquainted with that particular part of the island. Even if a footing could have been obtained by a stranger, rocks high and inaccessible, bleached by the wind and whitened by the salt of the sea, flanked the opening which led up a dark and intricate passage to a platform in front of a rude entrance in the masonry of the outward battlements. At the extremity, the platform was defended by a parapet bristling with barbicans, while the rock descended perpendicularly for about fifty feet.

Brian returned from the dungeon to rule in the hall, but his character

was greatly altered. He became desperate, and the victim of extraordinary hallucinations. The ambition of his life was crushed, and instead of contenting himself with fighting the enemies of Lorn, he took to the sea, like his father of old, broken in the true pride of his spirit. He became irascible and violent—provoked to rage at the veriest trifles—and even abused the noble Margery.

She did not bear her husband's change of temper long. Her joy at his release was soon merged in a brooding melancholy, and after many miserable days and long night watches, her mind yielded to the strain, and she died a raving maniac.

The only pledge of affection was her son, Dermond, who was the idol of his father's heart. The death of Margery proved a great trial to Brian, who became once more something of his former self, and the love, which was denied in the latter days to the mother, was profusely lavished on the son. Many a time the tear would trickle down the old man's weather-beaten features as he kissed the rosy boy when taking leave for some incursion, but he was too proud to forsake his roving life on the sea.

Dermond, as he approached manhood, inherited much of his mother's comeliness and gentleness, allied to the youthful spirit of his father, and wearied with the forced confinement at Dunkerlyne he yearned to go forth and distinguish himself.

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Under the direction of his liege lord, Brian had equipped the galley, which had borne him safely through many a fearful storm and bloody battle, for the purpose of preventing two ships bound from Ireland with men and stores for the Bruce, from accomplishing their mission. All day long, however, he scoured the intricacies of the Western Isles in vain, and no small amount of skill was required in managing the vessel among the contending winds and strong tides. To the lee, she inclined so much that the waters broke through the oar ports, disabling the rowers, notwithstanding that the sheet was under double reef. At length the sea ran too high, the wind drove along with a blinding sleet, and the sky became black overhead. After being driven to and fro for a while, Brian descried the breakers that lashed the shores of Seila. With some difficulty the vessel was run into one of the numerous fiords on the coast, and the pirates made for the cavern of Ardnavorish—a common resource in such emergencies. A fire was speedily lighted, the feast was prepared, and Brian resolved upon spending the night on the island.

Sentinels were posted on the cold headlands, to observe should any vessel be driven on the rocks, and as the night wore on a storm-bound hulk, with a few dark objects clinging to her, was seen drifting helplessly through the surf. An alarm was raised, but to no purpose, as the wreck went crashing past and disappeared like a phantom in the murky gloom.

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(To be Continued.)

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

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I.

From what I could learn at home of the position of my countrymen who had crossed the Atlantic of their own free will, as well as of those who had been driven away from their native land by the cruelty of a few of the Highland lairds of a past generation, I was led to believe that they occupied a much better position, in the New World, than those who remained at home. I could never, however, believe that the difference was so great as it really is, until I have now been able to judge for myself, from actual contact with them, and personal experience of their comparative comforts and freedom from petty tyranny which they enjoy. I have now passed through the greater part of Nova Scotia, and have met, in the counties of Pictou and Antigonish, in the Island of Cape Breton, and elsewhere, specimens of Highland men and women—many of whose ancestors have been evicted and hounded in a semi-naked and starving state from the Highlands of Scotland—who will bear more than a favourable comparison with the very best specimens of the race at home. In physique, taking them all over, they are superior to those of any district that I am acquainted with in what all here still take a pride in calling "The Old Country." In general intelligence they at least equal, while in genuine warm-heartedness, manly sentiment, and open, free, Highland hospitality, they are far in advance of the general run of those of their countrymen who occupy the same position as they themselves did before they left home. True, they are in more favourable circumstances, and therefore in a far better position, and better able to exhibit these characteristics of the fine race from which they sprung. But I cannot for the life of me see why, nor can I conscientiously advocate that my brother Highlanders should continue to remain at home in a servile and, often, in a starving position, on grounds of mere sentiment and love of their native soil, when such a country as this is open to receive them. This part of Canada is not the best part to come to, however, unless people have friends here ready to receive them, though to me it appears a Paradise in many respects in comparison with the wretched patches on which the crofter has to eke out an existence, in most cases, in the Highlands.

It is quite true that most of those who came out here first, before the country was broken up, endured the most severe and cruel hardships, but these have long ago become things of the past. For specimens of these early difficulties I must at present refer the reader to the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*, where I am able to give a more complete account of the history of early emmigration and the present position of these provinces than the exigencies of space permits of in the *Celtic Magazine*. As I work my way to Upper Canada, I shall give an account of the richer districts in that quarter, and I trust to be of some service in directing poor and neglected Highlanders at home to places where they can become proprietors of the soil, and find an ample opportunity for laying a solid foundation for the future prosperity of themselves and their descendants. The reader is already aware that I have taken a view of this question of emigration,

and of the Highland crofter's position at home, which is not shared by a good few, who have his real interest at heart quite as much as I have. These I expect will still continue to hold their own opinions, but, for me, having now seen with my own eyes, and having had an opportunity of forming, or rather strengthening, my previous opinions by observation on the spot, I have no hesitation in recommending the Highland crofter to keep his eye on this side, failing better treatment at home; and finally to come to this country in spite of such mistaken and erroneous teachers as would advocate semi-starvation in Scotland to comfort and affluence in a country which is, in every respect, except in poverty and wretchedness, as Highland as his native land.

I have taken considerable pains to find out the feeling here, regarding the mother country, among those who came out themselves, as well as among their descendants, and I cannot recall a single instance in which any of those who have settled down here on their own lands, would wish to go back and live in the Highlands. Most, not only of the original emigrants, but of their descendants, to whom I have put the question, expressed a desire to *see* the country of their ancestors, but the idea of going back to remain in it never crossed their minds. I have met them throughout the Province of Nova Scotia and in the Island of Cape Breton, who, at home, lived as our poorest crofters do, who can now turn out in their carriage and pair. While this is the case with not a few, hardly a single farmer can be met with who does not keep what is here called a "waggon," but what is in reality a nice, light, four-wheeled machine, made to carry two or four persons. The farmers as a class, however, are not wealthy, but they have as much bread, potatoes, meat, butter, cheese, and such substantial fare as any one needs to have, while they not only grow their own wool, but in nearly all cases keep their own looms and weave it in their respective homes into excellent cloth. Add to all these home comforts a beautiful climate, and the independence enjoyed by a fine race of men naturally of a cheerful and hopeful disposition, living unmolested by laird or factor, on their freehold possessions, and what more can be wished for.

At the same time there is great room for improvement. Farming is not carried on on scientific principles; but the very reverse. Were a system of rotation of crops introduced, double the amount of corn and cereals could be produced with half the labour. At present, in some cases the land is left for several years under grass, as long, in not a few instances, as eight or nine years, while, again it is under crop for an equal length of time, thus run to seed, and all the sap taken out of it for either purpose. This is to be accounted for mainly from the fact that the class of people who originally emigrated from the old country to these provinces did not belong to the farming class at home—were only the poorest of the crofting population, who had not then the slightest idea of farming their lots on any improved plan. When they arrived here, and obtained their grants of 100 and 200 acres, they set to work in rough and ready fashion, reclaiming enough to grow all their requirements, and soon found themselves in a position of comparative affluence. Their ambition was not high, and finding themselves in easy and comfortable circumstances, and in a much better position than they ever before occupied, they naturally settled down and enjoyed themselves, quite happy; and their de-

scendants have, to some extent I fear, followed in their wake. The consequence is bad farming generally throughout the most Highland sections of the province. The local Government of Nova Scotia might, by offering prizes throughout the provinces for the best cultivated farms, in a few years bring about a revolution among the farmers. What can be done by such encouragement is illustrated this very week, as I write, by the magnificent Exhibition of the produce of the Province held in the city of Halifax, and of which I shall have something to say on a future occasion.

Meanwhile I shall ask the reader to accompany me in my trip through Nova Scotia to make the acquaintance of a few of our countrymen, whose names deserve mention, not only on account of their warm-hearted, enthusiastic welcome, and friendly feelings to, and in favour of, "a Highlander from home;" but on account of the excellent positions many of them have made for themselves on this continent.

After experiencing a pretty rough passage across the Atlantic in the steamship *State of Nevada*, a splendid sea-going boat belonging to the State Line Company, navigated by Captain Braes, an experienced, careful, and courteous sailor, I arrived in

New York on the 4th of September, just in time to see the New York Caledonian Games, which were held on that day. Here was an immense assemblage of about ten thousand people thoroughly enjoying themselves, and behaving in a manner highly creditable to the Scottish character. There was a capital sprinkling of the most prominent Scots—fine stalwart fellows—dressed in Highland costume, presided over by their Chief —a handsome Highlander, Nicholson by name. I was soon introduced to several of the leading men, among whom were the Honourable Thomas Waddell, a wealthy coal-owner from Pennslyvania, and the newly-elected President of the United Caledonian Association of America, the highest honour at the disposal of his fellow countrymen on this side of the Atlantic; Mr L. Lawrie, Secretary of the same Association, and manager of the Auburn Cloth Manufactory, the largest thing of the kind in the United States; Mr Stewart, editor and proprietor of the *Scottish American Journal;* Messrs Robertson of the *New York Scotsman;* Mr D. Macgregor Crerar, Secretary of St Andrew's Society of New York, a highly respected and popular Highlander among the better class of Scots in America; Mr Paterson, an Invernessian, and no mean poet; Mr Gilully, a Merkinch boy; Mr Harcombe, son of the late proprietor of the Waverly Hotel, Inverness; Major Manson, a prominent Caithness man, and one of the most popular and liberal, open-handed men in the American capital. From these and hundreds of others I experienced the utmost kindness and attention. In fact their enthusiastic demonstrations in the shape of liberal supplies of the good things of this life were calculated to place one in a somewhat trying position; and to take care of one's self required no small amount of self-denial and force of charactar. Fortunately, however, I possess no small modicum of these, and I survive the liberal and warm hospitality of my Highland friends.

The games were highly creditable in all respects, but the pipe-music and dancing left room for improvement. The favourite piper would have no chance in any of our best competitions in Scotland. There was another, however, who played very correctly and sweetly, and was, out of

sight, a better performer than the winner of the first prize. Having spent a few days in New York, I went on to

Boston, a magnificent city, admitted to be the most cultivated and intellectual town in the United States. I visited Harvard University, Longfellow's residence—which was also Washington's head-quarters at the outbreak of the American War of Independence, also the spot where first blood was drawn, and the place where the historical tea was thrown overboard rather than that the detested and strongly resented duty should have been paid on it. These and many other points of interest were examined with mixed feelings; but one place in particular, an old church, had an inscription cut upon it at which my blood boiled, and at the same time made me wonder that the inhabitants of the American Athens could be found capable of such a narrow-minded, contemptible thing The inscription read, "*Desecrated by British troops*," &c.; and that in such a thoroughly British city as that of Boston. I felt relieved on finding that this wretched littleness was perpetrated, not by any official body, but by a contemptible set of three or four Trustees of this church, much to the disgust of, and in opposition to, the inhabitants. My excellent guide, Mr Magee, the agent for the State Line Co., informed me that the general feeling among the greater part of the citizens of Boston found vent in expressions of regret that the church had not been burnt down in the terrible conflagration which, a few years ago, destroyed a great portion of the city, and, having escaped that, a desire prevailed that some such calamity should soon overtake it. In the late Civil War, the Americans "desecrated," in the same way, hundreds of churches in the Southern States, but, of course, these were only "occupied." It is only occupation by *British* troops that can desecrate, in the estimation of these patriotic Yankee trustees, who, one is glad to find, do not represent the finer feelings of their own countrymen and fellow citizens. Leaving Boston, after a magnificent sail of 340 miles, I arrived in

St John, New Brunswick, and spent the evening with the Rev. D. Macrae, M.A., at his own house, and afterwards in the house of a hospitable friend of his, Mr Murdoch, a southern Scot, holding a leading position in St John. Here I met several gentlemen distinguished in literature and in the church—fine, affable, open-hearted fellows, with the ecclesiastical starch, if it ever existed, thoroughly rubbed out of them. Mr Macrae is the son of the late Rev. John Macrae, parish minister of Stornoway, and presides here over a large, intelligent, and most influential congregation.

I here found that I could get on to Halifax by either of two routes—the Intercolonial Railway on the one hand, or on the other, steamboat to Digby and Annapolis, thence rail through the Annapolis Valley, the most beautiful and fertile in all Nova Scotia. I made choice of the latter, and certainly had no cause to regret it. All along the railway route, through this magnificent valley, teems with orchards and foliage of the finest description. It was originally reclaimed and long held by the French, until they were driven out of it by the British, who, though the place is a very agricultural paradise, do not seem to have followed up the enterprise of their predecessors, who reclaimed not only from the forest, but from the sea, thousands of acres known as the Annapolis Marshes, and immortalised by Longfellow in his famous poem "Evangeline." This was my

first trip of any consequence in the famous and luxurious American cars, which for comfort and elegance cannot be named in the same breath with our very best carriages at home, if we exclude the Pullman cars. They are particularly agreeable for a stranger to travel long distances in; for all necessary conveniences are provided in them, as well as an elegantly fur-furnished smoking saloon, to which the passengers can walk along from one end of the long train to the other. Arriving in

HALIFAX late on Friday evening, I remained there until the Monday morning following, and met some fine specimens of the Highlander, all of whom exhibited the best characteristics of the race—characteristics, I regret to say, now only met with in full play from home. Of these gentlemen, of their excellent Society—the North British, and of their doings and position generally, I shall have something to say hereafter. Meanwhile I proceed through a magnificent country by rail, a distance of 106 miles to

PICTOU.

The beauty on all sides on this route is simply indescribable. The pretty, clean-looking, white-painted, wooden houses, surrounded by fine arable land, in its turn enclosed within a thick and beautifully variegated forest, each appearing in miniature like one of our lordly mansions at home. Every man of these are proprietors of the soil, and thoroughly independent of mortal man, when he has paid a very small tax to the Government. He has his children educated free by the State, and altogether his position is much to be envied. In the morning I discovered that the Pictounians were celebrating the anniversary of the arrival of the ship *Hector*, which, in 1773, landed the first Highland colony in Pictou, and I was naturally anxious to see my Highland countrymen on such an occasion; and there they were, when I arrived, exhibiting the prowess of their ancestors, commemorating the arrival of their fathers and grandfathers, in good Highland fashion. Though they have no Scottish, Highland, or Caledonian Society, they are full of the proper spirit; and here they were hotly engaged in their annual Highland games, under the superintendence of the officers of the artillery, to whom great credit is due for the manner in which the sports are conducted. Here I found myself right in the centre of a country and people more truly Highland in their ways and in their speech than almost any part of the North of Scotland. Gaelic was more commonly spoken at this gathering of Highlanders than you can find it now in any part of Sutherland or Ross shires; and indeed it is there only that you can now meet with the Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness-shire people in perfection. Frasers, Mackenzies, and Macdonalds meet you in hundreds, and address you in the purest Gaelic. Many of them are almost giants—fine, honest-faced, powerful, healthy-looking fellows, glad to see one from what they still call "home," each vying with the other as to who can give him the most attention and make his visit most agreeable. The first I meet on landing is a Mr Donald Fraser, whose parents came originally from the Lovat country, near Inverness. He had his carriage to drive me to the games. Before I am barely seated in it, Captain William Crerar and his nephew—the latter a son of a fine Highlander, John Crerar, and a young gentleman whom I have seen in kilts repeatedly during the summer in Inverness—come up with another carriage for the same purpose. We are soon on the field,

where I find myself among hundreds from all parts of the Highlands—any number of Mackenzies from Lochcarron and Gairloch, Frasers from Inverness, Rosses, Macdonalds, and Sutherlands, from other counties—many of them wealthy men, and most of them, in fact, nearly all, in good, comfortable circumstances, possessing their own lands in free heritage, and producing everything necessary for human comfort and happiness. Mr Donald Fraser owns several farms, is wealthy, and a director of a thriving local bank. The Crerars, originally from Breadalbane, I found have many friends in Inverness and Badenoch. Their father came out here as an engineer, where he built some of the first roads in the district. He afterwards engineered and built the first railway. His sons became shipowners and doctors, and are now in easy and affluent circumstances living on their means—and well do they deserve it, a more hospitable, agreeable, noble, spirited family of true Celts it is impossible to meet. There is also a very wealthy family of Mackenzies from Ross, one of whom has designated his farm "Seaforth." Another Highlander—a fine specimen, physically and mentally—John D. Macleod, is mayor of the town of Pictou. D. Macdonald is collector of customs. In short, the place and people are thoroughly Celtic, and such as to make you proud of the race to which you and these fine fellows belong. One genuine enthusiast, Hector Macmillan, I met at the games. His characteristic Highland face, his keen interest in all the proceedings of the day, wrapped in a Macneil tartan plaid, was to me an object of study. He had a hand in everything, and was a judge in almost all the competitions. He was almost too much engrossed to remember his own existence, and all he wanted was a full Highland costume to make him in appearance, what I have found him to be in country, soul, and sentiment—a genuine specimen of a Lochaber Highlander. The jumping, tossing the caber, the stone-throwing, and various others of the competitions, would do credit to some of our best competitors at the Northern Meeting, but the pipe music was nowhere. I was sorry to see so few dressed in Highland costume, for there is nothing looks so ridiculous as to see people dancing Gille-Callum and the Highland Fling in Sassenach trousers. Only three good kilt suits were on the field. And one of these, worn by a Mr Yawson, of Orcadian extraction, deservedly won him the first prize for the best dressed Highlander, a Mr Mackenzie, originally from Brora, Sutherlandshire, but now of Halifax, taking the second prize with a suit made by Messrs Robert Fraser & Sons, Inverness. This gentleman was also a good dancer, and secured some of the principal prizes.

Pictou Town and County are sufficiently important to demand a whole article devoted to themselves, but it is my intention in these letters to deal more particularly with the people. The native resources, and appearance of the country will be more particularly treated in my letters to the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*. I may, however, state that the whole population of the county, in 1817, was only 6,737; in 1871 it was 32,114. In 1870 the county produced 76,426 bushels of wheat, 469,868 of oats, 64,937 of other grain, 415,524 of potatoes, 32,334 tons of hay, and 804,661 lbs. of butter. The farm stock owned was 6,787 horses, 14,958 milch cows, 12,560 other horned cattle, 43,416 sheep, and 4,343 swine. This county manufactures nearly as much leather as all the rest of the Province of Nova Scotia put together, and woollen factories are making

rapid progress. The surface of the county is nearly level, and the soil is exceedingly fertile. The harbour of Pictou is one of the best in the world, but it is frozen over all winter. Underlying the surface is Devonian lime stone. The country contains rich mines of coal and iron ore. It has one coal bed 33 feet in thickness, with 24 feet of excellent coal. Besides, there are ten other strata. Next to the County of Halifax, it is the most populous in Nova Scotia. Its area is 720,496 acres, and, as already indicated, it is mainly settled by Scotch Highlanders. The capital of the county is situated on the harbour of the same name, in a fertile and fairly cultivated district. It is well built, has an academy, a library, several banks, telegraph offices, a newspaper, masonic hall, several fine churches, hotels, two steam carding mills, two tobacco manufactories, an iron-foundry, several saw and grist mills, and tanneries. The shipping owned in the port is very extensive, and the imports and exports—especially in coal and timber—are very considerable. The population of the town at last census was 3,200—altogether a prettily situated, prosperous, and growing seaport. A. M.

Correspondence.

GAELIC SCRIPTURES—EDITIONS OF 1826 AND 1860.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Sir,—In any historical notice of the Gaelic Scriptures it should be remembered that the Rev. Robert Kirke, minister of Balquhidder, was the first who endeavoured to make them accessible to Highlanders. In 1690 he published Bishop Bedell's Irish Bible in Roman letters, conferring a very great boon on his countrymen. But the circulation of the work does not appear to have been extensive, nor does it seem to have met with any great favour. Yet for a period of nearly a hundred years it was the Highlanders' only Bible. At length in 1801 the Christian Knowledge Society completed a *Gaelic* translation of the Bible, and in 1807 published a second edition, considerably improved. In 1816 the General Assembly, at the Society's request, agreed to revise the whole work, and entrusted the task to the Rev. Dr Stewart of Luss, and the Rev. Dr Stewart, of Dingwall. Both these excellent men, however, died before making any considerable progress in the work. No successors were appointed, and, after lengthened and acrimonious controversy, the Assembly, in 1826, agreed to authorise the edition of 1807, which, however, when it actually appeared, was found to have undergone various alterations.

The discontent with this edition (known as that of '26) was such that

in 1840—just 14 years after its issue—the Assembly, returning to its former opinion, appointed a Committee for "revising" it, and a revision Committee is still continued by the Established Church, with whom the General Assembly of the Free Church co-operated for several years by means of a "Revision Committee" of its own appointment.

These are facts of great importance to be remembered. The defenders of this edition speak as if there were something illiterate, audacious, or positively profane in altering a word or a point to be found in it, whereas it is the publicly recorded opinion of both the Established and Free Churches that it stands in urgent need of revision; and thus it appears that the authorisation conceded to it in '26 is a very qualified one, if it be not absolutely withdrawn.

And now allow me to state some of the reasons which appear to me not merely to justify, but to demand such a revision.

I. It deals very loosely with the "Received Text," of which the English authorised Bible is a translation—sometimes transferring passages from one book to another, sometimes adding passages the source of which is not declared, and sometimes omitting passages without any assigned reason. And let me say that while some of the transferred or interpolated passages are marked with brackets, this is not uniformly done. There are several of these without any such mark; and there are many passages both in Old and New Testaments which are bracketed although found in the original. There is no index to additions or omissions; consequently nothing but a laborious comparison of the translation with the originals will give right knowledge of the strange and daring work done by the editors of '26.

I subjoin a few proofs in support of my very serious charges.—

Three names are added in I. Chron., viii., 29-31, transferred from the 9th chap. In I. Chron., xi., 13, two long verses, which are transferred from II. Sam., xxiii., 9, 10, 11, are inserted in the middle of the verse, and in II. Chron. v., 3, a short clause is inserted from II. Kings, viii., 2. Extensive changes are made on the genealogical tables in Chronicles and Ezra. Thus, in II. Chron., xiii., 2, we have a name taken in from I. Kings, xv., 1; in II. Chron., xv., 8, another is inserted without the source being mentioned; in Ezra, vii., 3, six names are transferred from I. Chron, vi., 7, 8, 9: in Ezra, viii., 5, one name is added, and another in v., 10, while in v., 16, two are excluded.

The Psalms also are very freely handled. In Ps. xviii., 13, the last clause is omitted in accordance with the text of the Septuagint. Ps. xx., 9, is considerably altered likewise after the Septuagint, though not a literal translation even of it is given. In Ps. lxviii., 8, a clause is inserted not found either in the Hebrew or the Septuagint. In Ps. lxxii., 3, the word *fireantachd* is dropped; Ps. cxiii., and cxiv., are very singularly dealt with. The last clause of the former is omitted in its proper place, but placed at the beginning of the latter without any explanation, while in Ps. cxlv., a whole verse is added, likewise without explanation.

In Prov. v., 3, there is a clause inserted not to be found either in the Hebrew or the Septuagint. In Lament. i., 13, a clause is omitted according to the Septuagint. Lam. ii., 18, there is a translation differing alike from both these authorities, and omitting the word "wall," which is to be found in both. In Micah ii., 4, there is a long clause inserted not to be

found in either Hebrew or Greek. In Isa. xvi., 1, the word "Ruler" is omitted; in Isa. xxxviii., 7, a clause is transferred from II. Kings, xx., 9, and in Luke i., 79, the quotation from the prophet is mutilated by the omission of the words "in darkness."

II. This edition, founded very much on Bishop Bedell's Bible, retains many words and phrases which are purely Irish, and never had a place in the Highlands—*e.g.*, *Fuigh* for *Faigh*, *Droing* for *Dream*, *Troisg* for *Trasg*, *Fuidh* for *Fo*, *Coigleadh* for *Caomhnadh*, *Làn-deimhin* for *Làn-chinnt*, or *dearbhadh*, *Codal* for *cadal*, *cos* for *cas*, and many more such.

III. The desire to bring Gaelic to conform to the rules of more learned languages induced the writers to manufacture forms of inflection totally opposed to genuine Gaelic. Apparently to have the Dat. Plur. somewhat like the Latin *ibus*, we have such absolute monsters as *cnaimhibh*, *craobhaibh*, *làmhaibh*, *laoghaibh*, *naomhaibh*, &c., &c., while with singular disregard of this favourite form, and of the true Gaelic termination, we have, as in Dan. iv., 12, *aig beathaiche*, xii., 8, *aig na nithe so*.

Again to make substantives, referring to the same object, agree in case, an agreement not sanctioned by Gaelic usage, we have hundreds of times over such expressions as "*do Dhia 'athar Isaaic*," "*mac righ Sholaimh, do Shara mnaoi Abraim, do Egla a mhnaoi*," expressions which it is quite enough to name to a Highlander. We have also a slavish conformity to the letter of the original in *transliterating* plural nouns into Gaelic plurals though such are utterly unknown to the language. Both in the Old and New Testaments we have *arain* = "breads"; *toraibh* for "fruits," *eunlaithibh* for "birds," and many similar instances; yet, as if to show that carelessness, more than ignorance, led to such offensive solecisms, we have, Gal. v., 20, 21, in the dark catalogue of "the works of the flesh," no fewer than nine of these works described in Greek by nouns plural, rationally and correctly rendered into Gaelic by nouns singular.

The number of what, for want of more distinctive terms, I must call bad or unidiomatic Gaelic phrases, is likewise very great. Take the following few as specimens:—Mata., xvi., 9, 10, "Nach 'eil sibh a' cuimhneachadh *nan* cuig aran *nanc* uig mìle . . no *nan* seachd aran *nan* ceithir mìle'"; Judges xix., 17, "C' ait a tha thu dol'"; Acts xxii.. 27, "An Romhanach thu? . . . Is mi," paralleled by a similar construction in Gen. xlii., 9, 10; Rom. iv., 12, "ann an ceumaibh *a'* chreidimh *ar* n-athar Abrahaim," and in the preceding verse we have "chum gu *measadh* fireantachd dhoibhsan"—an active for a passive form. Passing by many similar instances, let me refer to the 27th chapter of Acts, which is as well known for bad Gaelic as for bad seamanship, verses 16, 17—"is ann *le* 'éigin a rainig sinn air a' bhàta, agus air dhoibh *a thogail* suas . . a' criosadh na luinge *fuipe*, leig iad an *seoil* sios." *Bata* is generally called *ise*, not *esan*, but as for *fuipe* and *seoil*, I will say nothing.

IV. Passing by scores of anomalies, I must point out a few of the typographical errors which abound from Genesis to Revelations, *e.g.*, Gen. xviii. 21, *mar* do rinn, for *mur*, a frequently recurring one; *vide* Ezekiel xxxiii. 9, Zechar. xi. 12. Gen. xxviii. 13, "am fearann air am bheil *thu do* luidhe," an error to be met with many times. Gen. xxxi. 28, "nach do *leag* thu leam mo mhic a phogadh," for *leig*. Gen. xl. 8, "chunnaic *sin* aisling," for *sinn*. Exod. xx, 20, air *choir*, for air *chor*. I. Sam. ii. 3, *leisean* for *leis-san*. I. Sam. ix. 2, *o' ghuailibh*, for *ghuail-*

libh. I. Chron. iv. 22, *uchdranachd* for *uachdranachd.* Ps. ix. 19, na *buadhaichear* duine, for na *buadhaicheadh.* Isa. xxvii. 11, "sluagh *gu'n* tuigse," for *gun* (same error 57, 1). Isa. xxx. 12, "a *leigeal* bhur taice," for *leigeil.* Isa, li. 23, gu'n teid *sin* thairis," for *sinn.* Isa. liii. 1, "co a chreid *air* teachdaireachd," for *ar.* Jerem. xxx. 14, "Rinn do *leannan* gu leir," for *leannain.* Jerem. xlvi. 28, "O Iacoib m' *òglaich,*" for m' *òglach* (unless it may be said to be according to foreign rule). Dan. iv. 23, "*fluich,*" for *fliuch.* Hosea xii. 1, "ga *giulain,*" for *giulan.* Jonah ii. 9, "Is *an* do 'n Tighearna," for *is ann.* Luke xii. 7, and xiv. 35, "*an* talmhainn," for *na* talmhainn. Luke xxiii. 41, "a *thoil* ar gniomhara fein," for a *thoill.* Acts viii. 34, Guidheam *thu* for *ort.* Acts xii. 21, "air a *sgeudachadh,*" for *sgeadachadh.* But I must pass on, leaving unrecorded many which I have marked, and certain that there are very many which I have not marked.

V. A very unscholarly system prevails throughout of running short words together, and writing them as if they formed one word only, thus, *anns an* is almost always written *san, anns a 'na,* or *na, an uair 'nuair,* &c., &c.

VI. The irregularity of the orthography from beginning to end is such as to defy description. Take any word, inflection, or construction, and you find all possible variations of it. Comhar, comhara, comharra, and comharadh, are all instances of the Nom. We have *Foir* and *Oir, Feabhas* and *Feodhas, Solamh* and *Solomon, Siriaich* and *Sirianaich.* So of other cases. Often we have in Nom, Plur. the Irish *aithriche,* and often the Gaelic *aithrichean.* The dative plural probably presents the most remarkable variations—*cinnich* and *cinneachaibh; diathaibh, dḗibh,* and *diathan; ceumaibh* and *ceumannaibh; peacaibh, peacannaibh,* and *peacanna.* The irregularity of the syntax is just as complete as that of separate words, but I must confine myself to one example: Rom. vii, 15, 20, in these few verses we have *tha mi a' deanamh* four times over, and *tha mi deanamh,* without any sign of the preposition, five times, while *tha mi 'deanamh* is in other places a very common form. We have here also *gabhail* and a' gabhail, while we have *a ta* six times, and *tha* just as often. An examination of other passages will present similar results; and while some portions are written much more carefully than others, I maintain it as a fact that there is not even a remote approach to grammatical accuracy or uniformity throughout the edition of '26, a fact undeniable by any one who will admit the evidence of his eyes. Those who extol it as a "standard," and praise it as the work of "thorough grammarians," merely prove thereby that "they know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm."

At the same time I have to say in all earnestness that I do not wish to cast any reproach on the editors for their loose method of writing. Every one wrote Gaelic very loosely in their day. It is only since German scholars began to analyze and explain our language that much regard has been paid to system and uniformity in writing it, and, as I said in my last letter, I have not seen uniformity attained by any one, even up to the present day, while I am glad to see considerable advances towards it. So of typographical errors. It is said that no book is absolutely free of them, and after about forty years frequent dealing with Gaelic printing affairs, I say that, unless an editor can himself be present at the final

throwing off of his sheets, or an intelligent reader be provided in Gaelic offices, as is the case in good English offices, errors, carefully corrected even in the third proof, will sometimes reappear, and, worse still, mysterious "pies"—an utter jumble of letters—may be occasionally looked for; but the errors of '26 are very numerous, and ought, as far as possible, to be removed.

Very many editions have appeared since '26, and all that I have noticed (except that of '60) profess to be reproductions of it, but I have never examined any that was strictly so in reality, nor any two that absolutely agreed one with another. They were undergoing constant changes. I have before me one by the Edinburgh Bible Society, 1831, which corrects several of the typographical errors of '26, but it introduces worse errors of its own. To mention only two, Ps. cxi. 2, we have for *an Tighearna, an i Tghearna.* In Acts xix. 9, we have, speaking of the School of Tyrannus, the word *sgoil* repeated twice over, and there are scores of other offensive blunders. It is decidedly worse than that of '26. I have before me a New Testament by the British and Foreign Bible Society showing the grossest carelessness. In John iii. 3, we have "Thubhairt e *nis*" instead of *ris.* In Acts xvi. 4, we have "Troimh na bailtibh" repeated twice, and the heading of the pages shows utter recklessness. Thus what ought to be Marc iv. is Mata xxiii. The Epistle to the Ephesians is in one place made *Ephensianach;* and I have also a Bible by the same great Society (1857), bearing on its back the mysterious title *Biboul Noimbh,* and at p. 512 we have forty-three Psalms in *Italian* inserted instead of the latter part of Job, and the first eighteen Psalms in Gaelic! I have seen worse blunders, if possible, than any that I have mentioned. "*Meallaidh* na fireanan an tìr," "The righteous shall *deceive* the earth," instead of *mealaidh.* The Psalmist in the 119th Psalm speaks of "mo luhd-teagaisg *uile*," "my teachers of *evil*," instead of *uile* or "all."

Such work went on for many years—edition after edition, with gross and glaring blunders; but as far as I am aware the editors were unknown; and, this being so, no offence was taken. No one manifested the least zeal either for the purity of the Gaelic language, or for the integrity of the sacred text, when at length in 1860 there appeared an edition openly professing to be a "revised" one, and the names of the unfortunate editors were not concealed. Immediately a storm of indignation, which raged from Renton to the extreme corners of Ross-shire, was raised against them for corrupting Gaelic, and altering the meaning of the Scriptures. The very mention of a new edition by the same editors is rousing the storm anew, although I hope that its area will not be so extensive, that it will prove to be a "tempest in a tea-cup" after all. I sincerely regret that Mr Cameron, who knows Gaelic, should devote his knowledge to the purpose of hindering a reform which is so imperatively demanded, and I also regret that Dr Masson should so causelessly come forward to condemn what he does not seem to know. Mr Cameron contradicts one assertion of his, Dr Maclauchlan proves his statement as to numbers to be very glaringly wrong, and I am obliged to remind him that the edition of '60 was never, as far as I saw, or heard, discussed by the "joint-committee" —certainly never referred to their consideration. It was the edition of '26 which was really discussed by them. Mr Cameron's tremendous charges, followed by such ludicrously trifling instances, in your August number

reminds one of the old saying, *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus;* but of Dr Masson's it must be said that his labour results in nothing as solid as even a mouse—that it is only empty sound.

Now, one word as to what Dr Maclauchlan and I actually did in this terrible edition. We had no commission to meddle with the graver matters of interpolation, &c., but we banished several of the Irish interlopers. We substituted home-grown articles for such monstrosities of foreign manufacture as *laoghaibh, craobhaibh*, &c. We wrote *san* and such contracted words in a form which, without altering the pronunciation, will show the student that they are composite words. In thousands of instances we changed the very faulty form of *tha mi deanamh*, and cognate expressions to *tha mi 'deanamh*, or *a' deanamh*—writing them in grammatical shape. But dreading the effects of prejudice, we proceeded with a very cautious and timid hand, leaving untouched hundreds of phrases which we knew ought to be changed. The result shows that we had grounds for caution, that reform in Gaelic writing must proceed by steps very short and slow. Our work is very imperfect in its conforming so much, as it does, to '26; yet it is a step in the right direction, pointing the way towards improvements which must come some day. The smallness of the improvements we have made is in one view a matter of regret, but in another a subject of congratulation. Seeing the alarming effects which our slight mending has produced on our opponents no humane man would wish to be responsible for the effects of a really good translation into genuine vernacular Gaelic on Mr Cameron and Dr Masson.

If it is asked why the "Revision Committee," so long in existence, have done so little work, I can readily answer that, as far as I have seen, obstruction, much more dogged and persistent than that shown by the Irish obstructionists in the House of Commons, has hitherto blocked the way.

But to conclude, let us for a moment set aside editors, editions, and controversies, and look calmly at the Gaelic Bible which alone is in any degree "authorised" among us. I have proved that the '26 edition tampers with its original in a manner which, from a literary point of view, is altogether unscholarly, and which, to those who hold even the most meagre convictions on the inspiration of Scripture, must appear irreverent, if not profane. Years ago I called attention to this very grave matter; and I venture still to repeat the call, for it is a very serious matter under many aspects. I have shown that this edition, written after the fashion of the period to which it belongs (1807 rather than 1826), is written with remarkable disregard of uniformity, or grammatical system. I have proved that it contains very many errors of an important nature; and I hold that there are the strongest reasons for improving it according to the oft declared wishes of the Assemblies alike of Established and Free Churches. The approaching completion of the new English translation will afford an unexceptionable foundation whereon to build; and although I may not live to see it, I am certain the day is not far distant when Gaelic scholars and theologians, putting away all wrath and clamour, all envy and malice, will unite heart and hand to produce a Gaelic translation of the Scriptures in some degree worthy of its sacred theme, and of the devout minded people whom it is intended to guide on the way of righteousness and of peace.—I am, &c.,

ARCHD. CLERK, LL.D.

KILMALLIE MANSE, 6th September 1879.

Edinburgh, 1st October 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I will not attempt to reason with a man who, against reason and all reasonable evidence, only cries out angrily "it is not true." Nor will I repeat here what I have already written in disproof of Dr Maclauchlan's wild and reckless assertions. Such of your readers as have read my letters once will not need to read them again, in order to be satisfied that his "not true" applies not to me but to himself.

One of his charges, however, is so extraordinary that I must be excused for commenting on it. "I charged him," says Dr Maclauchlan, "with stating what was not true regarding the corrections made on it," that is, on the '60 Bible. Well, after that! Has Dr Maclauchlan really shaken hands with Mr Cameron, and joined that gentleman in the complaint, not at all that my criticism was too severe, but that I did not state a hundredth part of the truth about these corrections? I stated, undoubtedly, that there were many mistakes and misprints in the '60 Bible. I even specified some of these mistakes, which were very remarkable, and in any other book than the Bible would be very laughable. Your readers will remember, as an example, the deplorable mistake whereby an ex-moderator of the Free Assembly, so honoured on account of his reputed Gaelic scholarship, raised the *murderer* to the bench, and commissioned him, by warrant of Holy Writ, to sit on the throne of the *judge!* But then I added that these misprints were "carefully corrected" in '63, '68. Is this the "statement regarding the corrections" which Dr Maclauchlan is not ashamed to brand as untrue? I stand by it as fair, moderate, and even lenient criticism. If untrue at all, it is only in the sense that I do not tell all the unpleasant truth that might be laid to the charge of my assailant. And if that is Dr Maclauchlan's charge against me, he is at one with Mr Cameron, who protests that my criticism was unduly lenient; and, to prove his protest, comes down upon us with a perfect avalanche of his reverend brother's blunders, not only in '60 but also in '63.

It is just the old story. In your columns, as of old in the joint committee of the Churches, I tried to hold an even balance between "my neighbour" and his old antagonist. Naturally enough I have pleased neither. But in the fact that it is so, reasonable people will find a strong presumption at once of the accuracy and the moderation of the few lines of criticism which have occasioned all this terrible ado. That the issue between Dr Maclauchlan and me should have taken a turn so personal I of course regret. But the blame of it is not with me. I sought not this fight; neither do I shun it.

One word, in conclusion, to Dr Maclauchlan. It is to me a matter of indifference whether or not he takes "notice of the other parts" of my letter. But till he has something else to say than "it is not true," most people who care for his reputation will, I think, advise him to hold his —pen.—Yours faithfully,

DONALD MASSON.

THE QUIGRICH, OR PASTORAL STAFF OF ST FILLAN.

NEXT to "the stone of destiny," on which the ancient Scottish kings were crowned at Dunstaffnage, and afterwards at Scone, the Quigrich of St Fillan is the most interesting of Scotch relics. Save the stone chair, we have no relic whose pedigree can at all compare with that of the Quigrich. It carries us back to a period as early as the eighth century—so that apart from its intrinsic value—those association of centuries—a thousand of them—that cluster round it, cannot fail to give it interest in the eyes of Scotchmen; especially Highlanders, in whose country it has had its long abode, and by whose trusty hands it has been transmitted from generation to generation down to the present time. This curious relic, now deposited in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, is well worth a passing inspection. In shape it resembles the crook of a shepherd's staff. The material of it is bright silver—the length about nine inches. The lower end of the crook, into which the staff was inserted, expands into a large bulbous socket, beautifully ornamented with a kind of interlaced knot-work. From this socket there rises a ridge or crest which extends all along the back of the crook, until it terminates at the extreme end of it, in the bust of a man in the dress of an ecclesiastic; meant, we suppose, to represent the original owner. The front of the crook is ornamented by a large oval-shaped cairngorm, terminating in a plate, which bears an engraved representation of the crucifixion. On closer inspection, it was found that the silver crook enclosed within it another crook of bronze, of a similar shape, inlaid with niello, and about seven inches long. This is supposed to be the old original Quigrich, subsequently encased in the silver which now encloses it—but of which more afterwards.

Of St Fillan himself—the eminent individual with whose name the Quigrich is associated, little is known save a few simple facts. But from the veneration in which his memory has been held through so many ages, we may safely infer he must have been a man of mark in his day. St Fillan, like St Columba, was of royal descent. Kentigerna, his mother, was the daughter of the King of Leinster, in Ireland; and both she and her brother, Congan, have been enumerated among the saints of Alba—a connection that may possibly have influenced their nephew to devote himself to the work of a missionary of the Cross. He passed his earlier years in the monastery of St Mund, on the Holy Loch, of which he subsequently became Abbot. Thereafter he removed to Pittenweem, in Fifeshire, where he founded a monastery; and where, as recorded of him, he employed much of his time in transcribing the Holy Scriptures. This was a work to which the early Culdees greatly devoted themselves, for giving as large a circulation as possible to the word of God; to which we may ascribe much of the success that attended their evangelistic labours. From Pittenweem St Fillan transferred his labours to Glendochart, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. It appears Kentigerna, his mother, was latterly an inmate of the monastery of Inchchallach, an island in Loch-

lomond, not far from Strathfillan; which may have partly influenced him in making choice of Strathfillan and the surrounding regions as the permanent field of his labours. Here he passed the remainder of his days. Here he prosecuted his evangelistic labours, Quigrich in hand; and here his dust reposes with that of his fellow labourers in the church of which he was the founder.

In ancient, and even in modern times, the staff holds an important place as part of a man's travelling gear. Jacob tells us he carried a staff on his journey to his uncle in Padanaram. Moses carried a shepherd's staff, as we see from his interview with the angel that was in the bush—which probably was the self-same rod that performed so distinguished a part in the subsequent history of the great legislator. Balaam carried a staff on his unhappy mission to the Court of Balac. Elisha sent his servant, Gehazi, in advance with his staff, to lay it on the remains of the child of the Shunamite lady, to restore him to life. So the early missionaries of the Christian faith in our own land made use of a staff, Quigrich, or Bachull, in their weary peregrinations, discharging the duties of their office. By-and-bye, because of veneration for the original owner his followers and successors attached a peculiar value to his staff. And as the shadows of darker times gradually obscured moral vision, men came to ascribe miraculous power thereto. The staff of St Fergus was long preserved in the parish which bears his name; and the Aberdeen Breviary informs us of belief in its power to allay storms and tempests; and of its actually having done this on a certain occasion on the coast of Buchan. In like manner the staff of St Ninian, and the staff of St Serf, are spoken of in the lives of these men as possessed of similar miraculous power. In the fourteenth century Earls of Ross went to battle in the shirt of St Duthac to ensure victory over their foes; and Queens of Scotland, during accouchement, wore the shirt of St Margaret, the wife of King Malcolm Ceanmore, to secure them a favourable delivery. This last relic was carefully preserved for this purpose, near her shrine, in the Abbey of Dunfermline. A copy of the Psalms of David, said to have been transcribed by St Columba, and enclosed in a silver case, was long held in veneration by an Irish tribe, believing that it possessed virtues similar to those of the green banner of Mahomet. Accordingly it got the name "Cathach," the fighter. The owners of this "Cathach" believed that if sent thrice rightways round the army of the tribe whose it was when on the eve of battle, victory was sure to them. Similar virtue is ascribed to the Quigrich of St Fillan. There was a well authenticated tradition in the Dewar family, hereditary keepers of it, and handed down from father to son, that it accompanied the army of King Robert Bruce to the Battle of Bannockburn, and was supposed to contribute to the famous victory achieved by him on that memorable occasion. Dr Jamieson, who edited an edition of Barbour's Bruce, knew this tradition, and speaks of it, as affirming, that before the battle, "King Robert and his army received the sacrament under the relic of the Quigrich"—which means, we suppose, that it was elevated in their sight, so as to be visible to them. We have it on the authority of the historian Bœce, that relics of St Fillan were present at the Battle of Bannockburn. This makes it pretty certain that a relic so important and sacred in the eyes of the people as the Quigrich, would not have been omitted. "All the night before the battle," says

Bœce, "King Robert was right weary, having great solicitude for the weal of his army, and could take no rest, but revolved all jeapordies and chances of fortune in his mind; and sometimes he went to his devout contemplations, making his prayer to God and St Fillan, whose arm, as he believed, was inclosed in a case within his tent; trusting the better fortune to follow by the same. In the meantime, the case cracked suddenly without any motion or work of mortal creature The priest, astonished at this wonder, went to where the case lay, and when he found the arm in the case, he cried. 'Here is a great miracle;' and confessed how he brought the case empty to the field, dreading that the relic should be lost where so great danger was." The King, rejoicing in this so called miracle, "passed the rest of the night in good hope of victory." Morice, Abbot of Inchaffry, was the leading ecclesiastic in Bruce's army, and the King's own confessor. He was also Superior of the Church of Strathfillan, and only acted in accordance with the belief and customs of those times, in so using such relics. In Adamnan's life of Columba, we are told of the military powers ascribed to a certain pastoral staff; and which accordingly got the significant cognomen of "Cath-bhuaidh"—victory. In a battle fought between the men of Alban and the Norwegians in 918, the victory obtained by the former was attributed to the virtues of the "Cath-bhuaidh." For a similar purpose David II., King Robert's son and successor, carried with him the cross of St Margaret, when he invaded England in 1346. When Edward I. invaded Scotland, he marched with the banner of St Cuthbert unfurled in the van of his army as they thought the sure pledge of victory. There is, therefore, nothing improbable in the tradition of the Dewars, that the Quigrich was at the Battle of Bannockburn. Superior of the church to which it belonged, and believing as he did in the virtue of such relics, Morice, the Abbot, would not fail to avail himself of it on so critical an occasion. It is not, therefore, the least interesting of the associations that gather round this Quigrich, that it was present at the great and crowning struggle of our warrior king for securing the independence of Scotland.

As we have said, the bronze crook enclosed within the silver one, is considered by antiquarians to be the older of the two—the original Quigrich. This is also the Dewar tradition; and, that the silver case is the gift of Bruce in acknowledgment and remembrance of the services supposed to be rendered by it. Macpherson, in his "Geographical Illustrations," says that King Robert founded a priory at Strathfillan, in gratitude to the Saint, on account of the victory of Bannockburn. But there is another incident that made Strathfillan and its patron Saint memorable in the life of Bruce: the narrow escape he made from his pursuers after the battle of Dalry, almost opposite the old Clachan. It will be remembered how William I. of England built a church on the ground on which he won the victory of Hastings. The lands of Glendochart, of which Strathfillan is a part, belonged in the Bruce's days to the Macgregors. "Ardchoill in Glendochart" was their ancient war-cry. They were Lorn's allies against Bruce, and therefore their lands were forfeited to the Crown, and distributed among his friends and supporters. It was in course of this division of the forfeited lands of Glendochart, that the lands of Auchtertyre and other lands were granted to the Priory of Strathfillan; and in which the Dewars shared, as the keepers of the Quigrich.

To them fell the lands of Ewich and certain other lands, in recognition of their office, as well as in acknowledgment of the veneration of the King for St Fillan and his Quigrich. The charter which confirms these grants in perpetuity dates from the year 1318, four years after the victory of Bannockburn.

In former times we find that offices of various kinds were invested and perpetuated from generation to generation in certain families. To the Earls of Buchan belonged the honour of officiating at coronations, and placing the crown on the head of the king elect. The Keiths were the hereditary Marshals of Scotland. We had also our hereditary Stewards, our hereditary bards—musicians, and standard-bearers. In 1466 the Abbot of Arbroath granted to Thomas of Lochan the office of Derethy; and in 1527 a lease of the same with a croft was granted to William Gray and his wife—the duties of which were "the keeping of the cows and the oxen of the Abbey." The Dempsters of Edzell were the hereditary ringers of St Lawrence's bell. For this they had a farm, rent free. By virtue of an ancient grant from an Earl of Argyll, land in the island of Lismore was held, rent free, on condition that the holder "do keep and take care of the Baculus or pastoral staff of St Maluaig," the patron saint of the church of that island. The holder of the relic was called "Baran a bhachuill"—the land-holder of the Baculus of St Maluaig. Similarly the Dewars of Glendochart, the keepers of the Quigrich, were also land-owners in virtue of their office, and known as Deoirich na Quigrich—Dewars of the Quigrich, and sometimes as Deoirich na h-Araichd, Dewars of the treasure—the Quigrich being the treasure. Very probably therefore the name Dewar is significant of their office—Dia-fhear—contracted Deoir. We find individuals bearing the same name elsewhere invested with offices in connection with religious houses, as bell-ringing, and monastic dairy keeping, and it is not improbable that their name may be traced to the same origion. The keeper of St Mun's staff, and the keeper of St Maluaig's bell were Dewars, because of their semi-ecclesiastical offices.

Regarding the history of the Quigrich, before the Dewars became the official keepers of it, we are left very much in the dark. And but for the emoluments and endowments with which Bruce enriched their office, we would very probably know less of its history since. But these were so valuable, and moreover as the office involved other responsibilities besides the keeping of the Quigrich, contentions arose from time to time that afford glimpses of its history which in other circumstances would have remained unknown. In an inventory of old documents in the Taymouth charter-room we have the following:—"Ewich in Glendochart." "Ane letter made by Alexander Lord of Glendochart to Donald McSobrell Dewar Cogerach, of date 1336 years." This Alexander, Lord of Glendochart, was of the Menzies family, and related by marriage to King Robert. The letter, of which the above is an inventory, is in all probability confirmatory of King Robert's grant to the Dewars. Alexander, Lord of Glendochart, was one of those on whom were conferred the lands of the forfeited Macgregors. The next authentic notice we have of the Quigrich is in the year 1428. In that year an inquest was held by John Spens, of Perth, Bailie of Glendochart, "regarding the authority and privileges of a certain relic of St Fillan, commonly called the Coygerach." The

jury decided the case in favour of the Dewars; and further, "that the keeper of it should have yearly from every one in Glendochart having, or labouring, a merk land, either free or in farm, a half boll of meal, and of every one having in like manner a half merk of land, a firlot of meal; and of every one having a forty penny land, a half firlot of meal. That the office of carrying the relic had been conferred in heritage on a certain ancestor of Finlay Jore (Dewar) the present bearer, by the successor of St Fillan, and that the said Finlay was the lawful heir in said office." They further decided "that these privileges were enjoyed and in use, in the time of King Robert Bruce, and in the times of the kings who reigned after him." But besides the antiquity of the office, as appears from this decision of the jury, as well as from the confirmation of it by King Robert, we have the following decision also, though apparently it ill assorts with the calling of men holding an office such as these Dewars held. This further decision is, "that if it happened that any goods or cattle were stolen or carried away from any one dwelling in Glendochart, and he from whom they were stolen, whether in doubt of the culprit or from the feud of his enemies, did not dare to follow after his property; then he should send a messenger to the said Dewar of the Coigreach, with four pence or a pair of shoes; with food for the first night, and then the said Jore or Dewar, on his own charges ought to follow the said cattle wherever they were to be found within the Kingdom of Scotland." His emoluments notwithstanding, the keeper of the Quigrich in those days of abounding thievery had not a very easy task to perform. We find in the year 1468, another action raised to invalidate the rights of these Dewars —on this occasion by "the Lady of Glenurchy"—the spouse of Sir Colin Campbell of that ilk, the progenitor of the family of Breadalbane. Her husband was then in life; and why this onus lay upon her does not appear. Her object was to recover rents from a certain man of the name of Macgregor, for lands which she claimed as those of her husband. Macgregor, however, declined her claim, on the plea "that he had paid the rents demanded to Dewar of the Quigrich," from which it appears their possessions were such, that they could even afford to sublet lands to others. But the Dewars were not after all allowed to retain peaceable possession of their Quigrich privileges. In 1487 an appeal was made by them to the reigning monarch, James III., on account of a local decision limiting their rights. The King decided the case in favour of the Dewars. The decision was "that Malise Dewar and his forefathers have had a relic of St Fillan called the Quigrich, in keeping for the King, and his progenitors, since the time of King Robert Bruce, and before; and made no obedience or answer to any person spiritual or temporal in anything concerning said holy relic, otherwise than was contained in the old infeftment made by the King's said royal progenitors—and that none shonld make impediment to said Malise in passing with said relic through the country as he and his said forbears were wont to do." Other occasional notices of the Quigrich are found now and again, down to the reign of Queen Mary. Till then the Dewars succeeded in holding their own, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of jealous neighbours to deprive them of both office and emoluments. But the Reformation, when it came, wrought a change in the previous ecclesiastical arrangements of Scotland. The Roman Catholic Church, which

owned at least one-fourth of the lands of the kingdom, was despoiled of her possessions, and they reverted to the Crown. The Crown gave leases of all or most of them on easy conditions to the Scotch lairds, whose own they eventually became. The lands belonging to the Dewars, as keepers of the Quigrich, shared the fate of other church possessions, and by-and-bye nothing remained to them but the mere symbol of their former privileges and possessions. Yet they were faithful to their hereditary charge; and the relic continued to be handed down from father to son, as when the transmission of it was accompanied by solid heritage. Subsequent to this reverse and consequent impoverishment of the Dewars, the relic lapsed into obscurity, and we have no subsequent notice of it, till incidentally discovered by a tourist, whose name is not mentioned. This was in 1782. It was then in the possession of a Malise Dewar, the lineal representative of its hereditary keepers; and a day labourer in the village of Killin. Thereafter the relic passed into the hands of a younger brother of this Malise Dewar; and then into his son's possession, who removed to Glenartney, where the Quigrich was seen by Dr Jamieson, who gives a description of it in his edition of Barbour's Bruce. This Archibald Dewar went from Glenartney to Balquhidder, and thereafter emigrated to Canada, carrying the Quigrich with him to the land of his adoption. Alexander Dewar, the son of this man and the representative of the family, is, we believe, still in life. From him the Society of Antiquaries, partly by purchase and partly by Dewar's donation, obtained the relic now deposited in their museum.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to the meaning of "Quigrich." It has been spelt in several different ways—Quigrich, Coygerich, Coigrich, and Cuaigrich. In the account now given of it, we have followed the spelling generally in use. Some think it is derived from "Cròg" a hand, and should be written "Crograch." Others identify it with "Cuigmheurach," in reference to the five fingers of the hand, which laid hold of it; while others maintain that it means Coigreach, a stranger, on the supposition that the original relic was imported from abroad. It seems to us that the simple and natural meaning of the word is a crook; the shape of the relic itself; and derived from the root "Cuag," a curve or bending. So the old song :—

Le cuaigreach a bhata
Na h-uain rinn e ghlacadh
'S b'e 'shuaicheantas breacan
'S e ga'n cuallach a steach thun a chro.

This agrees with the meaning of the other names of the Culdee pastoral staff—as Bachull and Camabhata. Bachull is in Gaelic a crook, or curl, from which comes bachullach, curly. So Ross—

A nighean bhoidheach an or-fhuilt bhachullaich.

And Macintyre—

Do chuach-fhalt bachullach, cas-bhuidh dlu.

From the crook of it therefore, the pastoral staff was called Bachull; which by the way is a Gaelic and not a Latin word. For a similar reason it was also called "Camabhata," from the root càm, crooked, bent, curved—so

that the three names Quigrich, Bachull, and Camabhata, are all Gaelic, and refer to the same thing, and have the same meaning. The Quigrich has been sometimes styled the Crozier of St Fillan, as if the two words were the same. This is not the case. The one, as we have shown, was a crook, the other a cross or "Crasc." Besides they differ, in that they respectively represent two churches and creeds, as widely different, as are the symbols themselves by which they are respectively represented. But whatever differences may exist as to the meaning of the name, there can be no difference as to the relic itself being a highly interesting one. It was five centuries in existence before the light of authentic record reveals it in 1336, in possession of the Dewars. As we have seen its connection with the Scottish monarchy, is older than the Regalia so carefully guarded in the Castle of Edinburgh ; while its ecclesiastical associations carry us back to an era of which we have scarcely any other remains —when the son of Kentigerna of the Royal race of Leinster, prosecuted his work in the valley of the Dochart, and with men like minded, sowed, as did others elsewhere, and since, that precious seed of gospel truth, which has eventually won for us the honourable designation of being the Israel of the Gentiles.

KENMORE. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

A SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDER'S WELCOME TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

MR Donald Ross, a native of Sutherlandshire, now resident in Nova Scotia, and a well-known Celt, sent the following characteristic letter, hitherto unpublished, to the Marquis of Lorn on his arrival at Ottowa. I have picked it up in Halifax, and it gives a fair indication of the enthusiastic manner in which the Highlanders of the Dominion welcomed the Marquis and his Royal Consort.—[ED. *C. M.*]

To the Right Honourable Sir JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, K.T., G.C.M.G., MARQUIS of LORN, Governor-General of Canada, &c., &c., &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—

Please permit me, a Highlander from the county of Sutherland, but now resident in Nova Scotia, to address you, and to offer to your Excellency and to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, the assurance of my right hearty welcome, and the offer of my sincere congratulations on your safe arrival at the capital of the Dominion of Canada.

Born, and long resident, in the romantic county of Sutherland, I could not fail to observe and to admire, the many noble qualities by which the illustrious family of Sutherland was ever and eminently distinguished ; and I feel proud that a grandson of the "Good Duke" of Sutherland, in the person of your Excellency, has been chosen by Her Majesty to fill the important office of Governor-General of this extensive portion of Her Majesty's Dominions.

For generations past, the name of the noble and illustrious family of Argyll was always synonym with freedom, loyalty, patriotism, and every other Christian virtue ; not only in their own country, but in distant lands ; and their martial spirit and heroic deeds, as well as other excellent qualities, commanded the esteem and admiration of surrounding nations.

Some of your Excellency's illustrious predecessors took a leading part in promoting the Union between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland; a union which has proved highly beneficial to both countries; for it restored peace, and settled for ever, as between them, the strife of swords and the carnage of battles. But, much as your predecessors did to accomplish that Union, it was in reality only fully completed when the solemnities of marriage of your Excellency and the Princess Louise were completed at Windsor Castle in March 1871. Then the Union was completed with all the necessary essentials on earth and ratified in Heaven!

Your Excellency's countrymen, the Scottish Highlanders, scattered throughout this great Dominion, one and all, hail with feelings of unmingled joy your Excellency's arrival among them, and in the true sincerity of warm Highland hearts greet your Excellency and your beloved Consort the Princess Louise, with many thousand Highland welcomes, and in event of their services being ever required, their fidelity and martial ardour is the same as of old; and right loyally they would stand as a wall of fire around their Governor-General and his Royal partner.

I look upon your Excellency's appointment of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada as a token of great good. It will unite more firmly than ever, the union of those scattered provinces, and cement, as it were, in more happy union, all classes from ocean to ocean, in loyalty and devoted attachment to Her Majesty the Queen, to your Excellency, and to the Princess, as well as to the British throne and to British institutions.

I sincerely trust that your Excellency's stay in Canada will not be limited to any set term of years, but that it will be a very prolonged stay; and that when you do visit the "old country" it will be only for a visit; just to look once more on Scottish scenes, to admire again the magnificent scenery of Argyle and the Isles, to have a quiet look at the majestic Bencruachan and other heath-clad mountains, to wander by the beautiful and placid Loch Awe, to see the hills of Morven, Cowal, and Mull, made immortal by Ossian and the bards; and generally like Scotland's renowned bard, make leisurely pilgrimages through dear old Caledonia—gaze on her beautiful mountains, sit on the fields of her many battles, wander on the banks of her many lakes and meandering rivers, and muse by her old castles, stately towers, and venerable ruins; once the abode of her honoured statesmen, heroes, and bards.

May God bless your Excellency and your beloved Consort, the Princess Louise; may He make your stay in Canada a blessing to the people, a satisfaction to Her Majesty, and a source of very great pleasure to yourselves, is the sincere wish of your Excellency's devoted old Highland countryman, who has the honour to be your Excellency's very obedient humble servant, An là chi 's nach fhaic,

(Signed) DONALD ROSS.

Celtic Cottage, Dartmouth, N.S., December 1878.

His Excellency replied as follows:—

Government House, Ottowa, December 13, 1878.

SIR,—I am desired by his Excellency, the Governor-General, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of welcome, dated Dartmouth, December 1878, and to convey to you his hearty thanks for the warm welcome and the many kind expressions which it contains.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) F. DE WINTON, Major,
Governor-General's Secretary.

Donald Ross, Esq., Celtic Cottage, Dartmouth, N.S.

NEW GAELIC PUBLICATIONS.—We have received the fifth and last part of "An t-Oranaiche," by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow. We have only time at present to say that the work is well printed, carefully got up, and exceedingly cheap. Thanks are due to Mr Sinclair for supplying such a good collection of Gaelic songs.

WE are glad to understand that Mrs Mary Mackellar has a volume of her poems in the press, to be published soon by Messrs Maclauchlan & Stewart, Edinburgh. Mrs Mackellar's volume will be hailed with pleasure by all lovers of genuine Gaelic poetry.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

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II.

From the death of Suibne to the accession of Gillebride, father of Somerled, little or nothing is known of the ancestors of the Macdonalds. Gillebride was expelled from his possessions in the Scottish Highlands by the Danes and the Fiongalls, whereupon he took refuge in Ireland, and afterwards prevailed upon the descendants of Colla, to assist him in an attempt to obtain possession of his ancient inheritance in Scotland. Four or five hundred of these joined him and accompanied him to Alban, but he was unsuccessful and failed to secure his object. It was only after this, that Somerled for the first time, comes into notice. He appears to have been of a very different temper to his father. At first he lived in retirement, musing in silent solitude, over the ruined fortunes of his family. He, when a favourable opportunity presented itself, as already stated, placed himself at the head of the people of Morven; attacked the Norwegians, whom, after a long and desperate struggle, he expelled from the district; and ultimately made himself master, in addition to Morven, of Lochaber and Argyle. When David the First, in 1135, expelled the Norwegians from Man, Arran, and Bute, Somerled obtained a grant of those islands from the king. "But finding himself unable to contend with the Norwegians of the Isles, whose power remained unbroken, he resolved to recover by policy what he despaired of acquiring by force of arms;" and, with this view, he succeeded in obtaining, about 1140, the hand of Ragnhildis, daughter of Olave, surnamed the Red, then the Norwegian King of the Isles. The following curious account relating how Somerled secured the daughter of Olave the Red, is recorded in the Macdonald MS.: —"Olay encamped at Loch Storna, Sommerled came to the other side of the loch, and cried out if Olay was there, and how he fared? Olay replied that he was well. Then said Sommerled, I come from Sommerled, Thane of Argyle, who promises to assist you conditionally, in your expedition provided you bestow your daughter on him. Olay answered that he would not give him his daughter, and that he knew he himself was the man; but that he and his men should follow him in his expedition. So

Sommerled resolved to follow Olay. There was at that time a foster-brother of Olay's, one Maurice MacNeill, in Olay's company, who was a near friend of Sommerled; and when Sommerled brought his two galleys near the place where Olay's ship lay, this Maurice aforesaid came where he was, and said that he would find means by which he might come to get Olay's daughter. So, in the night time, he bored Olay's ship under water with many holes, and made a pin for each hole, overlaying them with tallow and butter. When they were up in the morning and set to sea, after passing the point of Ardnamurchan, Olay's ship sprung a leak, casting the tallow and butter out of the holes by the ship tossing on the waves, and beginning to sink, Olay and his men cried for help to Sommerled. Maurice replied that Sommerled would not save him unless he bestowed his daughter upon him. At last, Olay being in danger of his life, confirmed by an oath that he would give his daughter to Sommerled, who received him immediately into his galley. Maurice went into Olay's galley and fixed the pins in the holes which he had formerly prepared for them, and by these means they landed in safety. From that time the posterity of Maurice are called MacIntyres (or wright's sons) to this day. On this expedition Olay and Sommerled killed MacLier, who possessed Strath within the Isle of Skye. They killed Godfrey Du, or the Black, by putting out his eyes, which was done by the hermit MacPoke, because Godfrey Du had killed his father formerly. Olay, surnamed the Red, killed MacNicoll in North Uist likewise. Now Sommerled marrying Olay's daughter, and becoming great after Olay's death, which death, with the relation and circumstances thereof, if you be curious to know, you may get a long account of it in Camden."

On this point Gregory says, "It appears by no means improbable, too, that Sommerled, aware of his own power and resources, contemplated the conquest of a portion, at least, of the Isles, to which he may have laid claim through his remote ancestor, Godfrey. On these or similar grounds, Olave the Red, King of Man and the Isles, was naturally desirous to disarm the enmity, and to secure the support of the powerful Lord of Argyle, whose marriage with Ragnhildis, the daughter of Olave, about 1140—the first authentic event in the life of Somerled—seems to have answered this purpose. Of this marriage, which is lamented by the author of the 'Chronicle of Man,' as the cause of the ruin of the whole kingdom of the Isles, the issue was three sons—Dugall, Reginald, and Angus." In a foot-note Gregory informs us that in regard to Somerled's sons, he follows "the Orkneyinga Saga, p. 383, which is very explicit, and is a better authority than the Chronicle of Man," which latter, adds a fourth son, Olave. In Skene and in the "History of the Highland Clans," he is said to have had another son, Gillecallum, by a previous marriage, while in Findon's supplementary sheet he is said to have a son, Somerled, from whom the MacIans of Ardnamurchan, and another Gillies, the latter obviously the Gillecallum of Skene and of Kethe's "Highland Clans," who, it is said, obtained Kintyre.

Olave the Red, Somerled's father-in-law, was, in 1154, assassinated by his nephews, the sons of Harald, who made a claim to the half of the kingdom of the Isles. His son, Godred the Black, was at the time in Norway, but hearing of his father's death, he immediately returned to the Isles, where he was received with acclamation and great rejoicings by the

inhabitants as their king. He apprehended and executed the murderers of his father. He had gone to Ireland to take part in the Irish wars, early in his reign; but afterwards returned to Man, and became so tyrannical, thinking no one could resist his power, that he soon alienated the insular nobility—one of whom, Thorfinn, the most powerful of the Norwegian nobles, sent word to Somerled requesting him to send his son, Dugall, then a child, who, being Godred's nephew, he proposed to make King of the Isles. The ambitious Somerled readily entered into the views of Thorfinn, who, having obtained possession of Dugall, carried him through all the Isles, except the Isle of Man, and compelled the inhabitants to acknowledge him as their king, at the same time taking hostages from them for their fidelity and allegiance. One of the Island Chiefs, Paul Balkason by name, and by some called the Lord of Skye, refused to comply with Thorfinn's demand, and, escaping secretly, he fled to the Court of Godred in the Isle of Man, and informed him of what had just taken place in the Isles, and of the intended revolution. Hearing this, Godred roused himself and collected a large fleet, with which he proceeded against the rebels, who, under the command of Somerled, with a fleet of eighty galleys, met him, and a bloody but indecisive battle ensued. This engagement was fought on the night of the Epiphany, and though neither could claim the victory, next morning a treaty was entered into, by which Godred ceded to the sons of Somerled, what were afterwards called the Southern Isles, thus dividing the sovereignty of the Isles and establishing them into two principalities. By this convention he retained for himself the North Isles and the Isle of Man, those south of Ardnamurchan becoming nominally the possessions of the sons of Somerled, but in reality of that warlike Chief himself, as his sons were all minors, he being naturally their guardian and protector. In spite of all these insular proceedings, and the changes of their possessions between themselves and among the immediate and resident chiefs, or native kings, the allegiance of all the Isles to Norway still continued intact. It is somewhat peculiar that Kintyre, a part of the mainland, should always have been included with what was called the South Isles; but it is explained as follows in a footnote by Gregory:—"The origin of this was a stratagem of Magnus Barefoot. After that Prince had invaded and conquered the Isles, he made an agreement with Malcolm Canmor, by which the latter was to leave Magnus and his successors in peaceable possession of all the Isles which could be circumnavigated. The King of Norway had himself drawn across the narrow isthmus between Kintyre and Knapdale, in a galley, by which he added the former district to the Isles." This anecdote has been doubted by some, but it appears in Magnus Berfaet's Saga, a contemporary work; and it is certain that, as late as the commencement of the seventeenth century, Kintyre was classed by the Scottish Government as one of the South Isles."

About two years after the above-named treaty was entered into, for some cause not clearly ascertained, Somerled invaded the Isle of Man with a fleet of fifty-three galleys, and after routing Godred, laid the island waste. Whether the invasion was in consequence of some infringement of the convention of two years previously, or in consequence of the insatiable ambition of Somerled, it is impossible to say, but the power of the King of Man was shattered so much, that he was obliged to pay a

visit to his rival in Norway, and to seek his assistance. He, however, did not return until after the death of Somerled in 1164, from which Gregory thinks it may be inferred that the latter had succeeded in extending his sway over the whole of the Isles.

Meanwhile Somerled was not idle. Malcolm IV. was now King of Scotland, and to him Somerled had early made himself obnoxious, by espousing the cause of his nephews, the sons of Wymund, or Malcolm MacHeth, to whom, on his first appearance, Somerled gave his sister in marriage, which unmistakably shows the opinion he held of the justice of Malcolm's claim to the Earldom of Moray, while it suited the Government to detain him for a time in prison, as an alleged imposter, though his claim seems now, on minute and careful inquiry by the best authorities, to be considered well founded. The enormous power and high position ultimately attained by this Island Chief may be inferred from the fact that he was enabled on one occasion to bring his contest with the King to a termination by a solemn treaty, afterwards considered so important as to form an epoch from which Royal Charters were regularly dated. He is again very soon in arms against the King, having joined the powerful party who determined to depose him and place the Boy of Egremont on the throne. He first infested various parts of the coast, and afterwards, for some time, carried on a vexatious predatory war. The attempt to depose Malcolm soon failed; but the King, convinced that the existence of an independent Chief like Somerled, was incompatible with the interests of the central Government and the maintenance of public order, requested the Island Chief to resign his possessions into the King's hands, and to hold them in future as a vassal from the Crown. This, Somerled declined to do, and boldly declared war against Malcolm himself, who prepared to carry out his intention against the Island King, by invading his territories with a powerful army called together for the purpose. Emboldened by his previous successes, Somerled determined to meet the Scottish King with a numerous army from Argyle, Ireland, and the Isles; and having collected them together, he sailed up the Clyde with one hundred and sixty galleys, and landed his followers near Renfrew, threatening, as the Chroniclers inform us, to subdue the whole of Scotland. He there met the Royal army under the command of the High Steward of Scotland, by whom his army was defeated, and he himself and one of his sons, "Gillecolane"* (Gillecallum or Malcolm) were slain. The remaining portion of his followers dispersed. "Sommerled being envied by the rest of the nobility of Scotland for his fortune and valour, King Malcolm being young, thought by all means his kingdom would suffer by the faction, ambition, and envy of his leading men, if Sommerled's increasing power would not be crushed. Therefore, they convened and sent an army to Argyle, under the command of Gilchrist, Thane of Angus, who, harrassing and ravaging the country wherever he came, desired Sommerled to give up his right of Argyle or abandon the Isles. But Sommerled, making all the speed he could in raising his vassels and followers, went after them; and, joining battle, they fought fiercely on both sides with great slaughter, till night parted them. Two thousand on Sommerled's side, and seven thousand on Gilchrist's side, were slain in the field. Being wearied, they parted, and marched off at the dawn of day, turning their

* Hailes Annals, ad Annum 1164.

backs to one another. After this when the King came to manhood, the nobles were still in his ears, desiring him to suppress the pride of Sommerled, hoping, if he should be crushed, they should or might get his estate to be divided among themselves, and at least get him expelled the country. Sommerled being informed hereof, resolved to lose all, or possess all, he had in the Highlands; therefore, gathering together all his forces from the Isles and the Continent, and shipping them for Clyde, he landed in Greenock. The King came with his army to Glasgow in order to give battle to Sommerled, who marched up the south side of the Clyde, leaving his galleys at Greenock. The King's party quartered at Renfrew. Those about him thought proper to send a message to Sommerled, the contents of which were, that the King would not molest Sommerled for the Isles, which were properly his wife's right; but as for the lands of Argyle and Kintyre, he would have them restored to himself. Sommerled replied that he had as good a right to the lands upon the Continent as he had to the Isles; yet those lands were unjustly possessed by the King, MacBeath, and Donald Bain, and that he thought it did not become His Majesty to hinder him from the recovery of his own rights, of which his predecessors were deprived by MacBeath, out of revenge for standing in opposition to him after the murder of King Duncan. As to the Isles, he had an undoubted right to them, his predecessors being possessed of them by the goodwill and consent of Eugenius the First, for obligations conferred upon him; that when his forefathers were dispossessed of them by the invasion of the Danes, they had no assistance to defend or recover them from the Scottish King, and that he had his right of them from the Danes; but, however, he would be assisting to the King in any other affairs, and would prove as loyal as any of his nearest friends, but as long as he breathed, he would not condescend to resign any of his rights which he possessed to any; that he was resolved to lose all or keep all, and that he thought himself as worthy of his own, as any about the King's Court. The messenger returned with this answer to the King, whose party was not altogether bent upon joining battle with Sommerled. Neither did the King look much after his rain, but, as the most of kings are commonly led by their councillors, the King himself being young, they contrived Sommerled's death in another manner. There was a nephew of Sommerled's, Maurice MacNeill, his sister's son, who was bribed to destroy him. Sommerled lay encamped at the confluence of the river Pasley into Clyde. His nephew taking a little boat, went over the river, and having got private audience of him, being suspected by none, stabbed him, and made his escape. The rest of Sommerled's men, hearing the death and tragedy of their leader and master, betook themselves to their galleys. The King coming to view the corpse, one of his followers, with his foot, did hit it. Maurice being present, said, that though he had done the first thing most villanously and against his conscience, that he was unworthy and base so to do; and withal drew his long Xiam, stabbed him, and escaped by swimming over to the other side of the river, receiving his remission from the King thereafter, with the lands which were formerly promised him. The King sent a boat with the corpse of Sommerled to Icollumkill at his own charges. This is the report of twenty writers in Icollumkill, before Hector Boetius and Buchanan were born. . . . Sommerled was a well tempered man, in body

shapely, of a fair piercing eye, of middle stature, and quick discernment."*

Gregory, from the well-known character of the celebrated Chief, is disposed to believe in the account which says "that he was assassinated in his tent by an individual in whom he placed confidence, and that his troops, thus deprived of their leader, returned in haste to the Isles." He does not, however, adopt that part of it which states that Sommerled was buried in Icolmkill. "Modern enquiries," he says, "rather lead to the conclusion that he was interred at the Church of Sadale, in Kintyre, where Reginald, his son, afterwards founded a monastery."

A recent writer, who claims descent for the Macdonalds from Fergus Mor, son of Eirc, "who, about the year 506, permanently laid the foundation of the Dalriadic Kingdom of Scotland," sums up the character of Somerled thus—The family of Fergus Mor continued to maintain a leading position in Scotland, supplying with few exceptions, the line of Dalriadic kings, and many of the more powerful of its thanes, or territorial lords. Of the latter, the most historical, and, it may be truly added, the most patriotic, was a great thane of Argyle, who appeared in the twelfth century, called *Somhairle* among his Celtic kinsmen, but better known as Somerled, which was the Norwegian form of his name. During the tenth and eleventh centuries, frequent settlements were made by Norwegian colonists among the Celtic population of the Highlands and Isles of Scotland. Although, however, the evils of Northern rapacity and oppression were keenly felt, the Celtic element continued to predominate even during the most disastrous periods. At length a deliverer arose in Somerled, who was the son of a Celtic father, and a fair-haired, blue-eyed Norwegian mother. Few, if any, military leaders have left their marks more broadly or distinctly in Scottish history than he. This fact stands clearly out not only from the records of his career, preserved in authentic chronicles, but perhaps even more strikingly in the circumstantial traditions respecting him, which still exist in Argyleshire and the Isles. These traditions when compared with the well-authenticated records of his life, appear like the fragments of some history that had been written of him, but is now lost, and hence they serve to supplement attractively the curt and dry details of the old chronicles. Many of these traditions refer to the youthful days of Somerled, who appears to have grown up an indolent and handsome giant. His father, Gillebride, regarded with contempt the seemingly unwarlike nature of his youngest son, who occupied himself in hunting and fishing, whilst his brothers trained themselves to engage, as opportunities offered, in deadly conflict with their Norwegian oppressors. Somerled's indolent and pleasant time, however, was soon destined to end. His father, being driven from the hills and glens of Argyle, was compelled to conceal himself in a cave in Morven, and from that moment Somerled began to take serious counsel regarding the position of affairs with his youthful companions of the chase. He found them ready, and equally prepared to hunt the wild boar, or assault the dreaded Norsemen. Somerled's very nature thenceforward was entirely changed; he became a new man; the indolent dreamer was suddenly absorbed in the delights of stratagem and battle. He spoiled like the eagle, and had no joy so great as when in the act of rending the prey. His little band gathered strength as he went, and under his eye dealt

* Macdonald MS.; printed in the "Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis."

blow after blow on the bewildered enemy, until the Norsemen, whether soldiers or settlers, quickly abandoned garrisons and settlements in Argyle. They crowded into the Hebridean Islands, whither Somerled pursued them, capturing the Islands in detail, killing or expelling the invaders, and firmly establishing once more the old Celtic authority. Thus, on the ruin of the Norwegian power, Somerled built up his Island throne, and became not only the greatest thane of his family, but the founder of that *second* line of Island rulers, who, for nearly a period of four centuries, were occasional and formidable rivals of the Scottish kings.*

We have seen that Somerled, by Elfrica or Rachel, daughter of Olave the Red, King of Man, had three sons, first, Dugall, ancestor of the Macdougalls of Lorn and Dunolly; second, Reginald, from whom all the branches of the Clan Donald with whom we have specially to deal in the following history; and third, Angus, who succeeded to Bute, and was killed in Skye with his three sons in 1210. One of the sons of the latter, James, had a daughter, Jane, who married Alexander, son of Walter, High Steward of Scotland, in right of whom he claimed Bute and Arran.

Besides the three sons of his marriage with Rachel, daughter of Olave the Red, Somerled had other sons, who seemed to have shared with their brothers, according to the then prevalent custom of gavel kind, the mainland possessions held by the Lord of Argyle; whilst the sons descended of the house of Man divided amongst them, in addition, the South Isles, as ceded by Godred in 1156. He is said by some authorities to have been twice married, and that Gillecolane, or Malcolm, and other sons, were by the first marriage.

It has never been disputed that this Somerled was the immediate ancestor of the family of Macdonald. The period immediately succeeding his death is historically very obscure. "A second Somerled is found apparently holding his place, and many of his possessions, during the first twenty years of the succeeding, or thirteenth century. This must either have been a son or a grandson of the other—most probably the latter, since Gillecolam, apparently the son of the elder Somerled by a first marriage, fell with him at Renfrew, and in all likelihood left the offspring, which bore the grandsire's name. This is the most feasible way in which the existence and the rule of the second Somerled can well be explained,"† The author of the Macdonald MS., in the Transactions of the Iona Club, who, however, cannot always be depended upon for accuracy, says that "after Sommerled, his son Sommerled succeeded him as Thane of Argyle; Reginald his brother, the Isles; Dugall, Lorn; and Gillies, had Kintyre, by the disposition of their father. Sommerled pretended that the people of Cowal and Lennox harrayed his lands of their store and cattle, and therefore made incursions on them, of which they complained to the King. Furthermore, he would have the lands which were left by his father to his brethren at his own disposal. The King sent the Earl of March with a considerable body of men against him, who was so favourable that he advised, at a private conference, that since he lost his affection for his brethren, by seizing on those lands which their father left them, he could not stand out against the King and them, and therefore that it was best

* "An Historical Account of the Macdonells of Antrim," by the Rev. George Hill, editor of the "Montgomery Manuscripts."

† Smibert's Highlanders.

he should go along with him, and he would procure for him the King's pardon and favour; so he did, and was pardoned by the King. Shortly thereafter he died, leaving two sons, John and Maolmory, who were both young. Of this John are descended the MacEans of Ardnamurchan. He was buried at Icollumkill. Reginald, his brother, became Tutor to John." Gregory says nothing about this second Somerled, but, at page 67, he correctly traces the MacIans of Ardnamurchan from John *Shrangach*, younger son of Angus Mor of Isla. The editor of Fullarton's "Highland Clans" considers the existence of this second Somerled "very doubtful." Skene, however, believes in his existence. At this time of day it is impossible to settle the point; but it is really of very little importance whether he existed or not, for even if he did there is no question as to his successors having become extinct soon after his own death.

Dougal, admitted by all the best authorities to have been Somerled's eldest son by the second marriage, succeeded to the Southern Isles and part of Argyle, if the Norse Sagas and native writers are to be credited, but his exact position has never been clearly defined. The records of the time are most confusing and obscure, but all are agreed that two or three of his line succeeded him, and there is no doubt whatever that his main line terminated in two heiresses—the daughters of "King Ewin," who, according to Skene, married, the eldest, the Norwegian King of Man; and the other, Alexander of the Isles, a descendant of Reginald. Gregory does not go at any length into this part of the history of the Island Chiefs—that of the immediate descendants of Somerled prior to the great expedition of Haco, King of Norway—beyond saying that "from King Dugall sprung the great House of *Argyle and Lorn*, patronymically Macdugall,* which, at the time of Haco's expedition, was represented by Dugall's grandson, Ewin, commonly called King Ewin, and sometimes erroneously King John," but Skene informs us, that the failure of the male descendants of Dugall in the person of Ewin, had the effect of dividing this great clan into three, the heads of each of which held their lands of the Crown. These were the Clan Rory, Clan Donald, and Clan Dugall, "severally descended from three sons of these names, of Reginald, the second son of Somerled by his second marriage." The Clan Dugall is generally, and, we believe, more correctly held to be descended from Dugall, the eldest son of Somerled himself, but our present object does not require to go into the discussion of that question, as we have only to do with the descendants of Donald, who was undoubtedly a son of Reginald, son of Somerled, Thane of Argyle.

Somerled was succeeded in his territories of Isla, Kintyre, and part of Lorn, by his son.

II. Reginald, who assumed the title of Lord of the Isles, or received it from his followers; for at that time, whatever chief supported either party, when the possessions of Somerled were subdivided among his sons, was called by his supporters, King of the Isles. And we find that both Dugall and Reginald were styled Kings of the Isles at the same time that Reginald, the son of Godred the Black, was called King of Man and the Isles; and in the next generation mention is made in a Norse chronicle of three Kings of the Isles, all of the race of Somerled existing at one and the same time. From this Gregory infers "that the word king as used

* This family used generally the territorial surname of "de Ergadia," or "of Argyle."

by the Norwegians and their vassals in the Isles, was not confined, as in Scotland, to one supreme ruler, but that it had with them an additional meaning, corresponding either to prince of the blood-royal or to magnate. Many Seannachies or genealogists in later times, being ignorant of, or having overlooked this distinction, have, by means of the expression King of the Isles, been led to represent those whom they style the direct heirs or successors of Somerled, through his son Reginald, and who alone, according to them, bore the royal title, as holding a rank very different from what they actually did."

A most important change came over the fortunes of this family in 1220, when King Alexander the Second led an army into the district of Argyle, and for the first time annexed it decisively to the Crown ; and, according to Smibert, expelled the second Somerled, who died soon after. Alexander, determined upon breaking up the kingdom of the Western Isles, and so reduce the power of its insular chiefs, confirmed in their possession on the Western shores all those who agreed to submit to his authority and consented to hold their lands direct from the Crown of Scotland. In place of those who still held out, he invited families from the adjoining tribes, and planted and confirmed them in the lands of the ancient possessors. It is about this period that Highland families first commenced to assume surnames, and about the time of this division of the territories of Argyle, that we find mentioned for the first time such names as the Macgregors, Macnaughtons, Macneils, Clan Chattan, and Lamonts. At the same time, Argyle, which extended much further inland than the present county does, was formed into a Sheriffship—the hereditary appointment being in favour of the ancestors of the present House of Argyle. The whole of Ergadia Borealis, or North Argyle, was at the same time granted to the Earl of Ross for services rendered to the King.

From Reginald, King of the Isles, sprang two great families, that of *Isla* descended from his son Donald, and therefore patronymically styled Macdonald ; and that of *Bute* descended from his son Ruari, and therefore patronymically styled Macruari.* It appears that most of the descendants of Somerled had for a century after his death a divided allegiance, holding part of their lands, those in the Isles, from the King of Norway ; their mainland domains, at the same time being held of the King of Scotland. The latter, whose power was now gradually increasing, could not be expected long to allow the Isles to remain dependent on Norway without making an effort to conquer them. The first footing obtained by the Scots in the Isles was, apparently, soon after the death of Somerled, when the Steward of Scotland seized the Isle of Bute. That island seems after this to have changed masters several times, and, along with Kintyre, to have been a subject of dispute between the Scots and Norwegians, whilst in the course of these quarrels the family of the Steward strengthened their claim by marriage in the following manner :—We have seen that Angus MacSomerled (who is supposed to have been Lord of Bute) and his three sons, were killed in 1210 ; nor does it appear that Angus had any other male issue. James, one of these sons, left a daughter and heiress, Jane, married to Alexander, the son and heir of Walter the High Steward of Scotland, who, in her right, claimed the Isle of Bute, and,

* Both the Macdonalds and Macruaries used the territorial surnames of de Yla, or "of Isla," and "de Indulis," or "of the Isles."

perhaps, Arran also.* This claim was naturally resisted by Ruari, the son of Reginald, till the dispute was settled for a time by his expulsion, and the seizure of Bute and Arran by the Scots. It has been maintained by some writers, among them the editor of Fullarton's Clans, that Ruari was the eldest son of Reginald. Others hold that Donald was the eldest; and it is impossible now to say which is the correct view; but this is of less consequence, as it has been conclusively established that Ruari's descendants terminated in the third generation in a female, Annie, who married John of Isla, great-grandson of Donald of Isla, Ruari's brother, and direct ancestor of all the existing branches of the Macdonalds. Thus, the succession of the ancient House of Somerled fell indisputably to the descendants of Donald, son of Reginald, and grandson to the illustrious Somerled, Lord of Argyle, who became the most powerful, and whose territories were the most extensive, of all the Highland Clans, indeed at one time they were equal to all the others put together.

Roderick followed the instincts of his Norwegian ancestors and became a desperate pirate, whose daring incursions and predatory expeditions fill the annals of the period. He had two sons, Allan and Dugall, who settled down among their relatives of the west. Dugall joined Haco in his expedition against the Isles, and, in return for his services, obtained a considerable addition to his previous possessions, including the possessions of his brother Allan, called "Rex Hebudem," and died in 1268 without issue. Allan succeeded his father, but left no legitimate male issue, when his possessions went to his only daughter Christina, who resigned her lands to the king, and had them re-conveyed to her to strengthen her position against the claim of her natural brother, Roderick, who, however, appears to have come into possession probably on the death of his sister, as his lands are forfeited in the reign of Robert Bruce, in consequence of the share he took in the Soulis conspiracy of 1320. His lands were, however, restored to his son Ranald, who also had lands from William, Earl of Ross, in Kintail,† in connection with which he became embroiled with that powerful Chief; a feud ensued, which resulted in Ranald's death. In 1346 David II. summoned the Scottish Barons to meet him at Perth, when Ranald MacRuari made his appearance with a considerable retinue and took up his quarters in the monastery of Elcho, a few miles from the city; whereupon the Earl of Ross, who also attended in obedience to the King's orders, determined to be revenged on his vassal, and, entering the convent about the middle of the night, he killed Ranald and seven of his principal followers. Leaving no succession, his lands fell to his sister Annie, who, as already stated, married, and carried her lands along with her to John of Isla, of whom hereafter. According to Gregory, these lands comprised also the Isles of Uist, Barra, Eigg, Rum, and the Lordship of Garmoran (also called Garbhchrioch),

* "In the traditions of the Stewarts, this lady's grandfather is called Angus Mac-*Rorie*, which, as I conceive, is an error for Angus Mac*Sorlie*—the latter being the way in which MacSomerled (spelt MacSomhairle) is pronounced in Gaelic. That there was about this time a matrimonial alliance between the house of Stewart and that of Isla, is probable from a dispensation in 1342, for the marriage of two individuals of these families, as being within the forbidden degrees—Andrew Stewart's Hist. of the Stewarts —p. 433."—*Footnote in Gregory.*

† Charter of King David, 4th July 1342; and Robertson's Index, p. 48 David II.; also Origines Parochiales Scotiæ.

which "comprehends the districts of Moydert, Arasaig, Morar, and Knoydart," being the original possessions of the family in the North.* A charter was granted to the Bishop of Lismore, 1st January 1507 [Mag. Sig. L. xiv. No. 405], confirming two evidents made by Reginald in his lifetime, in which he is described as the son of Somerled, qui se Regem Insularum nominavit Lord of Ergyle and of Kintyre, founder of the monastery of Sagadull (Sadale), of the lands of Glensagadull, and twelve marks of the lands of Ballebeain, in the Lordship of Kintyre, and of twenty marks of the lands of Cosken in Arran, to the said abbey. He made very ample donations to the monastery of Paisley, that he, and Fonia his wife, might be entitled to all the priviledges of brotherhood in the convent.† Of the principal events in the life of Reginald very little is known, and what can be ascertained is not free from uncertainty, for he was contemporary with Reginald, the Norwegian King of Man and the Isles, which makes it impossible to distinguish between the recorded acts of the two. Reginald was, however, without doubt designated "dominus insularum," and sometimes "Rex insularum," or King of the Isles, as well as "dominus de Ergile and Kintyre," under which title he grants certain lands as above to the Abbey of Saddell which he had founded in Kintyre. The author of "The Historical Account of the Macdonalds of Antrim," says at page 10, that Ranald, "although a younger son, became in reality the representative of the family, being not only popular in Scotland, but respected on the coasts of Ulster, where he appeared sometimes as peace-maker among the Northern Irish chieftains. If, however, he bore his character on the Irish coast, his sons occasionally came on a very different mission. At the year 1211, the Annals of the Four Masters and the Annals of Loch Ce, inform us that Thomas MacUchtry (of Galloway) and the sons of Raghnall, son of Somhairle, came to Doire Chollum-Chille (Derry) with seventy ships, and the town was greatly injured by them. O'Domhnaill and they went to Inis Eoghain, and they completely destroyed the country.

He married a sister of Thomas Randoll, Earl of Moray, and by her had—

1. Donald of Islay, his heir, from whom the Macdonalds took their name, and

2. Roderick, or Ruari, of Bute, whose succession and possessions we have already described, and whose issue terminated in Annie, who married John of Isla. According to the Macdonald MS. he had two other sons, Angus,* who had a son, Duncan, of whom the Robertsons, or Clann Donnachaidh of Athol, "and MacLullichs, who are now called in the low country Pittullichs." He had another son, John Maol, or Bald, who, according to the same authority, went to Ireland, and "of whom descended the Macdonalds of Tireoin" (Land of John or Tyrone (?).)

Reginald died in the 54th year of his age, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

* Highlands and Isles, p. 27.
† Douglas's Wood's Peerage, Highlands and Isles, p. 5.
‡ Major Mackenzie in his Mackenzie Genealogies, supplementary sheet, calls this Angus *a natural* son.

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,

With Several Incidental Allusions to the Remarkable Adventures and Escapes of the Unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness.

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Part II.

The Prince became now really sensible that he was in a position of great jeopardy, and that something must be immediately resorted to for his safety. Time was rapidly passing away, and the encroachments of the vigilant enemy were becoming hour after hour more imminent. It was therefore requisite that a prompt determination should be come to as to the Royal fugitive's future movements. There the Prince stood, along with his friends, in deep meditation, in close vicinity to the place where he had first landed on the mainland. Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, young Clanranold, Æneas Macdonell, a banker in Paris, and several other devoted adherents were present, and a council was held as to what ought to be done. It was the Prince's own desire to betake himself to the Outer Hebrides, but his friends sternly objected, giving it as a reason that Government cruisers had been already ordered to scour all the lochs, bays, and channels of those regions, and that, in consequence, the chance of his being seized was much greater than if he remained on the mainland. The meeting pondered in deep suspense, and their almost unanimous decision nearly prevailed on the Prince to remain where he was, under the protection of his kind and faithful adherents. O'Sullivan alone objected, and eloquently insisted on the propriety of resorting to the Isles. He strenuously maintained that such was the only course that afforded any chance whatever of obtaining a vessel to convey his Royal Highness to France. The meeting became somewhat excited and warm on the subject; whereupon one of them addressed O'Sullivan, and openly accused him of gross mismanagement already in the Prince's cause. This was confirmed by a letter from Lord George Murray to Charles, dated at Ruthven on 17th April 1746, of which the following is an extract:—"I must also acquaint your Royal Highness that we are all fully convinced that Mr O'Sullivan, whom your Royal Highness trusted with the most essential things with regard to your operations, was exceedingly unfit for it, and committed gross blunders on every occasion of moment. He whose business it was, did not so much as visit the ground where we were to be drawn up in line of battle, and it was a fatal error to allow the enemy these walls upon their left, which made it impossible for us to break them; and they, with their front fire, and flanking us when we went upon the attack, destroyed us, without any possibility of our breaking them, and our Athole men have lost a full half of their officers and men. I wish Mr O'Sullivan had never got any other charge in the army than the care of the baggage, which, I am told, he had been brought up to, and understood. I never saw him in time of action neither at Gladsmuir, Falkirk, nor in the last, and his orders were vastly confused."

In this letter Lord George Murray made no secret of the estimate which he had formed of the Prince's advisers, and particularly of O'Sullivan. His lordship was greatly chagrined at the unhappy course which events had taken, but attributed the whole misfortune to the gross mismanagement of parties who had usurped an authority which they were unable to exercise with prudence. Lord Murray, disgusted with the whole proceedings, was determined to incur no more responsibility in a matter of such vast importance. He accordingly sent the Prince a resignation of his command, remarking that he hoped the great cause might still be attended with better success. He had no idea that the war would then be abandoned, seeing that nearly two thousand Highlanders and others had assembled at Ruthven, expressing a determination to stand steadfast to the cause of their Prince and country, and cordially to unite with chieftains and clansmen who might come forward to commence the campaign anew.

The Prince, as if diffident or ashamed to give prompt orders to the Ruthven friends to disperse at once, commenced to palliate matters, by stating that he was too powerless and weak to ensure success in the meantime, but that if he got safely to France, he would, no doubt, receive effectual aid in men and in money to enable him to maintain the struggle, until happily he might obtain the victory. His communication, though couched in pleasing and plausible terms, yet breathed an air of despondency; and his friends at once construed it, in the words of Chambers, "as the death-note of the war. Accordingly, taking a melancholy leave of each other, they dispersed—the gentlemen to seek concealment in, or escape from, the country, and the common people to return to their homes."

The Prince received Lord George Murray's letter by a messenger when in the midst of his deliberations with his friends at Borrodale as to his future movements. It is very probable that he would have shown it to those devoted adherents around him, if not to O'Sullivan himself, whose reputation as an officer was so sharply commented on by Lord Murray. Be this as it may, the Prince yielded to O'Sullivan's suggestion, and expressed a determination to seek refuge in the Western Isles. When the Prince entered the town of Inverness he met in private with several friends who were warmly attached to his person, and sincerely zealous in his cause. The Prince happened to state that he expected some French vessels to arrive on the West Coast with money and requisite munitions of war, but was at a loss how to procure a trustworthy person to fall in with these foreign ships and get some of these requisites privately conveyed to him. His Royal Highness was informed by Banker Macdonell that he had just seen a faithful, worthy Skyeman in town whom he considered a most suitable person for the purpose required, if he would engage to do it. The Prince expressed a desire to see him, whereupon, in a short space of time, Macdonell brought Donald Macleod of Galtrigal into the presence of his Royal Highness, who shook hands with the humble Hebridean, and spent nearly an hour in conversation with him in a close in Church Street, near the Gaelic Church, wherein, shortly afterwards, a number of poor rebels were imprisoned by the cruel Cumberland, and thence taken to the adjoining churchyard, where they were made to kneel down in rows, and were shot to death by a party of Cumberland's soldiers.

With the view of making a sure aim, the unfortunate Highlanders were fired at by the soldiers placing their muskets on erect stones, which are still left standing as monuments of this most heart-rending cruelty. Donald Macleod, who was an intelligent, enterprising man, was at the time in Inverness, loading a vessel with meal for Skye, and for other places on the West Coast. Owing to Donald's knowledge of the Western Isles, he so far yielded to the Prince's wishes, as to promise that he would accompany Banker Æneas Macdonell to Barra, to bring to his Royal Highness whatever money or despatches might have been left for him in that island,*

These proposals of the Prince with Galtrigal were not, however, put into execution, as soon thereafter the bloody engagement at Culloden took place, and nothing more was heard of Donald Macleod until the meeting of the Prince with his adherents at Borrodale, when his Royal Highness, as already stated, expressed his determination to resort to the Western Isles. In the midst of their deliberations Macdonell informed the Prince that Donald Macleod, whom he had seen at Inverness, had fortunately arrived with his vessel at Kinlochmoidart, and that of all men he knew, he would be the most suitable for conducting the intended cruise to the Hebrides. Chambers states that "a message was sent to Kinlochmoidart, where Donald now was, pressingly desiring him to come to meet the Prince at Borrodale. Donald immediately set out, and, in passing through the forest of Glenbiasdale, he encountered a stranger walking by himself, who, making up to him, asked if he was Donald Macleod of Galtrigal? Donald, instantly recognising him notwithstanding his mean attire, said, 'I am the same man, please your Highness, at your service.' 'Then,' said the Prince, 'you see, Donald, I am in distress; I therefore throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted.' When the old man, a year after, related these particulars to the individual who has reported them, the tears were streaming along his cheeks like rain."

The Prince then proposed that Donald should go with letters from him to Sir Alexander Macdonald at Monkstadt, and to Macleod of Dunvegan, soliciting their protection. Donald stared his Royal Highness in the face, and said, "Is your Royal Highness really in earnest in making such a mad request? The parties mentioned, you must be aware, are your enemies, and are at this moment employed in searching for you in the Isles and elsewhere." "Well, well, Donald," said the Prince, "all things seem to be adverse to me, but my good friend, you must at all events pilot me, and that immediately, to the Long Island." Donald at once replied that he was ready to be of any service to him in his power, and risk his very life in his behalf—but that he peremptorily declined to be the bearer of any message to "the two apostate Chiefs of Skye."

In order to put the Prince's plan into execution with all possible speed, the most expert seamen, and the most substantial boat in the place, were procured and equipped at Borrodale, in the bay of Lochnanuagh, near where the Prince first landed in Scotland. The office of Captain, or head-man, was delegated by all to Donald of Galtrigal,

* The reader will find an account of Donald Macleod's character and history in the *Celtic Magazine*, No. 19, and page 243.

who was to steer and pilot the frail barque on their perilous voyage. On the evening of the 26th April the Prince, O'Neal, O'Sullivan, and others, seated themselves in the boat, but Donald Macleod, leaning on the gunwale before entering the boat, and casting his eyes on the murky clouds all around, addressed the Prince, and said, that the evening looked gloomy, that he did not like the bright, but black-edged openings in the clouds, that he was certain that a storm would arise, and that it was more prudent by far to remain for the night where they were. Charles absolutely refused to do so, and said, "No, no, Donald, we will push on, and dread no evil, while you sit at the helm." On hearing this, Donald, very much against his will, ordered the sails to be set, while he himself took his place at the helm. In a few minutes the boat glided swiftly along under a breeze which was portentously fresh. In less than an hour after starting from Lochnanuagh, a terrible storm arose, with thunder and lightning, and the crew of seven men besides the pilot, had more than enough to do to keep the boat from swamping. The crested waves rose around them like dark rolling mountains, and breaking into the frail vessel in gushing streams, gave very hard work to the crew to bale them out. Rain fell in torrents, and the brooding darkness, like a gloomy curtain of death, was momentarily illuminated by the bright flashes of lightning that darted from cloud to cloud around! Sorely did the Prince repent of his rashness and obstinancy in not yielding to the prudent advice of his sage and experienced pilot, but it was too late; and all that now remained was to try to make the best of it. They had no compass, no chart, and almost no hope of safety. They could avoid neither rock, nor island, nor shore, nor quicksand; but were compelled to dash on before a sweeping easterly hurricane, and to trust to Providence. The Prince, greatly impressed with the danger, frequently addressed the pilot, and said, "Oh! Donald, Donald, I fear that all is over with us, for this is worse than Culloden by far." Donald replied, that while they were afloat there was hope, and that He who had the winds and the waves under His command, was able to preserve them if they placed confidence in Him. Such was the case, for at day-break, much to their surprise, but at the same time to their great joy, they observed the hills of the Long Island straight ahead, and in less than an hour thereafter, they landed in a creek at Rossinish, on the east side of Benbecula, where they had great difficulty in securing their boat, and their lives. The natives observed their approach, and they immediately assembled, and heartily assisted the weary mariners by conducting them to a place of safety.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the departure of the Prince from Lochnanuagh, when it became known to the Duke of Cumberland, caused great consternation among the Royalists. They became mightily alarmed, not knowing what the consequences might be, should the Prince find access to the Highland chiefs and other adherents; for Cumberland was well aware, that although he was so far successful at Culloden, yet that there existed a desire among the Prince's friends to rally, and to commence the campaign anew. Cumberland therefore gave immediate orders to provide cruisers, sloops of war, and all available sailing crafts, to scour the Western seas, and to convey troops to the Isles, to search every creek and corner, to find the Royal fugitive dead or alive. On the mainland the most cruel and heart-rending atrocities were committed on the helpless

rebels! Men, women, and children were murdered in cold blood, and mercy was extended to none. High and low became the victims of these ministers of vengeance and bloodshed! Like fiends of darkness they traversed the country from end to end, while silence, ruin, and death followed in their train. Mothers and matrons, sons and sires, infants and aged, were promiscuously massacred, or banished from the smoking ashes of their burning dwellings. Thus cruelly pursued, they had no alternative but either to die of cold and hunger on the moors, or to perish in mountain recesses, and in the caves of the rocks. The rebel chieftains were doomed, as far as possible, to the same fate. The castles and strongholds of Cluny, Keppoch, Glengyle, Glengarry, Lochiel, and many besides, were plundered and consumed by fire. In short, the devastations committed by the English army were a stain on humanity, and were so notoriously cruel that even the record of them will prove revolting in every age, and painful to every generous mind.

Meanwhile Prince Charles had commenced his wanderings in the Western Isles, where he ran many hair-breadth escapes for his life. It is unnecessary here to attempt a narrative of his various movements and shiftings during his hazardous pilgrimage in the Long Island.* He had been but a short time on shore, when many steadfast friends came to know that his Royal Highness was on their island in close concealment. His whereabouts was always known to some one or other of his faithful adherents. His wellwishers in the place were somewhat numerous, and of considerable influence, such as Clanranold and his brother Boisdale—Banker Macdonell, Mr O'Sullivan, Mr O'Neal, the Macdonalds of Baileshear, and his own "fidus Achates," Donald Macleod of Galtrigal. Clanranold and his excellent lady had selected twelve trusty men, whom they had sworn to fidelity, to act as messengers and guides to the Prince on every emergency when their services were required.

Day after day increased the danger, and rendered the situation of the Royal fugitive more and more critical. Of all this he was fully aware himself, yet he appeared cheerful and apparently unconcerned in the presence of his friends. By sea and land every imaginable precaution was taken, by commands from headquarters, to prevent the possibility of his escape. Every ferry was guarded, and every pass and highway had sentinels planted in them. About two thousand regular troops and militiamen were posted in suitable localities. In short, the whole range of country was so thoroughly watched, that the least movement on the part of the natives could hardly escape immediate observation. The various lochs and bays by which the Long Island is indented, as well as the open Atlantic surrounding it, were so thickly studded with cutters and cruisers, frigates and sloops of war, that no craft, however small, could come to, or leave the island unobserved. At last the danger became so imminent that the Prince's friends held a consultation at Ormiclade, the residence of Clanranold, as to the adoption of some immediate steps for his preservation, if such could at all be effected. After weighing the matter in all its bearings, it was ultimately agreed upon that an attempt should be made to

* Such as desire full information on these points may consult Chambers's History of the Rebellion, Brown's History of the Highlands, Cameron's History and Traditions of Skye, Jacobite Memoirs, Culloden Papers, &c.

effect his rescue through the instrumentality of a young lady in the neighbourhood, viz., Miss Flora Macdonald of Milton.

Let us now leave his Royal Highness in his cave in the rocky recesses of Corrodale,* while we will attempt to delineate the early history and future movements of this interesting young lady.

Flora was daughter of Ranold Macdonald younger of Milton, in South Uist. She was born in the year 1722, thus being two years younger than the Prince. She was patronimically designated "Fionnghal nighean Raonuill 'ic Aonghais Oig, un' Airidh Mhuilinn;" that is, "Flora the daughter of Ranold, the son of Angus the younger of Milton." Ranold was a cadet of the Clanranold family, and not very distant in relation. Flora's mother was Marion, daughter of the Rev. Angus Macdonald, who had been for some years Parish minister of the Island of Gighu, but was afterwards translated to the Parish of South Uist. He was designated as "Aonghas Mac Uisdein Ghriminish," that is, "Angus the son of Hugh of Griminish," in the Island of North Uist. This clergyman was noted in the country as a man of extraordinary muscular strength. He had no equal in the place for lifting ponderous weights, or for any of those athletic exercises that required great bodily power. He was a mild, generous, and much respected gentleman. The natives of the Hebrides, or Western Isles, have always been noted for their attention and kindness to strangers, but the Rev. Angus Macdonald was proverbial in the place for his genuine Highland hospitality. He was known in the Island as the "Ministear làidir," that is, "The Strong Minister," and the name was by no means misapplied. This clergyman's wife was a talented and accomplished lady, and was a daughter of Macdonald of Largie, in the peninsula of Cantire. Flora was the only daughter of the family, but she had two brothers. The elder, named Ranold, was a very promising youth, who appeared to inherit no small portion of his reverend grandfather's activity and strength. He went to pay a visit to his relatives at Largie in Argyleshire, where the gallant youth lost his life by the bursting of a blood vessel. It is said that he strained himself by rowing a boat against an adverse wind, and this caused his own death, to the deep regret of a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

Flora's younger brother, Angus, succeeded his father in the tenement of Milton, while her mother, in the year 1728, married, as her second husband, Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in Skye, who was Captain of Militia in the Long Island during the Prince's wanderings there.† Had it not been for the friendly disposition of Hugh Macdonald towards the Prince, in all probability his Royal Highness could never have effected his escape from the Long Island. Through Hugh's instrumentality, which will be spoken of afterwards, the Prince was rescued, and it is thought that his friends, with all their ingenuity would utterly fail to devise any other plan or scheme whereby his life could be saved.

When Flora's mother, after her marriage, was to remove to her new

* The recess or cave where the Prince was concealed was about ten miles from Ormiclade, at a place called Corrodale, on the east side of Bëinn Mhòr, near the point of Uisinish, and situated between Loch Boisdale and Loch Skipport. The spot is rugged, wild, and sequestered, and almost inaccessible to strangers.

† See account of Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in No. xx., page 305 of the *Celtic Magazine*. Armadale is situated in the Parish of Sleat in the south end of Skye, and is the residence of "the Macdonalds of the Isles."

residence in Skye, she most naturally desired to take her little only daughter along with her, but her son, Milton, who was then a full grown youth, and an active manager of the place, felt extremely reluctant to part with his sister. She was only two years of age when she lost her father, and six years at the date of her mother's second marriage. The mother and son could not at all agree as to the little girl. After much talking and reasoning with each other as to the removal of Flora to Skye with her mother, they utterly failed to settle the point between them. Seeing this they came to the determination to leave the issue to the decision of young Flora herself. Being therefore asked whether she preferred to accompany her mother to Skye or to remain with her brother at Milton? she smartly replied and said, "I will stay at Milton because I love it. I do not know Skye, and therefore do not care for it. I will therefore remain with Angus until my dear mamma come back for me."

Flora was a very interesting child, wise above her years, and more sage in her remarks than the generality of children. No doubt this arose from the circumstance of there being no children in the family at Milton to associate with, and of her growing up accustomed only to the conversation, ideas, and society of persons of maturer years. But notwithstanding all this, she was undoubtedly a very precocious little girl, who showed an early taste for what was beautiful, great, and grand in nature. She had been known to stand for hours admiring the battling of the elements, when the bold Atlantic rose in mountains of foam. It was a magnificent sight to behold the storm in its fury dashing on the western shores of the Island, and showering its briny spray over the length and the breadth of the land. The whole scenery of the place, together with the grandeur of the surrounding isles, could never fail to arouse feelings of admiration in the minds of either young or old, who possessed the sensibility of discerning the variegated beauties of nature. It is therefore a matter of fact that whoever is a worshipper at the shrine of Nature, will find ample materials wheron to indulge his fancy in the solitude of this interesting isle. On the west is the frowning Atlantic, with its chilling breeze and stern aspect, even in the heat and calm of summer; but alas! in winter the scene becomes mightily changed. Then the sleeping deep arises in fury, and dashes forward in monster waves, as if to engulf in ruin the intervening rocks and plains of the adjacent land. At times the lonely St Kilda is visible in the dim horizen like a huge beacon in the midst of the crested waves, or rather like an unearthly spectre rearing its hideous head amid the green billows, to foster the superstitions of a race of honest, simple natives, naturally impressible with such objects. Then turning towards the east, the Minsh, in its somewhat wide expanse, appears dotted with ships and crafts of all calibre and sizes, moving northward and southward in calm weather at the mercy of the tides. Further onward in the same direction, but at the distance of thirty to forty miles, Skye rears its misty cliffs; and high above the surrounding mountains, the rugged, serrated outlines of the Cuchullin hills may be seen darting into the clouds. On either side and all around the scenery is variegated, beautiful, and in some parts really magnificent.

In a beautiful poem, by "Fear Gheasto," entitled "Farewell to Skye," the chief mountain scenery of that far-famed Isle is exceedingly well de-

scribed; and as it is the scenery which our heroine must have admired from her earlier years, a stanza or two of the poem may be given:—

FAREWELL TO SKYE.

Farewell, lovely Skye, sweet Isle of my childhood,
Thy blue mountains, I'll clamber no more;
Thy heath-skirted corries, green valleys and wildwood,
I now leave behind for a far distant shore.
Adieu, ye stern cliffs, clad in old hoary grandeur,
Adieu, ye still dingles, fond haunts of the roe,
Where oft with my gun, and my hounds I did wander,
And echo loud sounded to my "tally-ho."

How painful to part from the misty-robed Coollin,
The Alps of Great Britain, with antlered peaks high;
Bold Glamaig, Coruisk, and sublime Scuirnagillin,
Make mainland grand mountains, look dull, tame and shy.
Majestic Quiraing, fairy palace of Nature,
Stormy Idrigill, Hailleaval, and cloud-piercing Stoer,
And the shining Spar-cave like some beacon to heaven,
All, I deeply lament, and may never see more!

Once more, dearest Isle, let me gaze on thy mountains,
Once more, let the village church gleam on my view;
And my ear drink the music of murmuring fountains,
While I bid to my old, and my young friends adieu.
Farewell, lovely Skye, lake, mountain, and corrie;
Brown Isle of the valiant, the brave, and the free;
Ever green to thy sod, resting place of my Flora,
My sighs are for Skye, my tears are for thee.

Such then is the locality where the interesting Flora first came into the world, and such the scenes on which she daily cast her eyes. She was, when a mere girl, not only a favourite with all the associates of her age, but likewise with every respectable family in the place. Being an only daughter, and left fatherless at so early an age, created no doubt a general feeling of sympathy in her favour. All this, together with her own agreeable conduct, although a mere child, rendered her proverbial in the place, and caused her name to be generally brought forward by parents in correcting their children, by asking them, "C'uin a bhios sibh cosmhuil ri Fionnghal Nighean Raonuill, 'n-Airidh-Mhuilinn?" "When will you resemble Flora of Milton!" She was naturally smart and active, clever, but cautious in her movements. She was invariably the principal or leader in every bracing game, or juvenile frolic in which she might have been engaged. In fact, as will be afterwards seen, this distinction was justly conferred upon her in more important matters during the years of her eventful life.

(To be Continued.)

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—Tennyson.

BOOK I.—"AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA."

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Chapter II.—*(Continued.)*

Two galleys rode at anchor in the Bay of Rathlin two nights before the storm. The moon shed a pale lustre over the scene, casting long dark shadows from the vessels and glancing on the burnished shields that hung alongside. Skiffs and transports with muffled rowlocks were busily employed conveying men, provisions, and other necessaries on board the vessels. The unusual hour and the mysterious precautions betrayed an important and secret expedition. The last boat had left the shore, and after discharging her little freight was drawn up on one of the decks. The oars were dipped, the sails hung loosely in the calm, and the galleys held their way northwards. Forward and forward they held, shaking the spray from their golden prows, and rising and falling on the long deep undulating swell, till no distinct conception of them could be had from the shores of Ireland.

A venerable old man paced the quarter-deck of the more royal galley, with his silvery locks streaming over the scarlet cloak that covered his glistening cuirass. He was a man about the middle height, but of sturdy build, and his strong arms folded across his swelling breast, gave a prominence to his manly shoulders and a leonine cast of strength to his whole frame. The healthy flush of youth still lingered on his aged cheek. The nose was aquiline, the mouth large but firm, and the dark-brown eyes, steady and searching, flashed beneath a broad, commanding brow.

His son—a tall, handsome stripling of about twenty summers—was in charge of the helm, and obeying the instructions of his father as to the course of the vessel. He had the aquiline features of the parent with the brown flowing locks of youth, and an arch expression of levity in his large laughing eyes.

Cyril—for that was the name of the hoary warrior—had now grown tired of the life led in the secluded castle of Rathlin, and had resolved upon striking an honourable blow with his old sword in a noble cause. Wearied with occasional raids across the English pale, and piratical attacks on English vessels, he had equipped these two galleys for the purpose of aiding Bruce in the struggle for Scottish Independence. Having finished this service, which was not by any means dictated through purely disinterested motives, he expected an equal return from Bruce in helping him to expel the invader from the shores of Ireland.

Scotland and Ireland had for some time been knit together with an affectionate sympathy, owing to the inroads and oppressions of their more powerful rival, and it was during the Scottish wars of independence that this sisterly sympathy became manifest in action. Bruce, in order to perfect his patriotic plans, was driven to the necessity of stipulating for

soldiers with the disaffected chiefs of Hibernia, and we afterwards find, when he had driven the English from Scotland, a conspiracy was set afoot for placing his brother on the throne of the Emerald Isle. This conspiracy, as we all know, culminated in an unsuccessful invasion.

Onward the galleys speed, sailing in the pale moonlight of the early morn, and still the sails hung loose, the wind was hushed, the sea rolled in its long deep undulations, the rowers pulled in their strength, and the song of the warriors rose loud and sonorous in the stillness. The shores of Kintyre were sighted as the day dawned, with a ruddy glow on sea and sky. And with the day there came a sudden change—the wind sprang in sweeping gusts, and the sea heaved with formidable breakers. The vessels rolled before the blasts, and the voice of Cyril was heard commanding his son in these words—"Steady, Clement! steady, good lad—not so near the wind—keep her up—now, that'll do—heave away," and forward with a swelling mainsheet the vessel swept, while the song of the warriors waxed wilder. Both vessels had to be kept well to sea, as the greater danger was nearing the coast, and no landing was attempted that day. At night they lay to, until the morning, and then made for the Kintyre coast. As they approached the shore a round hearty shout of exultation burst from the men-at-arms, and "Cyril" was the cry. Emerging from a creek, with the golden leopards gorgeously painted on their mainsails, were several large war-ships, and they bore down on the galleys of Cyril. The wily old warrior perceived the dangers of an unequal battle, and putting up the helm he sailed seawards. Cyril's galley being much faster than the auxiliary, he could easily have avoided an encounter, but not wishing to see his other galley borne down singly by the whole fleet of the enemy, he kept close by ready to lend assistance. For two full hours the chase was kept up with spirit on both sides, but as they sighted the shores of Jura, the superiority of the English vessels was becoming apparent. As all sailed with full sheets before a sweeping blast on a rugged sea it was a noble sight. A shower of arrows swept the deck of the galley behind, falling short of that commanded by Cyril. Soon both vessels were within bowshot, as the rowers had ceased from sheer exhaustion. Escape being impossible, Cyril resolved upon giving his enemy some trouble. The helm was put up, the sails were braced, and the two galleys bore down on their pursuers through thickening showers of arrows.

The two largest vessels of the English having outstripped their companions, the fight for some time did not promise to be so very unequal. As the ships approached each other a contention of war-cries rent the air. "A Soulis! a Soulis!" was answered by "A Cyril! a Cyril!" while "St George and Merrie England!" was received with "The Bruce and Independence!" "Down with the Tyrants!" As the vessels met there was a flourish of weapons, a din of threats, a breaking of oars, a smashing of timbers, a leaping of watery spray, and a reeling from the shock. Again they closed with a crash, and this time the grapplings were applied. With a rush the warriors closed in bloody strife, and yells and shouts resounded louder and louder as the conflict thickened. Soon the groans of the wounded and dying swelled the hideous discord. Spears clashed with shields and corslets, and great swords and mighty battle-axes went crashing through helmets and harness.

A sudden darkness threw a gloom over the battle. The sea was red

with blood and strewn with pieces of timber, and heavily armed warriors were sinking under their weight and clutching despairingly at the long oars. Exultation was now succeeded by despair. The decks were slippery with blood, and the men struggled in each other's clutches—some falling overboard in the arms of their antagonists, others being pitchforked into the sea with war-hooks and lances.

"Soulis to the Rescue!" resounded from the other vessels as they neared the battle.

"Clear away!" shouted Cyril, "Off with the grappling irons!"

He seized the helm with one hand—his long sword dripping from the slaughter in the other—and ordered the slaves to pull if they would escape drowning. The vessel shore away, and the tattered mainsail swelled with the gusty winds. A galley with torn sheet and broken oars made a feeble effort to pursue. Cyril's auxiliary was too much disabled to join in the flight, and the trusty commander, eager to facilitate his chieftain's escape, continued to resist the Englishmen, and fell a victim to his faithfulness, fighting for his lord and country.

After baffling his enemies, Cyril's troubles had not ceased. His vessel was sorely disabled, and there was a wild sea sweeping over her. The mast had gone by the board, and only a few oars remained. He was totally ignorant of the coast towards which he was sailing, and the night was wearing on. The storm increased and the darkness became thicker. Gleaming lights shot through the gloom, and the sea sparkled with phosphorescent light. Onward the galley drifted, while the waves were heard to dash in the distance. The storm redoubled, sweeping barrels, gear, and forecastle overboard, but fortunately some timber had been bound together to form a raft, and in spite of his remonstrances, Clement was bound to it by his father and cast into the sea. As the hulk swung ever and anon to the lee with a crash, the sea streamed in on the poor howling slaves at the rowers benches, who felt chill and hungry and utterly wretched. The men-at-arms, who had survived the battle, having thrown their arms and armour overboard, clung despairingly to the vessel with nothing to protect them from the cold but their leathern underdresses. Still the storm became louder, the waves were wilder, and the sombreness of the night grew more and more fearful, while the galley shook, groaned, rolled, and leaped. Onward she drifted unguided, for no one knew how or where to guide her. These brave men, so lately triumphant in battle, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes clung more desperately to the hulk, and cried in their agony, while every groan and threat that rose from the slave benches, sent thrills of horror through their breasts. The slaves clanked their chains, insanely dashed their heads against the timbers, and tore their flesh with their teeth and nails. None dared approach these wretches with their burning vengeance nursed through long years of agony and wrong, lest in their rage the war of men should succeed the war of elements. Still the galley drifted onwards, the huge waves straining and making her every timber creak.

Enveloped in the gloom, she stove upon a rock. It was then the terrific yells of the rowers rent the roaring sea and winds. For a moment all seemed calm and hushed, till the voice of vengeance should ascend and re-echo against the vaults of heavenly mercy; but it was no more than the despairing shriek of drowning men that rent and silenced the

midnight storm, and borne away it died among the waves and rocks. The timbers yielded to the shock, and were strewn on the face of the waters. The roar and dash and hiss of the surging breakers made the hearts of those who clung to the scattered pieces of the wreck shiver in their bosoms. Some were borne away in the trough of some huge wave, while others were dashed to death on the rocks, and the silvery crests of the breakers grew red and bloody.

Chapter III.

You have spoiled the feast, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

—Lady Macbeth (Shak.)

Jutting from the mainland, and coming in close proximity to the northern shores of Kerrera, is the promontory of Dunolly, terminating in a beetling crag of considerable height. At the period to which our narrative refers this great rock was crowned with a formidable pile of defended dwellings, having a tall, square keep frowning on the western verge, and commanding a fair prospect of woodland, mountain, and sea.

The day preceding the storm an English knight attended by a squire and a few jackmen arrived from the interior, made for the castle of Dunolly, and demanded an audience of John of Lorn. Being commissioned by Edward of England, Sir Guilbert de Valancymer had little difficulty in accomplishing the object of his mission. The same day an envoy was sent to Dunkerlyne, and the split arrow was circulated throughout the Western Isles commanding the immediate attendance of Lorn's vassals at a council of war. The violence of the tempest, however, which broke out immediately after the despatch of the messengers, seemed to prevent the gathering of the chieftains. The omen was bad, and predicted disaster to the projected expedition; and as the day darkened with the increasing violence of the storm, Lorn became exceedingly uneasy. At length the arrival of Macnab with a large following from the interior served in some measure to abate his concern for the safety of his enterprise. Elated at the triumph of this chieftain in attending to his summons, notwithstanding the fearful nature of the night, Lorn resolved upon giving him a reception equalling in splendour the gallantry of his conduct. The board was furnished with the most costly dainties of the time, and all the preparation for a mighty feast were made.

The blaze of log-fire and flambeaux lit up the gloomy recesses of the hall where the guests were assembled. Brought out in strong Rembrandtesque relief were the dark, almost Jewish, features of the Lord of Lorn as he sat clothed in all his melancholy magnificence at the head of his table. On his right was Macnab, a perfect specimen of the chieftain of his time—tall and powerful in frame, exalted and proud in bearing. Beside him sat Nora the daughter of Lorn, celebrated throughout the Isles for her distinguished beauty. On the other side of the board sat the envoy from the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Guilbert de Valancymer, paying his utmost court to a somewhat shy and shrinking damsel, who did not seem to take the high-flown compliments of the English gallant with a very good grace. This was Bertha, the cousin of Nora and daughter of Sir David Macneill. Her appearance was not so prepossessing as that of her

noble cousin, but the extreme gentleness and modesty of her disposition fascinated and won the esteem, if not the love, of all who came in contact with her. In height she did not reach her cousin, yet from the exquisite symmetry of her form, which was gradually assuming the graces of womanhood, she did not look so slight and diminutive as she really was. Her cast of countenance had some claim to be called handsome, although wanting in the healthy lustre that suffused the cheek of Nora. In repose her eye, fringed with a beautiful black eyelash, was a fine, dreamy blue, but under the least excitement gleamed dark and lustrous. Her whole appearance indicated an extremely sensitive, but at the same time proud and noble nature full of delicate sympathies. Nora had a bright olive complexion, a slightly acquiline nose, a mouth like the bow of Cupid, and a pair of large Spanish eyes which shone brilliantly under her silken lashes and splendidly pencilled eyebrows. Swept carelessly back from a very unintellectual but charming forehead was a profusion of glossy black tresses having a slight inclination to curl. Her voice was perhaps rather masculine in tone, and her manner, betimes coquettishly insinuating, was generally haughty and overbearing, but the Celtic brusqueness of her behaviour merely served as a cloak to hide the tenderness of her feelings and the natural warmth of her heart, which she was frequently ashamed to express or show. She was strongly attached to her cousin, who heartily reciprocated the affection. A domestic bereavement had early thrown the cousins together, and nothing now seemed to be able to part them. Bertha's mother had died early, and since then her home on the solitary confines of Loch Awe had grown dull and uncomfortable. Her father, Sir David, was a stern, morose man, little fitted for a father or a companion. Ambition was a strong and irresistible passion with him, and during the unsettled state of the Kingdom of Scotland before the great War of Independence he was always from home and left his daughter pretty much to the care of a disagreeable and narrow-minded old nurse. A visit from Nora served to give Bertha a strong liking for her cousin, which she could not overcome, and having gone to see her in turn at Dunolly, where the round of festivities greatly pleased her, she had no desire to go back to Loch Awe.

The rest of the company was composed of the principal retainers of the Lord of Lorn, the followers of the chieftain Macnab, and the jackmen of the English knight.

For a time the banquet proceeded with much formality and silence. Macnab was tired and worn with his journey, the studied frivolity of the knight was indifferently relished, and the Lord of Lorn was still grumbling at the result of his summons; while the violence of the storm served to create a peculiarly depressing feeling in the breasts of all present. The personal qualities of all the absent chieftains were eagerly discussed, and of course Brian of Dunkerlyne came in for a more than ordinary share of the criticism. Macnab, who had no good feeling towards the inhabitants of the strong castle of Kerrera, persisted in wishing to know what could have hindered the most daring sailor in the Highlands from attending to the order of the split arrow, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of Lorn to the effect that the old sea-rover had other work of a difficult kind on hand.

"Nay, but," contended Macnab, "methinks, forsooth, if 'twere aught

else but the command of his liege lord, a ten-times stronger storm would never have kept him back."

"True, true in a sense," said Lorn, annoyed at the obstinacy of the chieftain, "but Cyril of Rathland first, the Bruce afterwards. Brian can attend to both of them, and trust me he will, and that faithfully."

"Assure yourself less strongly," said Sir Guilbert.

"For what reason, Sir Knight?" enquired Lorn rather sharply.

"Nay; I merely warn you. Far be it from my intention to do more."

"Come, Sir," said Lorn with evident irritation, "I will hear the reasons for your distrust. Brian of Dunkerlyne is a good and brave man, and one whom I greatly value. If you have aught of evil to say against him let me hear it."

"Fly not up in this fashion, my lord," returned the knight with a calmness of demeanour which contrasted strongly with the turbulence of the Islesman. "Had I known you should have resented my warning I would willingly have withheld it. My ignorance of the customs in the West here, coupled with my nationality, can be the only excuse for my indiscretion in referring to a matter which I considered it my duty to mention."

"You misunderstand me, good sir," said Lorn suppressing his passion. "I was merely annoyed at the thought of having so faithful a servant suspected."

"So faithful a servant!" exclaimed Macnab. "Have you forgotten everything, my lord? If this be so, we that have served you so well have little thanks or encouragement for our devotedness."

"I am misinterpreted on all hands," said Lorn knitting his brow at the recollection of Brian's former escapades. "The viking has been so very faithful of late I had almost forgotten his former treachery. 'Tis better, however, it should be forgotten. Besides, methinks he is much more settled now, and there is less fear of his bursting the bonds of fealty that bind him."

"You have said well, my good father," said Nora. "It is unjust to be raking up memories which should have perished long ago. Brian of Dunkerlyne, viking and robber though he be, is a faithful vassal and a noble chief. We have heard enow of his treachery which was no more than the infatuation of a stubborn and fiery youth. You must also remember that he has a son whom I have no doubt will some day succeed in restoring the honour and fortunes of his family."

"Ay, sweet Nora, he has a son," returned the islesman. "That may have something to do with the sentiments you have just given expression to."

"You wrong me," said Nora leaping from her seat, her face suffused with blushes. "I will not bear to be thus openly insulted even by my father."

"So saying she left the hall followed by Bertha who exclaimed as she rose to go, "Cowardly insinuator, you shall yet be called to make good your words."

At the same time a vivid flash of lightning lit up the angry faces of the guests, a peal of thunder went rumbling over head, and a wild gust of wind made the towers and battlements of Dunolly quiver to their foundations. A grim aspect was now given to the festivities, and it was some time

before the guests could recover from the shock. Lorn wildly attempted to laugh the incident out of countenance, but the fearful silence which took possession of the hall made the fury of the storm more awful to be listened to.

"Is not this Cyril the uncle of old Brian?" enquired Sir Guilbert anxious to break the oppressive monotony.

"Assuredly," said Lorn.

"Is not that something to fear?"

"Nay; he knows it not. Cyril of Rathland is merely known to him as the slayer of his father Francis."

"Cyril the slayer of his own brother!" exclaimed De Valancymer. "The curse of Cain be on him, and on the jackanapes of a son who should wince at the thought of revenge."

"As you say," said Lorn.

"Amen!" said Macnab.

"Come, my gallant guests," said Lorn, "an end of this subject. Fill me a bumper to the health of King Edward, and let's drink confusion to the rebels. Death to the heretic!"

The wine, which had almost remained untouched during the early part of the evening, now circulated more freely and the guests grew merry. The night wore on. The morning stole quickly on the revellers. The harpers were called in to sustain the mirth, and the wild ecstacies of song and wine served to dissipate the former gloom.

In the midst of revelry it was announced that a storm-tossed galley had found its way into the bay beneath the rock, having apparently been driven there for shelter by the violence of the storm.

"Go," said Lorn, "bring them hither whoe'er they be. They'll share the hospitality of a Highlander's hearth. Fill high the golden cup of Somerled and hang another haunch of beef upon the spit. Come, make merry all. Fill your flagons to the brim and pledge me the weel of the wanderers."

Just as the cups were emptied Dermond of Dunkerlyne was ushered into the hall to the disappointment and chargin of Macnab who scowled and exclaimed—"Was it wind or will that brought you so late to our gathering?"

"Both of them," returned Dermond. "Who save a land prowler would be frightened for a storm when duty forbade him to fear?"

"Do you insult me?" exclaimed Macnab, biting his lip.

"Just as you take it," returned the youth.

"None of this in my presence," said Lorn, "if you regard your safety. This is my hall, and neither insolence nor violence can pass current here. Have at least respect if you have no fear."

"My duty to your lordship," said Dermond, "but even here, I may say, honour is free from impeachment, and insult cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged."

Macnab scowled.

"Come, sir youth," said Lorn, "the faithful Macnab did but jest."

"If so, I forgive him."

"Here, then, you shall have a seat at our board next to the noble Macnab," said Lorn. "Fill a bumper to the health of the young chief of Dunkerlyne."

"Pardon me," said Dermond, "but if my father is not here I must go. I fear the violence of the storm, and must instantly take measures to secure his safety."

"A noble youth!" exclaimed Sir Guilbert. "Happy the father with so brave a son. Come, sir chieftain, you will pledge me this bumper to the safety of your noble father, Brian of Dunkerlyne."

"Nay," said Lorn, "we assure you of his safety. Moreover, let no man say that so gallant a youth went on so hazardous an expedition, or visited his liege lord on so stormy a night without partaking of his hospitality. Come, sir, be seated until we pledge you right royally. Here, by the brave Macnab, you have a seat."

"Excuse my want of ceremony," said Dermond, "but my vow forbids it. Above all, my lord, remember the feud that exists between the house of Dunkerlyne and the chieftain on your right."

"Tush!" said Lorn. "Here is your place; be seated."

"What!" exclaimed Dermond, "Sit at your board with a skulking Macnab! God save me from a dishonour so great. And to sit beneath the chief of that clan, I should resent the proposal as an insult were it not that my liege lord is incapable of malice towards one of his faithful vassals. No, my lord, I must go. Meanwhile, farewell!"

Having said this Dermond made towards the door of the hall, but Lorn and Macnab started up at the same time and signed to the attendants to detain him.

"Off with your menial hands," said the youth, drawing his weapon and making the attendants stand aghast.

"What!" he continued, turning to John of Lorn, "Am I to be thus insulted by your very servants? Does my liege lord call for so mean a measure, and that at the instigation of a Macnab? Violence and insult to a son of Dunkerlyne in the hall of Macdougall? Let no man be so rash! If anyone desires to stop me it must be Macnab. Let him not foolishly imagine that the menials of Lorn will form a cloak to his treachery. Villain as he is, he shall yet answer for his conduct."

Here Dermond lifted the hilt of his sword in his left hand, and shook his fist in the face of Macnab, who again started up, clutched his claymore, and glared at the angry youth.

"Draw!" said Dermond, his gleaming sword still quivering in his passion-stricken hand. "I have hitherto refrained from striking, but I can bear it no longer. I will instantly be revenged for a thousand insults. Draw, you trembling, cowardly jackanapes. Big and strong though you be, my blood is young and my heart is steeled with the sense of right. Have at you, sir chief."

At the same time Dermond advanced to where Macnab stood, and struck desperately at him. By this time, however, Macnab had bared his weapon, in time to guard the blow aimed by Dermond at his head. Returning the blow with as much strength and dexterity as he could, Macnab made a thrust which started the guard of Dermond and drew fire from his steel breastplate. The hot blood tingled in the cheek of the youth at the thought, but as yet no harm had been done, and striking down the sword of Macnab, he make a frantic attempt to disarm him.

Consternation prevailed in the hall, and Lorn called for the termination of the fight by the interference of the attendants; but to no purpose.

Most were bent on seeing the conflict fairly fought out. The combatants were almost equally wrong in their behaviour, and although the youth fought at a disadvantage so far as years and experience were concerned, his audacity and skill evoked general admiration; and everyone stood back while the fight went on. Two or three times a bench or a table came to grief in the contest or interfered with the free play of the weapons, but the daring of the youth and the coolness of the veteran were not much affected by the circumstance. Some cried for an adjournment to the court-yard, and others wished for a postponement until the contest could be carried out under the proper rules of their barbaric chivalry. But all such advice was unheeded, and the chieftains still kept at it in the dim light of the feasting chamber. The clang of the swords echoed against the roof, and the sparks flew from every thrust, cut and guard like fire-flies in the gloom. Macnab hissed in his anger, and Dermond glared at his bearded and powerful opponent.

For a time the two combatants rested on the upper guard, and eyed each other like wild cats. Feint and stamp were brought into requisition in vain. The strength of the youth was still good, and Macnab, although slightly ruffled at the sustained ardour of Dermond, kept well on guard without attempting to steal a cut lest he should suffer by the smartness of his adversary. This could not continue long, however, and Macnab was determined to end the fight. He guarded carelessly and struck desperately. Dermond parried every stroke and gave a few well-timed thrusts in return. The blood had now burst from a vein in Macnab's neck, and a shout of almost universal exultation rang against the oaken rafters. Macnab grew pale and mustered up more courage. Dermond grew more confident and less careful, and twice or thrice Macnab's claymore had splintered the links of his mail shirt. An intense silence now prevailed as Macnab was gaining ground, while Dermond's strength flagged. The red-bearded chieftain advanced rapidly on Dermond, and after a few dexterous movements sent the sword of the youth into splinters, and wounded him slightly on the right shoulder. Dermond drew his dirk and thrust madly at Macnab, who received a fearful wound in the throat. Macnab fell back into the arms of an attendant, while Dermond was seized and borne off to the dungeons.

During the uproar Nora and Bertha had rushed into the hall and were silent but anxious spectators of the combat. No man was more celebrated throughout the Western Highlands for his swordsmanship than the chief of the Macnabs, and consequently great fears were entertained for the safety of Dermond, whose courage and prowess were greatly admired. Nora, however, was rather indignant at his violence, and darted a fiery look of reproach at him as the attendants dragged him away. Dermond did not notice this glance from the famous beauty of the Western Isles, but a shriek from Bertha went thrilling through his heart like a cold and gleaming knife, and that pale face and wildered aspect haunted him like a weird and dismal dream.

(To be Continued.)

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

II.

After sending off my last letter, I met several North country gentlemen in Pictou, who hold high positions in the Dominion. One of these is a gentleman from Castle Street, Inverness, now Senator Grant. I enjoyed his hospitality, and obtained from him what I enjoyed even more than his very fine Scotch whisky, viz., two recent numbers of the *Inverness Courier*, in one of which, I read a well-written and sensible article, showing up the anti-Highland members of the Town Council who oppose the decoration of the New Town Hall Windows with the Arms of the Highland Clans.

Another Highlander I met in Pictou was Colin Mackenzie, a gentleman possessed of considerable property, including the principal Hotel in the town—the St Lawrence,—kept by another Highlander, Malcolm Morrison, originally from the Island of Lewis. Mackenzie's grandfather emigrated soon after the arrival of the ship *Hector*, in 1773, and came from a place then pretty thickly populated, but now without a house in it, the district of Andrary, in Gairloch. Another Mackenzie, in good circumstances, whom I met here was a Murdo Mackenzie, also from Gairloch, and a first cousin of the late Captain John Mackenzie, Telford Road, Inverness. He is over 80 years of age, and his father only died a few years ago, 99 years of age. Among this coterie, who came a long distance to see me, was a Captain Carmichael Mackay, whose grandfather, Roderick Mackay, a native of Beauly, was imprisoned in the old Tolbooth of Inverness many years ago for smuggling.

I received the following account of Roderick, who, with his family, came out in the ship *Hector* to Pictou, where many of his descendants are now in prosperous circumstances. He was a blacksmith by trade, and some time after he came to Nova Scotia, secured the important position of chief of the blacksmith works in Halifax dockyard. In going to Halifax, he and his wife had to travel on foot, through the forest, the journey being made more difficult of accomplishment owing to the fact that they had to carry two young children with them. Under his direction, while holding this position, was made the great chain, which, during the war, was stretched across the harbour of Halifax to keep hostile ships from entering. Roderick was a thick-set, strongly-built Celt, distinguished for activity, determination, and fertility of invention. An interesting story is related of his quondam sojourn in Inverness prison on the occasion above referred to. The gaugers seized some of Rory's illicit whisky, upon which he "gave a good account of them," and liberated his "barley bree." For this he was captured, and lodged in the old prison of Inverness. His free-born spirit, naturally chafed under such indignities and restraints, especially in such a good cause as the hero considered himself engaged in, protecting his own property, and he soon set about concocting means of exit. He soon ingra-

tiated himself with his gaoler, and one day he managed to send him out for a supply of ale and whisky, such things being freely admitted into such places in the good old days—and the gaoler could take his glass too from all accounts. Returning with the ale in one hand and the whisky in the other, Rory discovered his opportunity, slipped out smartly behind him, closing the door after him, locking it outside, at the same time carrying off the key, which is still preserved by his descendants in Pictou. These feats secured for Rory an honourable place in the hearts of his countrymen here, and made him a perfect idol amongst them, though probably the Inverness gaoler and his friends looked upon the affair in a very different light. Several other feats of great prowess, which he performed in his adopted country, are still told of the famous Rory Mackay; but my space does not at present admit of further record.

Some of these fine old fellows came nine miles to see a Highlander from the old country. The place is full of men whose ancestors left their homes in Kintail, Lochbroom, Gairloch, Poolewe, and Lochcarron, in impoverished circumstances, but who themselves are now in comfort and even affluence, possessing lands and means of their own.

Having parted with these warm-hearted fellows, I was driven out several miles into the country, by Captain David Crerar, to see the largest Tannery in Nova Scotia, owned and carried on by John Logan, a Highlander from Sutherlandshire. His grandfather was a stone mason at Bonar Bridge, and came out here in 1806. His father, when very young, worked at the Cotton Mills, the ruins of which are still to be seen at the roadside as you go from Bonar Bridge to Dornoch. He became a plasterer and small farmer in this country, and had four sons, all of whom are in good positions. One of these, John, started the Pictou Tannery in 1849, with only two pits. It has since grown to one hundred and twenty, and is a sight well worth going a long way to see. He turns out an average of 3,200 hides of sole leather per annum, representing over £40,000 in value. One pile of bark which I saw, alone cost over £2,600, while an equal quantity lay in smaller piles about the building; and this quantity, value over £5,000, is consumed annually in the works. All the leather manufactured is sold in the Dominion at from 10d to 1s per lb. The engine, 25 horse power, is kept going by the spent bark, which is carried to the furnace from distant parts of the building by a most ingenious, self-acting contrivance. The whole place is a perfect model of convenience and neatness, and the arrangements do great credit to the ingenuity and enterprise of this self-made, well-to-do Celt, whose place of business has become the centre of a great industry. I have seen, during the short time I was there, dozens of farmers coming in from all parts of the country, with cart-loads of bark, for which they get the cash in return from Mr Logan, to take home with them; and, although he has no competition worth mentioning, he pays them a sufficient sum to make it worth their while to work at it, else he would have to go without what is, of course, an absolute necessity for his successful enterprise. A brother, Dougall, keeps a large shop close to the tannery, and is in a good position, worth a considerable sum of money.

Parting with my good friends in Pictou, who, even in the short time I was there, became numerous, I took train to New Glasgow, with one of the leading barristers of that town, a Gaelic-speaking Highlander, named

Duncan C. Fraser, whose ancestors came from the county of Inverness. Having spent a few days with him, he introduced me to several good Celts, and drove me through some fine Highland settlements in the country. My friend had been in Parliament, and was a Member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, and is, altogether, a worthy representative of his clan and country. Here I also met an Invernessian, Daniel M. Fraser, son of Hugh Fraser, farmer, Clunes, Strathdearn, who, I was glad to find, occupied the responsible position of agent in New Glasgow, for the Pictou Bank, a prosperous and thriving institution. Mr Fraser had also charge of the agency at Stellarton, an important branch, among the great coal mines, a few miles away. Indeed, the Frasers are at the same time, numerous and prosperous in New Glasgow, and any Highlander coming among them will meet with a hearty and very warm reception.

But more interesting to me than all my other discoveries as yet on this Continent, was finding a representative of the famous pipers and poets of Gairloch, in the person of John Mackay, who occupies the most honourable and prominent position in this thriving town—that of Stipendiary Magistrate. His great-grandfather was the celebrated blind piper of Gairloch, a sketch of whose life, with specimens of his poetry, is given by the late John Mackenzie in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." About four years ago a paragraph appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* making enquiries as to whether any members of this distinguished family of pipers were yet alive, but no answer was received. The only thing known about them was that one of them, the grandson of the famous *Piobaire Dall*, and the last male representative of the race in Gairloch, emigrated to some part of America, in 1805, and carried with him more *Ceol mor* or *Piobaireachd*, than he left behind him among all the pipers of Scotland. At this time, John, who is now in his 86th year, was 12 years of age, and even now he remembers almost every prominent stone and tree in the parish, to say nothing of the lakes, rivers, mountains, and valleys. His father continued to play the national instrument all his life, and died a very old man. His elder brother, Angus, also played marches, reels, and strathspeys, but *piobaireachd* not being appreciated in the land of his adoption, he practised that higher class music but little, and was not, therefore, up to the family standard of excellence in that department. He died a few years ago, when nearly one hundred years of age. John himself also learned to play; but at the age of eighteen he finally gave it up, so that now not one of this celebrated family keeps up the name and reputation of the family, though several of the descendants of this fine race still exist—many of them in good circumstances—on this Continent. I spent a whole evening with this fine old Highlander, who still speaks the purest Gaelic, while his English strongly smacks of the peat and the heather. His intellect is quite unimpaired, and he is admitted on all hands to be the ablest and most independent judge in the whole Province of Nova Scotia. He was in a perfect ecstasy of joy when talking over his recollections of his native parish and of the people he remembered, but of whom hardly a soul now survives. The whole thing seemed as if a ghost had risen from the grave. He talked of things long ago as if they were but of yesterday; and I parted with him with very mixed emotions.

I must now carry you with me on a visit to a Highlander of a very

different but equally genuine stamp, and better known to the reader, the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, who lives at Springville, ten miles from New Glasgow. Having heard that I was there, he sent up his machine on Saturday to take me down to his place. I was only too glad to have the opportunity of visiting this excellent Celt and Gaelic scholar, though it happened to be his communion week, which made it more inconvenient for him, and, in all the circumstances, less attractive for me. On my arrival, I found him well housed, in a most beautiful locality, in the centre of a wide district, all settled by Highlanders, most of whom, I found, came from the parish of Urquhart, in the county of Inverness, while a few families of Macleans, Mackinnons, and Macquarries, I found to be descendants of emigrants from the Island of Rum—in all about 200 well-to-do families. I attended divine service on Sabbath, and found at the English service about 700 of a congregation, in a neat, comfortable church listening to a well-reasoned, neatly-delivered sermon. Of these, about 300 were communicants; but, after the sermon was over, I left and went to a contiguous hall, where a neighbouring minister, the Rev. Alex. Maclean, was preaching to a large Gaelic congregation, in the purest and most unctuous vernacular. I felt how great a pity it was that we could not have such a fine preacher, getting a good stipend at home, in place of some of those mongrel, so called Gaelic preachers we have in many places in the Highlands of Scotland. Mr Maclean is really a first-class Gaelic preacher, and uses the language with great fluency and power. He was born where he is now settled, but was for several years in charge of a Highland congregation in Prince Edward Island. His father emigrated from Glen Strathfarrar, in Strathglass—now as celebrated for its deer as it was of yore for the fine fellows it sent to the Church, and to the defence of king and country. Having seen these meetings of my countrymen, I would not have missed them for a great deal. Imagine nearly 200 carriages, four-wheeled, scattered all about outside the church. It was such a sight as I never saw, and never could have seen in the Highlands; yet here there is hardly a family which does not drive to church, and market, in a nice light "waggon" or carriage; but, in spite of all this, mistaken people at home, will advise the poor crofter not to emigrate to a country where such things are possible to those who came out here a few years ago in a state of penury and want.

The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair is really most happy and comfortable in his surroundings, and all he seems to want to make him as completely happy as this world can, is to have at the head of his household gods, a better half, congenial to his cultivated tastes; though at present his mother, a fine old lady, the daughter of the Bard of Coll, and a walking Celtic Encyclopædia, keeps house for him, and presides at his hospitable table. But while I envied him the beautiful situation of his manse, the happy concord of the large Highland congregation over which he presides, and the respect paid to him by every one in the district, I envied him his magnificent and valuable library ten times more. It is almost impossible to conceive that such a rare collection of valuable books could be met with in such an out-of-the-way place. I believe his collection of Celtic works is the best private one on the American Continent, and very few indeed can surpass it even at home. Among the works of the Gaelic Poets on his shelves, I found the first edition of Alexander Macdonald's Poems, which contains several pieces not suited for modern ears, and not included in the

later editions; Ronald Macdonald's Collection, published in 1776, the first collection of Gaelic poems ever published; Gillies's Collection—now very rare—published in 1786; Smith's Sean Dana, 1787; John MacGregor's Poems, 1801; Robert Stewart's, 1802; a rare collection, published at Inveraray, without date, and containing "An Duanag Ullamh"; Stewart's Collection, 1804; the first Inverness Collection, 1806; Donald Macleod's, 1811; Turner's, 1813; P. Macfarlane's, in the same year; Ossian; Leabhar na Feinne; Sàr Obair nam Bard; and all the more modern collections down to the "Oranaiche," as well as the modern bards from Duncan Bàn down to the present day. In the Gaelic prose department, I noticed "An Teachdaire"; an "Cuairtear"; an "Gaidheal"; "Bratach na Firinn"; "Adhamh agus Eubh"; "Bliadhna Thearlaich"; Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands; all the Gaelic Dictionaries; and several Gaelic Grammars; while among English works on Celtic subjects there were Dr John Macpherson's Critical Dissertation, published in 1768, a rare and valuable work; the American Edition of Logan's Scottish Gael, published in Boston in 1833, and with which I was not previously acquainted; General Stewart's Sketches of the Highlanders; Pattison's Gaelic Bards; Campbell's Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highlands; Dr Maclauchlan's Celtic Gleanings; Laing's Dissertation on Ossian; Robertson's Historical Proofs; Fullarton's Highland Clans and Regiments; Professor Blackie's Language and Literature of the Highlands; and numberless others, down to the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer"; the "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands"; and the *Celtic Magazine*. Many people, possessing good libraries, know very little of their contents, but Mr Sinclair knows every word, and is a thorough master of every idea in his splendid collection. The only pity is that he does not give the benefit of his vast stores of Celtic learning to his fellow-countrymen.

But I have not, as yet, exhausted the reverend gentleman's treasures, the best of which still fall to be noticed. He showed me a rare collection of Gaelic poems made by a Dr Maclean, in the Island of Mull, as early as the year 1768, eight years before Ronald Macdonald's, the first collection ever published. John Maclean, the Bard of Coll (Mr Sinclair's grandfather), obtained this rare MS. Collection about 1816, from the collector's daughter, *Mairi Nighean an Doctair*. The majority of the poems in it are nowhere else to be found, and those in it which have appeared in printed collections are, Mr Sinclair informs me, far superior and more correct in the MS. This is natural enough; for the earlier a poem or song is taken down, the more likely it is to be correct, and as the original composer finally left it. The MS. contains about forty-eight pieces of considerable length, and several shorter pieces. Many of the songs are by Iain Lom, Eachainn Bacach, Iain MacAilein, and other well-known Gaelic bards. Another valuable Collection in MS. is one made by the bard, John Maclean, who travelled extensively over the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, between the years 1812 and 1816. During this tour he took down one hundred and ten Gaelic songs, forming the extensive MS. under notice. It contains pieces by Iain Lom, Eachainn Bacach, Mairearad nigh'n Lachainn, and some by Mairi nigh'n Alastair Ruaidh, while there are several songs by Alexander Mackinnon, the warrior bard. Only a small portion of the valuable pieces preserved in this MS. have ever been published. My friend has yet a third MS. of Gaelic poems and songs

which he has prepared for the press; and, I rejoice to find, will very soon be sent to the printer. I have heard several of John Maclean's songs sung throughout Nova Scotia, where they are very popular, while I had the pleasure of reading, or hearing read, many others; and I have no hesitation in saying that the "Bard of Coll" deserves, and is sure to occupy, a high place among the Gaelic bards: and Mr Sinclair will be conferring a great boon on Celtic students, and on the admirers of Gaelic poetry, by placing his grandfather's Gaelic poems within their reach. Is it not marvellous to meet with such a Celtic Eden in such a place, and all accumulated by Mr Sinclair from pure personal love for the language and literature of his ancestors, of which he is himself such a perfect master! It is a pity that our friend had not a wider field, and a greater opportunity for sharing his knowledge with others; and I am selfish enough to wish that he would get, and accept, a call to a charge at home, where we would have a better opportunity of getting him occasionally to aid us, in rescuing from oblivion the history and traditions of the Celts, and of popularising the language and literature of the Gael. Having said so much about Mr Sinclair and his surroundings, it may interest the reader to learn that his father was a native of the parish of Reay, and a brother of the late Alexander Sinclair of Thurso, so highly spoken of in "The Ministers and Men of the Far North." His mother, presiding so gracefully over his household, is a daughter of the Bard MacGilleain, as already stated. He was born in Glenbard (so called after his grandfather), Nova Scotia in 1840, and was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church, in 1866. The Bard of Coll was born at Caolas, in the Island of Tiree, on the 8th of January 1787. He belonged to the Treisnish branch of the Macleans of Ardgour, and emigrated to Pictou in 1819, where he lived at a place called Barney's River for twelve years. He afterwards removed to the county of Antigonish, where he lived and died, at the place now known after him as Glenbard. Here he breathed his last, on the 25th of January 1848. His wife, Isabell Black, a native of Lismore, died two years ago, aged 91, and both now lie buried on the farm on which they lived. A handsome stone, seen from the train going from New Glasgow to Antigonish, with the following Gaelic inscription, marks their resting place:—

AM BARD MAC-GILLEAIN,
1787—1848.
Fhir 's a' chladh s' 'tha 'dol mu'n cuairt,
Stad is eisd ri guth bho 'n uaigh s',—
Cum a' Ghaidhlig 'suas ri d' bheo
'S a cuid bardachd 's airde gloir;
Do gach ni 'tha maith thoir gradh,
'S bi 'tigh'nn beo do Dhia gach la.
BEAN A BHAIRD,
1786—1877.
Earb as an Tighearna le d' uile chridhe.

There is still another excellent Gaelic scholar in this district—the Rev. D. B. Blair, born in the county of Argyle, but when he was only twelve years of age his father removed to Badenoch. He came to this country a few years after the Disruption, where he is held in the highest estimation. He has charge of the congregation of Barney's River and Blue Mountain —is a true Highlander and Gaelic scholar, a fact well known to the readers

of the *Gael*, to which, during its existence, he contributed several articles. He is the author of several Gaelic poems, and of a new metrical translation of the Psalms of David, both of considerable merit; and is altogether a man and a Highlander, of whom, with many others here, we may well feel proud. I had only a very short stay with my reverend friend, and parted with him with many regrets. I had other engagements, however, which could not be postponed, so I was driven back to New Glasgow, from whence I found my way by rail—an extension of forty miles through a magnificent country, only opened a few days previously—to the town of Antigonish, where I had arranged to deliver a Lecture on "Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles," under the auspices of the "Highland Society of Antigonish." I had previously lectured in the city of Halifax, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency General Sir Patrick Macdougall, Commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's Canadian Forces; of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia; and of the North British Society of Halifax, where I had a fine, select audience, including in addition, the Premier and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia, the Archbishop, and most of the leading inhabitants. I had also lectured in Pictou and in New Glasgow, under high patronage, the Mayor of each place presiding; but the Highland Society of Antigonish paid me the compliment of turning out in their tartans and "Bonnets of Blue"; and, at a special meeting of the Society, held in the hall immediately after the lecture, I was elected, by acclamation, an Honorary Member of their patriotic Society—the highest compliment they had in their power to confer on a Highlander from home. Among those present, and in their Highland array, were the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Society; Angus Macisaac, M.P. for the Dominion of Canada; Angus Macgillivray, M.P. for Nova Scotia; J. J. Mackinnon, ex-M.P.; Dr William A. Macdonald, a cadet of the family of the Isles; Archibald A. Macgillivray, a prominent Highlander; the Rev. Alex. Chisholm, D.D., D.P., Professor in St Francis Xavier's College; Professor Macdonald; the Rev. Father Gillies; and many others not only of the best Gaelic-speaking Highlanders here, but the most prominent officials and the most influential citizens. There was one, however, who deserves more than a mere passing notice. Norman Macdonald, a native of Arisaig, came eight miles to see me. I found that he issued in 1863 an edition of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," which was largely sold throughout Nova Scotia; but I was sorry to learn that, like most other ventures in the Celtic field, it barely paid the patriotic Celt, who ran the risk of placing this classical Celtic work within the reach of his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic. In this edition, Mackenzie's Preface and Logan's learned and able Introduction are left out, as also the Ossianic Poems at the beginning, Oran na Briogsa, and the whole of the Appendix and Glossary, while a sketch of John Maclean, the Bard of Coll, and a few specimens of his poems, as well as a few poems composed by others, are introduced. With the exception of a few typographical errors, inevitable in a work set up by compositors ignorant of the language, the work is very well got up. It was sold at 10s—and you meet with a copy in the houses of most of the best-to-do Highlanders in Nova Scotia, and especially in Cape Breton.

The people of the County of Antigonish came mostly from the West Coast Highlands—Arisaig, Knoydart, Moidart, Morar, and Strathglass.

The prevailing names are, consequently, Macdonalds, Chisholms, and Macgillivrays. The population of the county in 1871 was about 15,000, of which about 2,000 live in the town of Antigonish, which is the seat of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Arichat. It contains a college, cathedral, two telegraph offices, a printing office—issuing a weekly newspaper—a bank, several fine shops and hotels. Vessels not drawing more than ten feet can come up the bay, which is a fine inlet of the Gulf of St Lawrence, extending up to the town. At least nine-tenths of the whole population of the county, belong to the Roman Catholic Church, but they live on the most friendly terms with their Presbyterian neighbours. The people are very comfortable, possessing fine farms of their own, specially suited for grazing purposes. Over 1,500 head of cattle, in addition to a large number of horses, are annually exported from the country to Newfoundland; also, large quantities of butter and cheese, and other agricultural produce. The County of Antigonish is now the most Highland in Canada, and hundreds of its inhabitants cannot speak any but the Gaelic language. In the town of Antigonish I met a fine Highlander, James Chisholm, from St Andrews, who insisted upon driving me out seven miles to see another fine old Highlander, a native of Glengarry, the Rev. J. V. Macdonell, parish priest of St Andrews, and an old subscriber to the *Celtic Magazine*. I hesitated at first, but my friend would not be put off, and, as an additional inducement, he offered to drive me in his carriage from St Andrews to Port Mulgrave, a distance of forty miles, on my way to Cape Breton. I could not resist his importunity, and I at last consented. I was naturally curious to know the antecedents of my benefactor, and he informed me on our way, that his grandfather, Thomas Chisholm, resided at Craobh Leabhainn, in Strathglass, and that his own father, Hugh Chisholm, came out here in 1801. We soon arrived at Father Macdonell's house, and found this fine old Highlander preparing to retire for the night, but he soon changed his mind on our arrival; gave me a most hearty welcome; after which we talked for hours about matters Highland. The Rev. Father, though past sixty, never preached an English sermon in his life. I remained two days with him, and there met several truly Celtic fathers, among whom was Father William Chisholm, a genuine Celt, full of Highland history and tradition, and brimful of Gaelic and Irish songs and melodies. My friend, Colin Chisholm, will probably recognise him as *Iar-Ogha do Dhomhnull Gobha*, in Strathglass. Here also I met the Rev. D. J. Mackintosh, P.P., North Sydney, and the Rev. Roderick Grant, P.P., Boisdale, both of Cape Breton; and fine, warm-hearted good looking Highlanders, all of whom treated me with such extreme kindness that I was melted down, and could almost exclaim with Agrippa of old, slightly varied, that "I was almost persuaded to become a Catholic." On Saturday morning, my original friend, James Chisholm, took me in charge to drive me forty miles on to Port Mulgrave, on my way to Cape Breton, and I had to part with my Catholic friends of St Andrews with no small regret. I soon, however, found that I was not yet done with the good fathers. About seven miles farther on, at Heatherton, I was accosted by a tall handsome young man, of six feet four inches and a-half, habilitated like the fathers I had just left behind me. He, Father John Chisholm, learned that I was coming his way that morning, and he prepared a feast. He even went the length of procuring a bottle of Scotch whisky, though

he was an abstainer himself, and had not such a thing in his house for many years before. I must again leave my mellow Highland and Catholic friend, Colin Chisholm, to take charge of the Genealogical department, and make out the ancestors of my kind entertainer. The late Gilleaspuig MacCailean was his maternal grandfather; the late Mr Alex. Macdonell, Judique, Cape Breton, was his maternal granduncle, and his paternal grandfather was Ian Donn MacAlistair Bhric, an Coire nan Cuilean, Strathglass. His father, Ian Mac Ian Duinn, lived during the last six years, before he left his native Strathglass, at Knockfin. The old gentleman was then living, in his 82d year, and called at his son's house while I was there. Before I saw him, I heard a voice in the lobby, proclaiming in good, sonorous Gaelic, the following introduction :—

Bha mi uair an Inbhirnis,
'S mi gun storas, a's gun mheas,
Fhuair mi gunna, claidhe, 's crios,
'S thug sud misneachd mhor dhomh.

Exactly a week after, this fine old Highlander died suddenly, without any suffering or pain whatever.

All along this long drive of forty miles, the scenery was very fine, through hills, dales, and mighty forests—the Island of Cape Breton in full view, a few miles on the right, with the Straits of Canso intervening. About half-way on, I called on a Church of England clergyman, the Rev. Angus Macdonald, Bayfield, but did not find him at home. He had written me to Halifax, on seeing my arrival in the papers, to spend a few days with him; but this I found impossible from the limited time at my disposal. I met him, however, accidentally at Antigonish, and found him a very genuine Celt. Late on Saturday night we arrived at the Ferry of Port Mulgrave, and put up with another Highlander, Roderick Macleod, who keeps the best hostelry in the place. Here I met several of my countrymen; and, on Monday, I passed into the Island of Cape Breton, across a ferry about a mile and a-quarter wide. A description of this glorious region must be left for next issue.

The whole of this article may probably appear tedious and, altogether, partaking too much of a personal character; but I found it quite impossible to shew my appreciation of, and illustrate in any other way, the great kindness of my fellow-countrymen in this country—kindness and attention not extended to me merely on personal grounds, but as a Highlander from the old country. The same good feeling would be extended to any other good specimen of the race from the other side, by these warm-hearted, hospitable Celts.

A. M.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

ANSWERS.

CAITHNESS CAMPBELLS.

In reply to the query of "Mag." in the October number of the *Celtic Magazine*, I have pleasure in supplying the following information:—William Campbell, Heritable Sheriff Clerk of Caithness, was of the MacIver branch of the clan, and was the eldest son of Donald Campbell or MacIvor, merchant in Thurso. William was baptised 25th October 1647. He had two sisters and two brothers, the younger of the latter being John, baptised 10th April 1672, who received the appointment of Commissary of Caithness, and became proprietor of Castlehill. William was twice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of James Murray of Pennyland, who bore him one son, Donald, writer in Thurso, who left no issue; and second, to Helen Mowatt, by whom he had six sons, the eldest being James, baptised 6th November 1685, who succeeded his father as Heritable Sheriff-Clerk of Caithness, and who acquired the estate of Lochend, in Dunnett. He was twice married, first to Mary Sinclair of Forss, without issue, and next to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. James Oswald, minister of Watten, of the Auchincruive and Scotstown family. James' son, William of Lochend, was served heir to his father 16th June 1768, but died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Oswald, served heir 15th March 1770, but who died without issue in 1776, and was succeeded by Alexander Campbell, son of Alexander, whose father was William, second son of William, first Sheriff-Clerk. He sold Lochend in 1778 to Sinclair of Freswick, and as he left no issue it is believed the male line of the family of Donald, father of the Sheriff-Clerk, became extinct. The family are considered to have been cadets of the Quoycrook and Duchernan MacIvers, of whom the Chief was the late Principal Campbell of Aberdeen. They were known sometimes, patronymically as the *MacIvers buy*. Other families in Caithness were those of Dorary, Brubster, Thurso (younger family), Braalbyne, Shurary, Braehour, Liurary, all connected with the Quoycrook family. Some other families are believed to descend from the MacIver Campbells of Leckmelme in Lochbroom, a family which was long at the head of the Macivers in Ross-shire, and which ceased to be a landed family towards the close of the 17th century. The last of the family in possession was Murdoch MacIver, served heir to Donald Roy, his father, on 22d December 1663. This Murdoch is alleged to have had a son, Evander, who went to Thurso about 1680, and settled there in trade. Other members of the family are understood to have preceded him, but there are descendants of the family in the Aird, Kilmorack, and Contin. The writer is a descendant of Donald Roy, by his son Alexander *(Alisdair Mac Conuil Roy)*, who fought at Worcester, and who subsequently settled in the Aird, where he has still descendants, and who will be heads of the family of Leckmelme failing direct descendants of Evander of Thurso.

LECKMELM.

COLONEL READ.

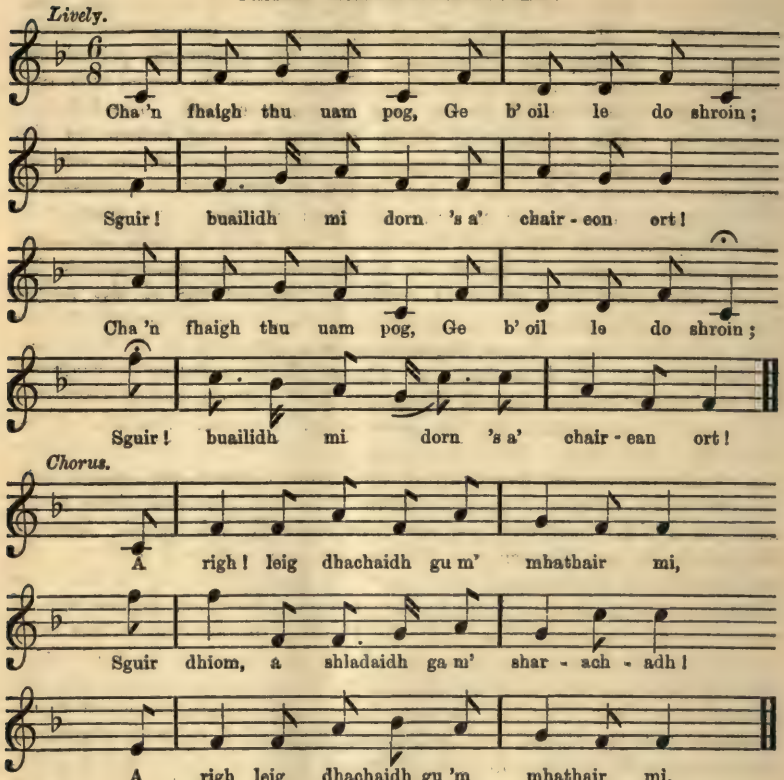
General Sir William Reid, R.E., K.C.B., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c., died about 1860-5. He entered the Royal Engineers, and served with Sir J. Moore, and through the Peninsular War. He afterwards joined the Spanish Contingent, under Sir de Lacy Evans, where he served with distinction, and was wounded in the neck by a musket ball. The ball was stopped by a silk neckerchief, which he was wearing instead of the military stock, and thus his life was saved. In 1839 or '40 he was appointed Governor of the Bermudas, which he governed so successfully that he was honoured with an extended term of office. His memory is still revered there as "the good Governor;" and after he left, the Legislature voted a sum of money for a monument to commemorate his governership, and this memorial stands in the gardens of the public buildings, in the shape of a granite obelisk, with a bronze medallion likeness, and inscription. From Bermuda he was advanced to be Governor of Barbadoes and its dependencies. About 1850 he returned to England, and was made Commandant of Engineers at Woolwich, and in 1851 was one of the Commissioners for the Great Exhibition, and Chairman of the Executive Committee. His laborious and useful service obtained for him the warm approval and friendship of the Prince Consort, and largely contributed to the success of the Exhibition. He had previously been nominated to a C.B. (military), and was now made K.C.B. (civil). Shortly afterwards he was Governor of Malta—his last service, I believe. He was author of a, now famous, work on "The Law of Storms," to the completion of which his experience in Bermuda and the West Indies was of material aid. In connection with the theories propounded in this work he acquired the humorous sobriquet of "a Reid shaken by the wind." General Reid married early a daughter of General Fyers, R.A. (an old Waterloo soldier). He left no son, but several daughters, all of whom married—viz., the eldest, —— to Colonel Halliwell, C.B., 20th Regiment, who served with distinction in the Crimea; Maria married Captain Hore, R.N., some time Naval Attaché at Paris; Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Grace, all married.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD IN MULL.—This is how the Ettrick Shepherd expressed himself after settling with his Mull boatman—

> I have sailed round the creeks and the headland of Mull;
> Her vales are uncultured, unhallowed, and weedy;
> Her mountains are barren—her haven is dull;
> Her sons may be brave, but they're cursedly greedy.

These lines were written in an album kept in one of the local inns. A native, on seeing them, promptly wrote the following underneath them—

> Ah! Shepherd of Ettrick! why sorely complain
> Though the boatmen were greedy for grog?
> The beauties of Staffa, by this you proclaim,
> Were pearls cast away on a *Hog*.

ORAN LEANNANACHD.

: s_1	d : r : d | s_1 : — : d	l_1 : l_1 : d | s_1 : —
: d	d :-.r : m | d : — : d	m : — : r | r : —
: m	d : r : d | s_1 : — : d	l_1 : l_1 : d | s_1 : —
: d	s :-.f : m | r.s : — : s	m : — : d | d : — ‖
Chorus— : s_1	d : — : d | m : d : m	r : — : d | d : —
: d'	d' : — : d | d :-.r : m	r : — : s | s : —
: t_1	d : — : d | m : f : m	r : — : d | d : — ‖

Mur leig thu dhomh tamh,
Gu'n glaodh mi cho ard
'S gu'n tig cuid de m' chairde 'smalas thu.

Seall! shniomh thu mo dhorn,
Is chaill mi mo bhrog,
Is shrachd thu mo chota—'s narach dhut.

Nach sguir thu, 's bi falbh,—
Gur boidheach, gu dearbh,
Le d' obair, an dealbh a dh' fhag thu orm!

Sin! bhris thu mo chir!
Do ghonadh 'ad chridh'!
Leig as mi, no chi mo bhrathair sinn.

Seall, sid Eochan Mor
Gu h-ard air an torr! [e.
Dean sgur dhiom, no innsidh e 'm mhathair

Leig cead domh, 's thoir ort
Gu Seonaid nan cnoc,
Gu bheil i fo sprochd o'n dh' fhag thu i.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

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III.

III. Donald "de Isla," or, of the Isles, from whom the Macdonalds derive their name. The share of his father's possessions which appears to have fallen to him comprised South Kintyre and Islay, but it is certain that he also came into possession, as head of the house, of his brother Roderick's lands, by themselves a very extensive patrimony. A period of great importance in the history of this distinguished family has now been reached, and it is disappointing to find how little is recorded of the career of this famous chief who had no small share in the most important events in the early part of the thirteenth century. Indeed it is quite impossible that he could have done otherwise, for though the ancient autocratic authority of the Clan over others was never recovered by the race of Somerled after the partition by Alexander II. of the great district of Argyle, the ultimate union of all the claims and rights of this ancient and potent house in the line of Donald raised the family and its chief anew, to a pitch of power and eminence in Scotland almost unequalled by any other family in the kingdom, certainly unequalled in the Western Isles. Donald, like all the Western chiefs, after the treaty of succession agreed to as the result of the battle of Largs, held his possessions directly from the Scottish King, and ever since his successors remained subjects of the Scottish crown, in spite of many successive rebellions on their part, invariably instigated by the English Government, to establish their independence in the Isles, and embarrass the Scots. Hugh Macdonald informs us that Donald succeeded his father "in the Lordship of the Isles and Thaneship of Argyle;" that he went to Denmark, and took with him many of the ancient Danes of the Isles, such as "the Macduffies, and Macnagills;" that his uncle Dugall accompanied him; and that his own rights, and the peculiar rights he had to the Isles through his grandmother, daughter of Olave the Red, were then renewed to him by Magnus, King of Denmark. "After this, he and his uncle Dugall became enemies, so that at last he was forced to kill Dugall. After this King Alexander (King of Scotland) sent Sir William Rollock as messenger to him to Kin-

tyre, desiring to hold the Isles of him, which he had now from the King of Denmark. Donald replied that his predecessors had their rights to the Isles from the Crown of Denmark, which were renewed by the present King thereof, and that he held the Isles of his Majesty of Denmark, before he renounced his claim to his Majesty. Sir William said that the King might grant the superiority of the Isles to whom he pleased. Donald answered to this that Olay the Red, and Godfrey the Black's father, from whom he had the most of the Isles, had the Isles by their conquest, and not from the King of Denmark or Scotland, so that he and Sir William could not end the debate in law or reasoning. Donald being advised by wicked councillors, in the dawning of the day surprised Sir William and his men. Sir William, with some of his men, were killed. He banished Gillies (his wife's father) out of the Isles to the glens of Ireland, where some of his offspring remain until this day. He killed Gillies' young son, called Callum Alin. He brought the MacNeills from Lennox to expel Gillies out of Kintyre. After this he went to Rome, bringing seven priests in his company, to be reconciled to the Pope and Church. These priests declaring his remorse of conscience for the evil deeds of his former life, the Pope asked if he was willing to endure any torment that the Church was pleased to inflict upon him? Donald replied that he was willing, should they please to burn him in a caldron of lead. The Church, seeing him so penitent, dispensed with him. Some writers assert that he had his rights from the Pope of all the lands he possessed in Argyle, Kintyre, and the rest of the continent. After he returned home, he built (rebuilt or enlarged) the monastery of Saddell in Kintyre, dedicating (it) to the honour of the Virgin Mary. He mortified 48 merks lands to that monastery, and the Island of Heisker to the Nuns of Iona. He died at Shippinage in the year 1289, and was buried at Icolumkill."*

He imitated the liberality of his father to the Church, particularly to the monks of Paisley, to whom he gave ample testimony of his charity and goodwill, on the condition that "ille uxor sua, heredes sui, et homines sui, participes sint in perpetuum, omnium bonorum quæ in domo de Paslet, et in toto ordine Cluniascensi fient, tam in orationibus, quam in ceteris divinis servitiis." In the document he is designated "Dovenaldus, filius Reginaldi, filius Somerledi."† He left two sons.—

1. *Angus Mor MacDonald*, his heir.

2. *Alexander*, according to Douglas, ancestor of the MacAlisters of Loup, and of the Alexanders of Menstrie, Earls of Stirling. This is corroborated by an old genealogical tree of the Macdonalds in our possession. He was also progenitor of Clann Alastair of Kintyre, and was married to a daughter of Lorn.

Donald of the Isles died, as already stated, in 1289, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. Angus Mor Macdonald, who was Chief at the time of Haco's expedition to the Western Isles in 1266, and who immediately joined him on his arrival with his fleet, and assisted him throughout the war, though it appears, in consequence of the treaty which was afterwards ar-

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicus, pp. 288-9.
† Wood's Douglas's Peerage, vol. ii., p. 6.

ranged between the Kings of Scotland and Norway, that he did not suffer for his conduct, either in person or property. In 1284 he appeared at the convention at which the Maiden of Norway was declared heiress to the Crown of Scotland, on which occasion his support seems to have been purchased by a grant of Ardnamurchan. He confirmed his father's and grandfather's grants to the Abbey of Saddell, and granted further lands himself by four separate charters.* He also made a donation to the convent of Paisley of half a mark of silver "de domo suo proprio, et de singulis domibus per omnes terras suas de quibus fumum exit unum denari, singulis annis in perpetuum in puram elemosynam." He also gave the monastery of the same place the patronage of the Church of Kilkerran, in Kintyre, "pro salute animæ, Domini sui Alexandri Regis Scoticæ illustris, et Alexandri, filii ejus, etiam pro salute sua propria, et heredum suorum."† A letter is addressed, in 1292, "to Anegous, the son of Dovenald of the Isles, and Alexander, his eldest son, respecting their comporting themselves well and faithfully to the King of England."‡

Writing of the descendants of Somerled about this period, Gregory says that of these "there were, in 1285, three great noblemen, all holding extensive possessions in the Isles as well as on the mainland, who attended in that Scottish Parliament by which the crown was settled on the Maiden of Norway. Their names were Alexander de Ergadia of Lorn (son of Ewin of Lorn), Angus, the son of Donald, and Allan, the son of Ruarie. From the nature of the treaty, in 1266, it is obvious that these individuals were vassals of the King of Scotland for all their possessions, and not merely for what they held on the mainland, as some have supposed. It is further clear that, at this time, none of the three bore the title of Lord of the Isles, or could have been properly so considered; and it is equally certain that the first individual whom we find assuming the style of Lord of the Isles, in its modern signification, possessed all those Isles, and very nearly all those mainland estates, which, in 1285, were divided among three powerful noblemen of the same blood. But of this hereafter. From the preceding remarks, it will readily be perceived that the boasted independence of the modern Lords of the Isles is without historical foundation. Prior to 1266, the Isles were subject to Norway; at that date the treaty of cession transferred them to Scotland."§

Angus Mor, who, according to Hugh Macdonald, "was of a very amiable and cheerful disposition, and more witty than any could take him from his countenance," resided for a portion of his life-time at the Castle of Ardthornish. He married a daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, with issue—

1. *Alexander*, his heir.
2. *Angus Og*, who succeeded his brother Alexander.

He died in 1300, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. Alexander Macdonald of the Isles, who married one of the daughters and co-heiress of Ewen de Ergadia, the last of the male descendents of Dugall of Lorn, and by her he received a considerable ac-

* Skene's Highlanders.
‡ Douglas's Peerage.
† Chartulary Lereuax, 186-187 b.
§ Western Highlands and Isles, p. 23.

quisition to his already extensive territories; but having joined John Stewart, Lord of Lorn, in his opposition to Robert the Bruce, he naturally became a partner in the consequent collapse and ruin of that great family and chief. After the defeat of the Lord of Lorn at Lochow, Bruce proceeded against Alexander of the Isles; crossed over the isthmus of Tarbet, and laid siege to Castle Sweyn, where Alexander usually resided. The Island Chief proved as little able to resist the power of Bruce as the Lords of Lorn had previously been, and he was compelled to surrender to the King, who immediately imprisoned him in Dundonald Castle, where he ultimately died. His possessions were forfeited to the Crown, and afterwards given to his brother Angus Og.

He is designated "Alexander de Insulis Scotiæ, filius Angusii, filius Dovenaldi," in a letter addressed to him during the life of his father, wherein he is directed to keep the peace within his bounds of the Isles, till the meeting of the Parliament of Scotland, on the day of St Thomas the Martyr 1292. He is also designed in the same style in a confirmation of a donation of the Church of Kilkerran to the monastery of Paisley, to which Robert, Earl of Carrick, and Robert Bruce, his son and heir, are witnesses.

He died in 1303, and was succeeded by his brother,

VI. Angus Og Macdonald, who, fortunately for himself and his clan, sided with the Bruce from the outset of his bold attempt to free his native land from the English Edwards. After the disastrous defeat at Methven, and the subsequent skirmish with the Lord of Lorn at Tyndrum, the valiant Bruce was obliged to fly with his life, whereupon Angus of the Isles received and sheltered him in his castle of Saddell, Cantire, and, in August 1306, in his more secure Castle of Dunaverty, until, with Macdonald's aid, he retired some time after for safer refuge to the Island of Rathlin, on the north coast of Ireland, then possessed by the family of the Isles. From this period Angus Og attached himself to the party of Bruce, and took an important share in all the subsequent enterprises, which terminated in the final defeat of the English at Bannockburn, and established for ever the independence of Scotland. Here Angus commanded the reserve, composed of 5000 Highlanders, led, under Angus of the Isles, by sixteen of their own immediate chiefs. On this memorable occasion Angus and his Highlanders did such good service that, as a permanent mark of distinction for the gallantry and effect with which they plied their battle-axes, Bruce assigned to Angus and his descendants the honourable position of the right flank of the Royal army on all future occasions. He first joined him in 1286, and his loyalty never faltered, even when the fortunes of the King appeared most hopeless. He had previously assisted him in his attack on Carrick, when "the Bruce wan his father's hale," and continued to support him in all his toils and dangers, until these were crowned and rewarded by the great victory at Bannockburn. It was thus natural that the Chief of the Isles, having shared in the misfortunes of the great Deliverer of his country, should, when success crowned their efforts, also share in the advantages secured by the victors. The extensive possessions of the Comyns and their allies, the Lords of Lorn, having been forfeited, were now at the disposal of the King, and he bestowed upon Angus the Lordship of Lochaber, which had

formerly belonged to the Comyns, as also the lands of Duror and Glencoe, and the Islands of Mull, Jura, Coll, Tiree, which had formed part of the possessions of the family of Lorn. Bruce was quite alive to the danger of raising up such a powerful vassal as Angus Og of the Isles to a position of such power and influence by adding so much to his already extensive territories, and thus raising up to a higher pinnacle of power an opponent and a dangerous rival even to the Crown itself; but the services rendered by the Island Chief in Bruce's greatest need could not be overlooked, and so, believing himself quite secure in his attachment during his life, he made him these extensive grants, the only condition made by him to neutralize in any way their effects, being the erection of the Castle of Tarbet in Kintyre, which was to be occupied by the King's troops as a Royal stronghold, within the territories of the Island Chief. He had a charter from David II. "of the Isle of Isla, Kintyre, the Isle of Gythy (? Gigha), Dewre (Jura), the Isle of Coluynsay, and the twenty-four mark land of Moror, near the lands of Mule." He had a daughter named Fyngole, as appears from a papal dispensation, dated 19th Kal. Februarii 1342, permitting John Stewart and Fyngole, "filia nobilis viri Angusii de Insulis," to marry, notwithstanding their being within the fourth degree of consanguinity.

According to Hugh Macdonald's MS., Robert Bruce was entertained by Angus for a whole half-year at Saddell, and he repeatedly sent his galleys with men to Ireland, and sent Edward Bruce across on various occasions, and furnished him with necessaries for his expedition. He brought 1500 men from Ireland, who fought with him at a place called Brarich, near Lochow. He was a minor when his father died. When he arrived at the age of 22 years "he was proclaimed Lord of the Isles and Thane of Argyle and Lochaber," but was much opposed on his first entry into his possessions "by Macdougall of Lorn, on account of the Island of Mull, to which he pretended right." Gregory, referring to this period, sums up the changes which took place and the results which followed thus:—In the series of struggles for Scottish independence, which marked the close of the thirteenth and the opening of the fourteenth centuries, the Lords of Lorn, who were closely connected by marriage with the Comyn and Balliol party, naturally arrayed themselves in opposition to the claims of Bruce. On the other hand, the houses of Isla and of the North Isles supported with all their power the apparently desperate fortunes of King Robert I., and thus, when he came to be firmly seated on the throne, had earned the gratitude of that Prince, in the same proportion as the family of Lorn, by the inveteracy of their hostility, had provoked his resentment. On the forfeiture of Alexander, Lord of Lorn, and his son and heir, John, their extensive territories were granted by Bruce to various of his supporters; and, amongst others, to Angus Oig, *i.e.*, Junior, of Isla, and to Roderick, or Ruari MacAlan, the bastard brother and leader of the vassals of Christina, the daughter and heiress of Alan MacRuari of the North Isles. The Isles of Mull (the possession of which had, for some time past, been disputed betwixt the Lords of Isla and Lorn), Jura, Coll, and Tiree, with the districts of Duror and Glencoe, fell, in this way, to the share of Angus Oig. Lorn proper, or the greatest part of it, was bestowed on Roderick MacAlan, to whom his sister, Christina gave, at the same time, a large portion of her inheritance in

Garmoran and the North Isles. The Lordship of Lochaber, forfeited by one of the powerful family of Comyn, seems to have been divided between Angus Oig and Roderick. The former likewise obtained, in this reign, the lands of Morvern and Ardnamurchan, which seem previously to have been in the hands of the crown. But while Bruce thus rewarded his faithful adherents, he was too sensible of the weakness of Scotland on the side of the Isles, not to take precautionary measures against the possible defection of any of the great families on that coast, who might with ease admit an English force into the heart of the kingdom. He procured from Angus Oig, who was now apparently the principal crown vassal in Kintyre, the resignation of his lands in that district, which were immediately bestowed upon Robert, the son and heir of Walter the High Steward, and the Princess Marjory Bruce. At the same time, the fortifications of the Castle of Tarbert, between Kintyre and Knapdale, the most important position on the coast of Argyleshire, were greatly enlarged and strengthened, and the custody of this commanding post was committed to a Royal garrison. Following out the same policy in other places, the keeping of the Castle of Dunstaffnage, the principal messuage of Lorn, was given by Bruce, not to Roderick MacAlan, the "High Chief of Lorn," but to an individual of the name of Campbell, who was placed there as a royal constable. Towards the end of Bruce's reign, Roderick MacAlan of Lorn and the North Isles, was forfeited of all his possessions for engaging in some of the plots which, at that period, occupied the attention and called forth the energies of that celebrated king. On this occasion, it is probable that Angus Oig, whose loyalty never wavered, received further additions to his already extensive possessions; and before King Robert's death the house of Islay was already the most powerful in Argyle and the Isles.*

Angus Og married Margaret, daughter of Guy O'Cathan of Ulster, the "tocher" being, according to the Seannachaidh already quoted, "seven score men out of every surname under O'Kaine." Among these, it is said, came twenty-four chiefs, who became the heads of clans or septs. Of that number, Hugh Macdonald mentions "the Munroes, so called because they came from the Innermost Roe-water in the county of Derry, their names being formerly O'Millans; the Roses of Kilraack, the Fairns, Dingwalls, Glasses, Beatons, so now called, but improperly, that being a French name, whereas they are Irish, of the tribe of O'Neals, and took the name (of Beaton) from following the name of Beda. Our Highland Shenakies say that Balfour Blebo, and these Beatons that came from France, went formerly from Ireland, but for this they have no ground to go upon. The MacPhersons, who are not the same with the MacPhersons of Badenoch, but are of the O'Docharties in Ireland; the Bulikes in Caithness, of whom is the laird of Tolingail; and many other surnames, which, for brevity, we pass over, many of whom had no succession." It is impossible to vouch for the accuracy of a great part of Macdonald's MS., for the author of it was such an out-and-out patriot, that he scrupled not to write anything calculated to glorify his chief and name, apparently not caring much whether it was true or not. Some of his stories, however are far too interesting to be passed by; but when not otherwise sup-

* West Highlands and Isles, pp. 24-26.

ported the reader must just take them for what they are worth.* The following is one which is altogether too good, giving, as it does, a version of the origin of the Macleans, the ceremony of proclaiming the Lords of the Isles; and the manner in which justice was administered in those days in the Western Isles:—"Now Angus Ogg being at Ardhorinish in Morvein, in the time of Lent, Macdougall sent the two sons of Gillian in message to him. To know of these, viz., the sons of Gillian, I will tell you from whence they came, viz., John of Lorn, commonly called John Baccach, went off to harry Carrick in Galloway, the property of Robert Bruce, afterwards King Robert, and there meeting with one Gillian by name, son of Gilleusa, son of John, son of Gilleusa-More, he came to John Baccach of Lorn in quest of better fortune. Macdougall gave him a spot of land in the Isle of Sael, called Bealachuain. He had three sons, Hector, of whom descended the family of Lochbuy, and was the oldest; Lachlin (of) whom descended the family of Duairt, and the rest of the name; and a natural son, John, of whom others of the name descended. Now in the Scots language they were called Maclean, from that Gillian that made the first fortune there; but the ancient Scots called them MacGillian. The two sons of Gillian, as related above, were sent ambassadors to Macdonald at Ardhorinish, where, at the time, he held his Lent, as the custom of the time then was. They, after landing, had some conference with Macdonald about the Isle of Mull. Macdonald, denying any of his proper right of lands to Mac, desired MacFinnon, who was master of his household, to use the gentlemen kindly, and to cause them dine alone. MacFinnon caused set before them bread and gruthim, consisting of butter and curds mixed together, which is made in harvest, and preserved until time of Lent. The gruthim was so brittle, that it was not easily taken up with their long knives. Macdonald, coming up at the same time, and perceiving the men at meat in that posture, desired to give them some other sort of meat. MacFinnon replied that if they could not eat that meat as it was, they should put on the nabs of hens, with which they might gather it up easily; which reproachful answer touched the sons of Gillian nearly. Macdonald being that same day to cross the Sound of Mull to Aros, to solemnise the festival of Pasch there, he took

* The editor of the Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis adds the following note at the end of the MS.—This MS. History of the Lords of the Isles, now for the first time printed, is a very favourable specimen of the productions of the ancient Sennachies. Full of traditionary anecdotes, in general wonderfully accurate, they furnish a curious addition to the history of the Scottish Highlands. The Genealogical accounts of the various families contained in these MSS. is, however, frequently full of errors, principally intentional, and arising from the prejudices and active partizanship of the Sennachy, who being always devoted to one particular family, shared his patron's animosity against the Clans with whom he was at feud, and his jealousy of the other families of his own Clan, between whom there existed a rivalry. The Sennachy seldom scrupled to subserve his patron's jealousies, by perverting the history of their families, and this, he, in general, accomplished either by actually perverting the Genealogy, or by an extensive bastardising of the heads of the family, probably proceeding upon a principle not unknown to the present day, that a fact, however notoriously false, if perseveringly asserted for a certain length of time, will at length be received as true. The writer of this MS. was a staunch adherer of the Slate family, and therefore his statements, with regard to the Clans with whom the Clan Donald were at feud, and to the rival branches of that great Clan must be received with great caution. The bastardising of Dugall, reputed to be the progenitors of the MacDougalls, is a good illustration of the above remarks, for there is no doubt whatever that he was the eldest legitimate son of Somerled, by his marriage with the daughter of Olave the Red.

a small boat for himself, leaving MacFinnon behind with his great galley and carriage, and the rest of his men. When MacFinnon went to the shore to follow Macdonald, the sons of Gillian, taking the opportunity of revenge, and calling MacFinnon aside, stabbed him, and straight with his galley and their own men followed Macdonald acrose the Sound, who was not aware of them, thinking it was MacFinnon with his own galley that followed him, till they leaped into the boat wherein he was, and after apprehending him, made him prisoner, and brought him to Dunstafnage in Lorn. They remained without. Macdougall being, in the meantime, at dinner, who, hearing of their arrival, and that Macdonald was prisoner with them, said he was glad Macdonald was safe, and was very well pleased to have him his prisoner; but that Gillian's children were very bold in their attempt, and that he would, through time, bridle their forwardness and insolence. There was a young son of Macdougall's hearing what his father had said. This boy, fostered by Gillian and his son, coming out to meet them, told what his father said of them. They being perplexed, and musing what to do in this so precarious an affair, thought best to have their recourse to Macdonald, and told him that all men knew that they were of no power or capacity to apprehend him, but by accident; as it fell out; and seeing it was so, that he knew if he pleased to do them any good, and forgive them their former crime, he was more in power than their former master; that they would join with him, go along with him, and deliver him from the present danger. So taking Macdonald to his own galley again, Macdougall neither seeing him or them, they went for Mull, taking the Lord of the Isles upon his word, as they might.

"For he gave four score merks lands to Hector the oldest brother, and to Lachlin the youngst he gave the chamberlainship of his house, and made MacFinnon thereafter marshall of his army. Now, these made up the surname of Maclean, for they never had a rigg of land but what they received from Macdonald; to the contrary of which I defy them, or any other, to produce any argument; yet they were very thankful for the good done them afterwards. When the Macdonalds were in adversity, which happened by their own folly, they became their mortal enemies, as may be seen in the sequel of this history. Angus Ogg of the Isles was a personable, modest man, affable, and not disaffected either to king or state. He created Macguire, or Macquarry, a thane. He had a natural son, John, by Dougall MacHenry's daughter, she being her father's only child. This John, by his mother, enjoyed the lands of Glencoe, of whom descended the race of the Macdonalds. He had his legitimate son, John, who succeeded him, by O'Kain's daughter. He had not many children that came to age. He had a daughter married to Maclean, and that by her inclination of yielding. Angus died at Isla, and was interred at Icolumbkill. I thought fit to annex the ceremony of proclaiming the Lord of the Isles. At this the Bishop of Argyle, the Bishop of the Isles, and seven priests, were sometimes present, but a bishop was always present, with the chieftains of all the principal families, and a *Ruler of the Isles*. There was a square stone, seven or eight feet long, and the tract of a man's foot cut thereon, upon which he stood, denoting that he should walk in the footsteps and uprightness of his predecessors, and that he was installed by right in his possessions. He was clothed in a white habit,

to show his innocence and integrity of heart, that he would be a light to his people, and maintain the true religion. The white apparel did afterwards belong to the poet by right. Then he was to receive a white rod in his hand, intimating that he had power to rule, not with tyranny and partiality, but with discretion and sincerity. Then he received his forefather's sword, or some other sword, signifying that his duty was to protect and defend them from the incursions of their enemies in peace or war, as the obligations and customs of his predecessors were. The ceremony being over, mass was said after the blessing of the bishop and seven priests, the people pouring their prayer for the success and prosperity of their new created lord. When they were dismissed, the Lord of the Isles feasted them for a week thereafter; gave liberally to the monks, poets, bards, and musicians. You may judge that they spent liberally without any exception of persons. The constitution or government of the Isles was thus:— Macdonald had his council at Island Finlaggan, in Isla, to the number of sixteen, viz., four Thanes, four Armins, that is to say, lords or sub-thanes, four bastards *(i.e.)*, squires, or men of competent estates, who could not come up with Armins or Thanes, that is, freeholders, or men that had their lands in factory, as Macgee of the Rinds of Isla, MacNicoll in Portree in Sky, and MacEachern, Mackay, and MacGillevray, in Mull, Macillemhaoel or MacMillan, &c. There was a table of stone where this council sat in the Isle of Finlaggan; the which table, with the stone on which Macdonald sat, were carried away by Argyle with the bells that were at Icolumkill. Moreover, there was a judge in every Isle for the discussion of all controversies, who had lands from Macdonald for their trouble, and likewise the eleventh part of every action decided. But there might still be an appeal to the Council of the Isles. MacFinnon was obliged to see weights and measures adjusted; and MacDuffie, or MacPhie of Colonsay, kept the records of the Isles."

Angus Og died at Islay about 1329, and was buried at Icolumkill.

By his wife, Margaret, daughter of Guy O'Cathan, he had an only son and successor. He had also a natural son, John *Fraoch*, by a daughter of Dougall MacHenry, the leading man in Glencoe, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Glencoe.

He was succeeded by his only lawful son.

(To be Continued.)

The Editor is again at his post, having returned from a most agreeable tour among his countrymen in Canada. He has much pleasure in presenting his compliments to all the readers and friends of the *Celtic Magazine*, and in wishing them all—now so largely increased in number, at home and abroad—A very Happy and Prosperous New Year. Many thanks to all those who have so materially and so successfully aided in increasing the circulation and influence of the *Magazine* in every part of world, and especially in Canada and Australia, New Zealand and the United States of America.

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—*Tennyson.*

BOOK I.—"AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA."

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Chapter III.—*(Continued.)*

Insulted and disarmed he was roughly carried down the spiral staircase in the seaward tower, till reaching a point far down beneath the foundations of the keep in the very heart of the rock, he was borne along a low, damp corridor, one of the walls of which ran parallel with the moat on the landward side of the castle. Here a series of small, arched doorways gave admittance to a number of gloomy dungeons. A fearful stench impregnated the atmosphere, and stifled groans rose painfully to his ears. Only one of the dungeons appeared to be unoccupied, and into this Dermond was thrust with a shower of abuse and imprecations. The glare of the torch lighted up the oozy walls with their patches of white and green mould, and the arched roof with its clustering stalactites and rows of massive iron chains and rings for securing and torturing prisoners. In the centre of the apartment he nearly stumbled over a pile of whitened bones, and a mad bat as it fled with its zig-zag, jerky motion and blood-curdling squeak dashed against the flame of the torch and disappeared in the darkness of the corridor.

"H—'s curse be upon you," said the irritated torch-bearer.

As Dermond sank down on the stone bench where he was firmly bound with lock and chain, the iron-studded door was drawn to with a clang. For a while a glimmer of light stole in through the crevices of the doorway as the men were engaged fastening the bars and chains, but that soon died away and then all was darkness. The night was fearfully black outside, and not a single streak of light could pierce the narrow slit in the wall which looked out on the tossing sea. The breakers thundered on the rocks beneath, and the wind roared and whistled in frenzied fitfulness. Dermond buried his head in his hands, and could have wept in the extremity of his passion, but for the strong and manly hope that mingled with his despair and sustained his burning heart. The deeds that had been done in this horrible hole were vividly pictured in his mind—unspeakable tortures and awful deaths. The stench told of the countless numbers who had been left to rot and die of starvation. Some of the bones crunched beneath his feet as he moved, and the shackles rung on the bars of an iron bed where fire and oil had often done their roasting work. Strange lights gleamed and flickered along the roof, and shot sparkling from his inflamed eyes. Cries and strange shrieks were heard piercing the darkness, and the whole air seemed thick with the ghosts of the dead.

"Oh heaven!" he cried, "preserve me from the fangs of this Monster of Dunolly. Be near me, holy Mother of God. Spread your guarding wings around me, ye angels of blessedness."

He knelt on his knees, and taking the little rosary of chaste and glittering gems, which had once belonged to his mother, from his bosom, he fervently kissed it, and invoked the protection of his tutelar saint.

Another burst of crackling thunder, accompanied by a blinding flash of lightning, recalled to his mind the dangers of the night at sea; and as far as he knew his father was still abroad with his galley of desperadoes. He cursed the rashness of offence which had sent him to writhe in a dungeon when he might have been scouring the waters in searching for his father. He would rather have died in such an effort than lie a helpless prisoner in the hands of John of Lorn. In the midst of all his misery, however, he could not forget that sweet, sad face of Bertha, and that piercing shriek. She had great influence with Nora, and Nora could perhaps move her father. If ever he should regain his freedom he would devote the rest of his life to her service, and go like the knight-errants of lowland Scotland and England in search of adventures for the purpose of maintaining the beauty of her face and fame. He would give up this dreadful life at Dunkerlyne, forswear his allegiance to Lorn, and go and unite his fortunes with the gallant Bruce. He would lay his hands between his, and thenceforward fight with him for the relief of his country from the yoke of the tyrant. A hundred other thoughts rose in his mind as to the impracticability of such a scheme, but his heart was strong and his faith was great. He was at least resolved that he should no longer live the inactive life which he had hitherto led. He would go forth and distinguish himself, or die nobly in the effort. Again, however, the thought of his captivity weighed heavily on his mind. The length of his confinement was uncertain, and he might be led out to execution on the morrow. He might be left to starve, and his followers were too few to attempt to storm the castle and rescue him. The prospect was too fearful. He beat his head and groaned in his agony. The momentary sympathy which he had wasted on that poor waif clinging to the raft as it was dashed about by the waves at Dunkerlyne rose like a hideous phantom in his mind. He would not take the advice tendered him at the time, and now he was suffering the consequences. No good could come from running his head against the traditions of his race, and the rescue of a drowning man was peculiarly associated with evil. He had been very mad. His belief in the power of Jarloff had not yet been unshaken, heathen and maniac as the Norseman was, and he had strong hopes that relief would yet come. He attempted to sleep for the purpose of taking shelter from the fearful fancies in his mind, but all in vain. His nerves were too highly strung. He had only thought of his own pride, his own schemes, and his own personal safety at first; but now, in the lone watches of this sleepless night—in the midst of all the darkness, and listening to the noise of the winds and the sea—every cord which bound him to his reckless but lovable old father clung tighter and stronger. Then when his passion became too great for inaction or silence he would gesticulate and break out into cursing Lorn and Macnab; and attempting to rise and pace up and down the floor, he only found that the big clanking chains bound him too well to the iron torture-bed and stone bench of his gloomy dungeon.

Chapter IV.

The sun appears in the west, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm.—*Ossian.*

In the morning, when the storm had passed away, a solitary figure stood on the brow of a cliff that overlooked the sea. Throwing back the wet, dishevelled hair from his pale brow, wistfully he stood gazing afar down the rocks towards the shore, and away across the glittering expanse of water to the mountains of Morven and Mull, as they flashed from their peaks the beams of the rising sun. A great cloud swept midway across the heavens like a phantasmal chariot on wheels of burnished gold, and drawn by steeds of scorching flame. The sun glared like a red disk on a fiery background. Away to the south and west a few tangled masses of curling, vapoury cloud lay steeped in the rose and saffron tints of the horizon; while far above the burning hues of the eastern heavens the sky deepened into a brilliant blue, and stretched away to the north in shimmering grandeur behind the great, solemn mountains of the mainland.

For a while Cyril, who stood basking in the splendours of this glorious scene, was wrapt and speechless with emotion. Day after day he had gone to the top of the highest rock in Rathland to see the same sun lift his head above the sea and mountains of his native land, but never before had he felt the same thrilling sensations tingle in every vein as he watched the sun rise over the land of the stranger, from this solitary cliff among the isles of the Western Highlands.

The sea was still very turbulent, and the great waves breaking in sparkling, silvery crests sung out loudly on the beach; but still and harmless they looked when the last night's storm and all its hideous accompaniments were brought to memory—the dreadful darkness, the frightful, gleaming lights, the mountainous waves, the plunging, groaning hulk, the despair of strong and warlike men, the howling of the slaves, and that wild crash on the rocks when the cries of drowning men rose in shrieks above the noise of wind and waves.

Every soul had apparently perished but himself. How he had managed to escape was altogether a mystery. Clinging to a log of wood he drifted about for a while, until a great wave carried him gently ashore, and left him high and dry on the beach. He could scarcely believe, however, that everyone had perished, and carefully he scanned the length of rocky shore to see if no one still lingered in life about the scene of the wreck. His son had been lashed to a raft by his own hands, but not a sail or speck was to be seen on the heaving bosom of the ocean. A few flocks of wailing sea-birds were the only signs of life.

Rousing himself from his painful reverie, and turning his eyes landward, Cyril perceived that he was cast upon an island which appeared to be about five miles long and three broad. Towards the north the hills ran down in grassy and heathery slopes to the sea. A narrow streak of water ran between the island and the mainland, and a number of dark spots at the mouth of a glen in the distant landscape had the appearance of inhabited huts.

Cyril resolved upon striking inland for the purpose of obtaining rest

and refreshment, but he found himself exceedingly weak for travelling. His dress was thin and damp, and his aged limbs were benumbed with cold. His spirit was still the spirit of his youth, however, and not even age, bodily infirmity, or affliction could subdue it. Turning aside he disappeared down a dark gulley. Clinging to clumps of brushwood and fixing his feet in the safest places, he swung himself down the back of the rock with much more agility than he had mounted it. Expert as he was in the craft of the mountaineer, it took him some time before he could reach the bottom, owing to the difficulties he had to encounter. But the exercise seemed to do him good, and when he reached the shelf of rock running along the side of the glen he felt the warm blood pulsing through his veins and the colour returning to his cheek. He had little difficulty in fixing upon the direction he ought to take, but the road was steep and rugged, and after going some distance a reaction set in, and he felt himself growing more feeble from exhaustion and hunger. Besides his eyes were wearied with the continual strain of observing every new beauty of the wild scenery which burst on his view as he traced a precarious footing along the hillside. The sun also became hotter and hotter, and there was a certain sultriness in the atmosphere which made it exceedingly oppressive. On reaching the head of the glen he found he could go no further, and after eating some of the wild berries which grew in plenty along the hillside, he lay down under the shelter of some hazel bushes and fell fast asleep.

The day was far advanced, with the sun going down in the west, when a sound of harsh voices and the wild barking of dogs disturbed the slumbers of the wearied survivor from the wreck. A cross-bow bolt went tearing through the bushes, and whizzing past his ear it sunk deep into the soil close to where he lay. Springing to his feet he grasped the ash sapling which lay by his side, as his only weapon of defence, and placing himself in an attitude of battle, with his back against a rock, he stood prepared to meet the party of Highlanders who were advancing upon him. The shot seemed to have been directed more in jest or mistake, however, as the leader of the party, who carried his sword in his sheath, came up to the front and desired the startled stranger to be at peace, and take down his weapon, as no harm was intended.

"Methinks, good sir," he said, "you are a stranger on our shores, and judging from your style and bearing, I should say some evil fate hath cast you loose on this desolate island."

"You say well, Sir Chief," said Cyril, "a most untoward mishap hath thrown me a helpless stranger on your mercy."

"Say not untoward, for if it lieth in my power to do you aught that is good and hospitable, you shall not have been thrown on this wild shore in vain. The hearth of the Highlander is at all times open to the wandering or benighted stranger. His board is at his pleasure; and he shall not forget the courtesy of his race so far as to enquire whom and whence he is."

"Thanks, generous chieftain. I hope I may yet live to repay thy kindness. I'm in want of food and shelter for the night. On the morrow I shall be well enough to travel, and you may be able to escort me to a place of safety, whence I may return by sea to my native land. I am

but a poor castaway. Last night my ship was driven on the rocks in a frightful storm, and every soul but myself perished in the waves."

Something in these words seemed to give offence. A cloud passed over the brow of the chieftain. He stopped and bit his lip in the act of suppressing what he did not desire to speak. Cyril also saw him play with the hilt of his dirk, and he grasped his weapon more firmly prepared to fight for life if that were necessary. Brian the Viking, for it was no other than he, bent his eyes for some time on the noble features of the Irishman, and the frown gradually softened into an expression of great tenderness—a tenderness which no one could have thought him capable of, from the habitual sternness of his countenance. There was something altogether embarrassing to Brian in the look of this stranger—something he could neither explain nor understand. It awakened kindly and joyous memories. It carried him back to his buoyant boyhood. It wafted his thoughts away beyond those miserable years of intrigue and subjection to the sunny associations of the castle hearth when he was a gay, young stripling like his son Dermond, overflowing with love and exuberance of spirits. It reminded him of the glorious days of his father. All this was momentary, however, and his brow became darker with displeasure. He glared wildly at the stranger, and "What sought your galley on our shores!" burst savagely from his lips.

Cyril trembled at this change of tone, and he felt himself growing pale with a rising passion. From no man had he been accustomed in his long life to receive such questions without resenting them. The sudden change in the manner of the Highlander was altogether startling and inexplicable. He was too well aware that hospitality on these shores was surrounded with no end of superstition, and one of its unbreakable laws was that no stranger who asked for food or shelter should be required to unfold his name or habitation, if he had either, until a certain period of time had elapsed, when the host was at liberty to demand an explanation from his guest. The question of the chieftain was, on that account, all the more strange and unreasonable. The thought struck him that perhaps this man was mad and required humouring. He did not look unlike one suffering from the affliction of evil spirits, and there was something altogether eccentric about his words and bearing—the peculiar variations of his hollow voice, his perpetual restlessness, and the staring brilliancy of his dark eyes. Cyril could not, however, forget that look of speechless tenderness when the hard lines about his mouth gave way, the furrows on his brow relaxed, and the eyes softened with a glistening tear. What could all this mean? He reflected for some time, and a flood of harrowing memories burst madly on his thoughts. His eye had caught the name "Dunkerlyne" on the crests of the followers who now began to crowd curiously round about him, anticipating that something exciting was about to happen. It occurred to him that Dunkerlyne was surely the name of the castle built by his brother Francis after he had fallen under the displeasure of his father. Alas! what sad associations surrounded the memory from the bursting of the bonds of family affection to the blood-curdling tragedy which cast a hideous halo around the death of a brother whom, with all his faults, he loved so well. Cyril's life had been a chequered one, and the latest calamity—the loss of his two galleys, his faithful followers, and his only son—was much easier to bear than the

norrible memory that his brother Francis had accidently died by his hand.

"Dost thou hear!" said Brian, quivering with rage. "What sought your galley on our shores?"

"Pardon me, Sir Chief," said Cyril, with some hesitation.

"Nay," said Brian, "answer me. I will know, and that instantly, what was the nature of your expedition?"

"My country claimed my services, and I went boldly forth in her cause."

"What cause and what country?"

"Hear me then, if you will have me speak. My cause was freedom; and, I own it without fear or shame, my country the down-trodden Ireland. To relieve her from an unjust oppression I pledged my home, my followers, and my lands. While cruising off the coast of Kintyre my two galleys were attacked by an English squadron. One of my galleys fell a victim to the enemy, but not without bloodshed, and her commander, my faithful Laurence de Gaston, died fighting nobly. The other galley, which I commanded, escaped, but sailing on a sea imperfectly known to us, she was overtaken by a storm, and last night she struck on a rock and foundered with every soul but myself. My son, I fear, is dead, and as for my castle it must, by this time, be under siege by the enemy, who appears to have learned the plot by some foul treachery. To succour the Bruce, Carrick's noble knight, I came. In reality to save my country, for Sir Robert, once having established a footing as king of these fair realms, agreed to assist me in a rising for the overthrow of the tyrant Edward in Ireland. But now, alas! I am undone. My hopes are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and here I am a shipwrecked, ruined, and homeless old man."

This speech, spoken with a gleam of patriotic fire in his manly eye, visibly touched the tough old Viking, and Cyril saw the same tender expression, which had formerly excited his attention so much, play about his rugged features. His mind, however, seemed to be disturbed with conflicting passions, and the wild repulsive look soon returned. Absorbed in thought, he walked silently forward, and signed to the party to follow. The same sign was addressed to Cyril, and he marched forward with the rest, but without exchanging a single word.

On reaching the north end of the island, which was about two miles distant from the head of the glen where Cyril was awakened from his slumbers, the whole party embarked on board some transports, which carried them to Dunkerlyne, where they were received with great glee, but alarm was expressed at the absence of the young chief. Brian's galley was already anchored in the creek as he had despatched it before him, while he had gone on a hunting expedition into the island of Seil, where he came in contact with the stranger.

The feast was laid in the great hall. The ale was broached and the board was laden with the spoils of the chase. Beneath a rude, oaken canopy, and exalted above the rest of the rovers, sat the Viking himself. His brow was cloudy, and although he drank frequently, there was a freezing coldness about his manner, and he did not care to mix in the mirth of his merry men. Jarloff the minstrel had not shown himself that day, as he was engaged in nursing the youth whom Dermond had saved from the sea. Brian had not yet learned the fate of his son. No-

thing was more firmly fixed in his mind than the idea that some unknown power watched and guarded this precious youth, and that he would yet live to throw off the grinding yoke of John of Lorn. With this charmed life he was certain no harm could come to Dermond, and that he would soon return. Besides he had no fear for the sea, and he was certain of the stripling's prowess. With nothing to trouble him regarding Dermond, however, there was much in the event of the day. He could not resist the conclusion that this survivor from the wreck, who sat as his guest on his right hand, was no other than Cyril, the slayer of his gallant father, and upon whom he had gone forth that morning to wreak the vengeance of his liege lord and himself. The rights of hospitality were sacred and inviolable, and there was something peculiarly touching about the story of this desolate old man. And then those features! He could not help continually gazing on them. They struck a chord in his heart which had long been silent, and the vibrations thrilled his whole soul. A madness came upon him as he looked into that face, which reminded him so much of what his father was. He could not explain the likeness, and he was not aware of any relationship. He should like to know more about his guest before he thought of delivering him into the hands of John of Lorn. The accounts of the fight in which his father fell at Rathland by the hand of Cyril, were altogether hazy and in some measure untrustworthy. He should like to know more about this dreadful tragedy before he put forth a finger to mar a face which shone so much like that of him who was long since dead.

Brian had time for these reflections so long as the rest of the company continued to eat with the gravity of tired and hungry men, but as the ale began to circulate more freely, the mirth broke forth amidst a barbarous jargon of Norse and Gaelic and peals of echoing laughter.

"Fill a horn to the health of our chief," said one who was pretty far gone in liquor, "and soon may a strong arm restore the ancient glory of Dunkerlyne."

"*Skoal* to the Chieftain," resounded through the hall as everyone felt a penetrating glance from beneath the canopy fixed sternly upon him, cleaving every soul and analysing every secret thought.

Scarce had the shouting ceased when a courier from Dunolly was ushered into the hall, bringing intelligence of the outrage committed by young Dermond and the punishment inflicted by his liege lord. It was also announced that the gathering of the chieftains, which was prevented owing to the storm of the previous night, would take place on the evening of the next day, when further despatches were expected from the Earl of Pembroke regarding the strength and whereabouts of the rebel Bruce. Meanwhile the faithful men of the Isles were strongly exhorted to keep a vigilant watch along the shores and among the mountains, as it was expected that although Bruce was gallantly supported by a number of adherents, he would be beaten from the fields into the Highland fastnesses, and in all likelihood compelled to take to the sea. Brian the Viking was also particularly warned against allowing the Irish Chieftain, Cyril of Rathland, to land succours for the troops of the rebel knight.

(To be Continued.)

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER BARD, AND HIS TIMES.

—o—

John Macdonald—Lom, or Manndach, as he was called—was a scion of the House of Keppoch; of the branch known as "Sliochd a bhràthair bu shine." His father, Domhall Mac Iain mhic Dhomhaill mhic Ailean, was a distinguished member of the clan, and one of their leaders when they took the field.

The year of his birth is not known; but judging from his poems, which give us a good deal of accurate chronological data, it must have been very early in the seventeenth century. He seems to have possessed, as the following anecdote shows, a precocious mind, and to have given early indications of future celebrity. He accompanied his father Domhall Mac Iain and a party of his men to Inverness. After stabling their steeds, in which the boy took an active part, he joined the company where they were quartered for the night round a blazing fire. A stranger who happened for the nonce to be one of them, observing something peculiar about the appearance of our embryo bard, made a remark probably not very complimentary; whereupon the boy replied impromptu:—

Breith luath lochdach
Breith air loth phealagach
Na giulan breac-luirg leach.

"He judges rashly who judges an untrained colt, or a bare-legged youth"—a saying that since has passed into a proverb among Highlanders. His father, who listened with evident satisfaction to the ready retort, remarked—"'S math thu fhein, Iain, ni thu gleus fhathast." (Well done, John, you'll be a man yet.) Possibly his ready wit, or some peculiarity in his facial appearance, gained for him the soubriquet of "Lom;" as the Highlanders were rather addicted to giving names, because of oddities or excellencies, as the case might be. "Manndach" means stuttering or stammering; and as we find from a passage of arms between him and an Assynt bard, the appellation originated in some defect or peculiarity of utterance, which was probably born with him. On some occasion he had to be present at one of the Inverness annual markets, where O'Bryan the Assynt bard was also in attendance, and who evidently bore no good will to John. Seeing him dressed in Lochaber tartan, and so guessing that he hailed from thence, he inquired if he knew Iain Manndach. Our bard replying that he did, he enquired if he would be the bearer from him of a "soraidh" to that well known individual. "Soraidh" means compliments or farewell, as the case may be; though on this occasion it happens to be something else than complimentary. John of course replied he would be the willing bearer of the "soraidh," and so O'Bryan begins as follows:—

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manndach uam,
Rag mhearlach nan each bhreanndalach,
'S tric a thug am mearlach ud am meann a mach 'o 'n chro.

B'e fasan fir a Bhraighe ud,
Da thaobh Lochiall 'us Arasaig;
Bhiodh sgian san dara brathair dhiu', mu urrad ara dh' fheoil.

The last line has reference to a quarrel in which our bard unintentionally and unfortunately wounded his brother; allusion to which stung him sorely, in addition to the personal reflections upon his character, and that of his kin. Waiting not for more of the "soraidh," John replied instanter—

A theangaidh *liodach* mhiorbhuilleach,
Nach tuig thu bhi ga d' dhiomalladh.
'S mithich teannadh gu clach shnioraidh leat,
'Sa faigheadh Brian a leor.

Cha b' chubair a ghoid ghearran mi,
Cha d' chuir mi m'uigh san ealaidh sin,
Cha mho chum e caithris orm, 'toirt mhult a cara chro.

As the next stanza shows, they are also far from agreed anent the political aspects of those times. This may account somewhat for their bardic antagonism :—

Ge d' 's cam a stigh fo d' ghluinean thu,
Gur caime stigh fo d' shuilean thu,
'S tu troitear nan seachd duthchanna a reic an crun air grot.

The remaining verses are so abusive, we elect not to quote them. Allowing, however, he traverses rules of good taste and courtesy, we must admit that as an instance of bardic ready wit and "spur of the moment" reply, John shows uncommon cleverness and power of repartee.

In 1639 the Campbells of Breadalbane made a raid upon the Braes of Lochaber, and drove away large herds of cattle. In resentment of this injury, a hundred and twenty Lochaber men with their chief, Angus Odhar of Keppoch, at their head, made a similar raid upon Breadalbane —raised a large "*creach*," and had driven the cattle homewards as far as Killin, where a battle was fought, long and sadly memorable in the history of the Breadalbane family. The day on which the Lochaber men were wending their way homewards with their ill-gotten booty, happened to be the wedding day of one of the daughters of Sir Robert Campbell of that Ilk—ancestor of the Breadalbane family then residing at his seat of Finlaraig, west end of Loch Tay. News of the outrage came speedily to the ears of the wedding party—who by-and-bye, from the windows of the castle, saw the stolen kine as they were driven along the brow of Stroneachlachain—right opposite. Flushed with wine, and indignant at the boldness of the freebooters, the gentlemen of the party armed themselves, and with the bridegroom at their head, sallied forth to chastise the marauders—a foolhardy deed and a sad ending to the marriage festivities. There was a deadly fight. The Lochaber men had the advantage of ground, and did great execution among the Campbells before they came to close quarters. In this skirmish there were slain eighteen cadets of the House of Breadalbane—"ochd odhachan deug Thigh Bheallaich"—besides the bridegroom, whose name tradition has not handed down. The loss of the Lochaber men was not so large, but included their chief, Angus Odhar, and Donald Mac Iain, the bard's father. The bard himself was present on this occasion, and commemorates the action in the lament beginning—

Ruag sin cheann Loch-a-tatha,
Si chuir mise bho aighear,
Dh' fhag mi Aonghas na luidhe san araich,

Ge d' fhag mi ann m' athair,
Cha 'n ann air tha mi labhairt,
Ach an lot 'rinn an claidheamh nu d' airnean.

This was the beginning of a long and deadly feud between the men of Breadalbane and those of Brae-Lochaber.

As late as 1681, we find from the Breadalbane papers in the Black-book of Taymouth that a bond of manrent was given by Gilleasba, chief of Keppoch, to John Glas, first Earl of Breadalbane; "such as Ceppoch's predecessors gave to the Earl's predecessors." Such bonds were common in those turbulent times, and show the loose condition of society since that binding obligations of this nature became necessary, to allay mutual animosities, as well as for mutual defence. In the present instance the bond is significant as binding Keppoch "to restrain all the inhabitants of Brae-Lochaber, and all of the name of Macdonell, from committing robberies within the Earl's bounds."

In appreciation of services rendered by our bard to the Stuart cause; and which also shows the estimation in which his abilities were held by politicians, he was chosen to fill the office of Gaelic Poet Laureate to Charles II., of whom he was an enthusiastic supporter. It was owing to timely information given by him that Montrose, Charles's Lieutenant, gained his decisive victory at Inverlochy, in the winter of 1645. Montrose, formerly a Covenanter, but alienated by the preference shown to the Duke of Argyll, mortally hated the Campbells; and never lost an opportunity of inflicting injury upon them. He burnt down every farm steading from the fords of Lyon to the Braes of Glenurchy; and then passed on to Argyle, a great portion of which he wasted with fire and sword. Thereafter he pursued his course northwards by the great Caledonian Valley, and got as far as the camping ground of Leitir-nan-lub, near Fort-Augustus, when he was overtaken by a man in hot haste, informing him that Argyll was in pursuit of him; and resting his army by the old Castle of Inverlochy. This was none else than our bard; who assured the Marquis that if he retraced his steps by a route he described—the bard himself being guide—he would have an easy victory. Montrose hesitated, but his Lieutenant, Sir Alexander Macdonald, who knew the poet, fell in at once with his suggestions, and urged the Marquis to act upon them. This was eventually agreed to, with results such as are well known. According to tradition Montrose himself was not personally present at the battle of Inverlochy; the troops being commanded by his Lieutenant, "Alastair MacColla." This seems to gain confirmation from the fact that our poet, who was present a spectator of the fight, makes no mention of Montrose, while he extols to the skies the skill and prowess of his Lieutenant, MacColla. John Lom proved himself a skilful guide on this occasion. He knew the district well, and leading the troops by unfrequented routes over the hills to the south of the Great Glen, they found themselves on a Sabbath morning in November 1645, right in front of Argyle's forces, in a position in which the latter could neither decline battle nor yet fight to advantage. Sir Alexander—so goes the tale—would have our bard accompany him to the fight sword in hand. The latter, however, declined the proposal, on the plea that it was his office to celebrate the coming victory in song, which of course he could not do in the event of his falling in battle. The plea was accepted, and the

poet was a spectator of the action, which, as he tells us in one of his best poems, he witnessed from the top of Inverlochy Castle. His refusal to take an active part in the fray has been ascribed to cowardice. We see no good grounds for this charge considering the part he acted on other similar occasions. Besides, he was probably right in thinking he would do more service to the cause by his songs than by his sword.

Angus Odhar Macdonald of Keppoch, slain at the skirmish of Stroneachlachain, was succeeded in the chieftainship by his uncle, Alastair Buidhe Macdonald. His elder brother, Donald, was the rightful chief; but on account of the prominent part he acted in the wars of Montrose, he fell under the ban of the authorities and was obliged to go into exile. His sons, Alexander and Ronald, who were minors, were sent abroad to be educated, and the management of the estate and clan devolved upon their cousins as nearest of kin. They proved unfaithful to their charge; conspired with interested partizans to secure the chieftainship; and assassinated their uncle Donald's sons at a feast given in honour of their arrival at their ancestral home. But for the action of our bard, almost single handed, they would have gained their object. Deeply touched by the sad fate of the murdered youths, he exerted all his personal influence and the power of his muse, to bring the culprits to immediate justice. "Murt na Ceapaich," "The Keppoch Murder," is a poem of great power and pathos, and describes in melting strains the melancholy fate of his young kinsmen:—

'S ann desathurna gearr uainn, bhuail an t-earchall orm spot,
S mi caoidh nan corp gealla call am fala fo'm brot.
Bha mo lamhan-sa craobhach 'n deigh bhi taosgadh bhur lot,
'Bhi ga'r cuir ann an ciste, tuirn is miste mi 'nochd.

As might be expected, he was mercilessly persecuted by the perpetrators of the dark deed, and to save himself, had to flee his native country and find shelter in Kintail under the wings of the Earl of Seaforth. To this expatriation he alludes in the poem, of which the following are the two first stanzas:—

Mi ga m' fhogradh a Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhanus gun aitreabh,
'S nach e mal a tha faltrachadh orm.

'S mi ga m' fhogradh a m' dhuthaich
'S m' fhearann posd aig siol Dhughaill
'S iad am barail gu 'n uraich iad coir.

From this retreat he poured forth a torrent of mingled invective and appeals, such as very soon created a powerful public opinion in favour of the cause he espoused. Taking prompt advantage of this, he visited Invergarry Castle, the seat of the Macdonell chieftain, raised to the Peerage by Charles II., by the title of Lord Macdonell and Aros. His representations failed, however, in prevailing upon this chief to take the initiative in his favour; but he advised him to appeal to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, as Captain of Clanranald. To make way to the good graces of Sir Alexander, he composed the song beginning—

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn 's lion an cupa le solas.
Ma 's a branndai na beoir i,
'N deoch 's air Captain Chloinn Domhnuil, 's air Sir Alastair Og thig 'o 'n chaol,

This appeal was followed by a personal visit from our bard; which, backed as he was by the influence of Lord Macdonell, had the desired result. Sir Alexander lost no time in representing the case to Government, who authorised him to bring the perpetrators of the murder to immediate justice. The carrying out of the enterprise, which needed both secrecy and skill, was entrusted by Sir Alexander to his son, Archibald—An Ciaran Mabach—a soldier and a poet; and in whose abilities and courage his father reposed great confidence. In concert with the poet, they laid their plans so well that the assassins were surprised in their beds, and had summary justice inflicted upon them—seven in all. By dawn next day their heads were laid at the feet of Lord Macdonell at Invergarry Castle. On their way to Invergarry, the heads were washed at a fountain, a few miles west from the castle, which to this day, in remembrance of the event, bears the name of "Tobair-nan-ceann"—the fountain of the heads; and over which a chieftain representative of Lord Macdonell erected a monument, with the following Gaelic inscription by the late eminent poet and scholar, Mr Ewen Maclauchlan of Aberdeen. It is in Ossianic verse, and will, we are sure, be appreciated by readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, who understand Gaelic :—

Fhir astair thig faisg agus leubh,
Seul air ceartas an Dé bhuain.
Eisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhag
A Cheapach na laraich fhuair.
Sgaoil na milltich lion an Eig
Mu bhord eibhinn nam fleadh fial,
S mheasguich iad na sean 's na h òig
San aon tòr na'm fuil gun ghiomh.
Mhosgail corruich an t-ard Thriath,
Ursainn dhian nan comhlan cruaidh,
Mor-Fhear chloinn Domhnuill an fhraoich,
Leomhann nan euchd, Craobh nam buadh.
Dh'iarr e 's chaidh Dioghalt na léum
Mar bheithir bheumnach nan nèul.
Ghlac i dream a dhealbh an fhoill
'S thug lan duais mar thoill an gniomh.
Lamh riutsa 'ghorm-fhuaran ghrinn,
Dh'ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lùb,
'S aig casan a Ghaisgich àigh,
Thilgeadh iad air lar a dhùin.
Còr'us cuig fichead bliadhna deug
Thriall mu'n speur 'o dheas gu tuath,
Bho 'n ghairmeadh Tobair-nan-ceann
Do 'n t-shruthan so an cainnt an t-shluaigh.
Mise 'n seachdamh th'air dheich glùin
Do fhreamh uaiseil an laoich thréin,
Mac-mhic-Alastair m'ainm ghnàths
Flath chlann Domhnuil nan sar éuchd.
Thog mi 'n leachd's air lóm an raoin
Faisg air caochan a chliù bhuain,
Mar mheas do cheann Stuic nan Triath,
'S gun cuimhnicht an gniomh ri luaths.

From Invergarry, John and his men wended their way to Inverness, by the direction of Lord Macdonell, who would have their action indorsed by magisterial approval. A local tradition records an anecdote of this journey, illustrative of the stern satirical character of our poet. The man who carried the creel with the heads, on arrival at the Inn of Cluanmore in Glen-Urquhart, threw it carelessly off, whereupon there was a rattling of the heads. John exclaimed, on hearing it, "Ud! ud! nach cord sibh! nach cord sibh! 's gur cloinn chairdean sibh!" (What! wont you agree

—wont you agree, you being so near akin)—a saying that passed into a proverb among Highlanders. "Mar a thuirt Iain Manndach ris na cinn, nach cord sibh, 's gur cloinn chairdean sibh!"

The restoration of the Stuart dynasty in the person of Charles II., was the realization of the bard's dearest wishes. He schemed for it. He fought for it. He sang for it; and now that it is an accomplished fact, he is jubilant over it:—

Bho 'n bha sheanns oirn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirn,
Gu'n do thionndaidh a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.

The event assured to him his small, but to him, valuable Laureate emoluments—which, during his subsequent expatriation by the murderers of his chieftain kinsmen, were his sole reliable support. It also relieved him from the toil, dangers, and anxieties of the campaigning life which he constantly lived during the unsettled years that preceded the Restoration. On various grounds the event was a bright spot in the life of our bard. Accordingly, the Revolution of 1688, so fatal to his favourite dynasty, brought into play afresh, all the old energy, both in action and song. In his poem on William and Mary, we have all the former fire—the old bitter, biting, indignant sally and satire in full play. William he compares to the recreant Absolom, and anticipates for him a similar fate—the wish no doubt being father to the thought:—

Bha mac aig Righ Daibhidh
'S bu deas aill air ceann sluaigh e.
Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athair
Am fear is measa ga bhuaireadh.
'Nuair a sgaoileadh am blar ud,
Thug Dia paigheadh a dhuais dha.
'S on' bu dhroch dhuine cloinn' e,
Chroch a choill' air a ghruaig e.

Accordingly, when in 1689, Viscount Dundee took the field in behoof of the fallen dynasty, he found in John Lom one of his most active and enthusiastic coadjutors. All his powers of persuasion, and his talent for song, were now as ever exerted in the cause; and advanced in years as he must have been, he accompanied the Lochaber men to the field of Killiecrankie—Rinrory, as the Highlanders say. Their march, their successive encampments, and their prowess in the field, are given by him in his best style in his "Latha Raonniaridh." The fall of Dundee he laments in tender, tearful strains, foreseeing, as by a sort of inspiration, the disastrous consequences to the cause he had so much at heart:—

Ceannard an aigh, gu'n do thuit thu sa bhlar,
'S bu sgathach do laimh gus an d' thainig an uair.
'S e do bhàs a Dhundee, dh'fhag mis' fo throm lighe,
Chuir toll na mo chridhe, 's dh'fhag snigh'air mo ghruaidh,
Bu bheag airson d'eiric, na thuit de na beisdean,
An cogadh Righ Seumas ge d' dh'éirich leinn buaidh;
Ach sgabadh nan cuileag, air muinntir Righ Uilleam,
Tha sinne fo mhulad, ge d' chuir sinn iad uainn.

In another song, commemorative of the same action, he describes both the manner and the time of Dundee's death. The common account is that Claverhouse fell at the close of the battle; that the fatal bullet struck him under the arm as he waved it to urge forward a division of cavalry, to complete the rout. John Macdonald's account reverses all this; and

present as he personally was, and therefore conversant with the events to the day, we must give great weight to his testimony. According to him, Claverhouse fell at the commencement of the action, not at the close of it:

> A shàr Chlabhars nan each,
> Bu cheann-feadhn' thu air feachd,
> Mu chreach leir *an tùs gleachd* mar dh' éirich dhuit.

And as we see from the next stanza he was struck not under the arm but in the pelvis; when, as tradition says—to use the modest language of Scripture,—he was like Saul in the cave, "covering his feet." In this posture, which the exigencies of the moment compelled him to assume: the lower part of his body was necessarily divested of his proof armour, and the fatal bullet did its work. So says our poet :—

> Bu lasair theine dhoibh d'fhearg,
> Gus an d'éirich mi-shealbh.
> Bhuail am peileir fo *earball t-éididh thu.*

The tradition that his body was stripped, and left naked on the battle-field, is also corroborated by the following stanza of the same song :—

> Bu mhor cosgradh do làmh
> Fo aon chloguide bàr.
> 'S do chorp *nochduidh geal bàn gun eideadh air.*

If we then accept the testimony of our bard, the story that he was buried in the Athole vault in full armour is a supposition, or an invention of partizanship, to hide the truth as to the fate of his remains. We are not to suppose that all the soldiers and camp followers even of his own army knew him so as to recognise him among the dead. There is, therefore, great probability in the averment, that Claverhouse was stripped of his raiment and armour by the hovering harpies of this well-fought field, and that his remains were consigned to the dust with those of the common soldiers of both armies.

The fate of his wife, who survived him, is somewhat singular, and is as follows:—She was the daughter of William, son and heir of William, Earl of Dundonell. After the death of Claverhouse, she married Viscount Kilsyth, like her first husband, a strong partizan of the House of Stuart. Subsequent to the defeat of Sheriffmuir they fled to Holland, where two years after (1717) she and her infant son were smothered by the falling of a roof. Their remains were embalmed, sent to Scotland, and buried in the family vault at Kilsyth where, strange enough, they were accidentally discovered within recent years, in a state of perfect preservation. Students from the University of Glasgow, actuated by curiosity, opened the vault, long out of use for burying purposes. One of them, seeing a coffin with Lady Kilsyth's name and the date of her death, removed the decayed wooden lid; and on lifting the leaden covering underneath, found her body and that of her child as entire as the day they were entombed. "Every feature," says Dr Rennie, "nay, the very shroud is as clean and fresh, and the ribbons as bright as the day they were laid in their coffin. It would not be easy for a stranger to distinguish with his eye, whether Lady Kilsyth was dead or alive."

Of the history of our poet subsequent to the Killiecrankie campaign we know but very little, either from tradition or from the productions of his muse; though we may rest assured he moved on the old lines, and

was energetic and loyal as ever, in behoof of his favourite dynasty. His elegy on the death of the chief, Alastair Dubh Macdonell of Glengarry, shews that he survived the battle of Killiecrankie twenty-five years. Alastair Dubh of Glengarry fought at Sheriffmuir, and lived for some time thereafter; so that John Lom must have died at a very advanced time of life; in all probability when he was over a hundred years of age. When he began life, James sat upon the throne of England; and when he departed this life, George I. reigned; so, besides Cromwell, he lived long enough to see seven monarchs swaying the English sceptre—and the last of the seven, the representative of the dynasty, destined permanently to supplant that, which it was his life-long effort and wish to consolidate.

Although, as we see from several of his productions, John Lom was capable of powerful emotion, yet his poetry is not the poetry either of feeling or pathos. His muse was exerted almost exclusively for political and warrior ends; which accounts for, if it does not excuse, a certain element of savagery which pervades some of his productions, as "An Ciaran Mabach" and "Latha Innerlochaidh." Nor does he appear to have studied euphony; nor are his measures always exact, unless we are to suppose them affected in course of oral transmission, which is quite possible. But for command of language, vivid, graphic description, power of satire or praise as suited his purpose, few of our Highland poets have equalled him. His poetry also shews extensive knowledge of history, politics, and Scripture; and as is seen from his song against "the Union," he was not only conversant with politics in general, but even with the individual opinions and proclivities of the actors in the dramas of his time. How he acquired such information, living as he did, in a remote locality, is a marvel. It shows, however, what can be done by a master mind, under even unfavourable circumstances.

He was married and had a family. One of his sons inherited a considerable measure of his father's poetical talent. The Keppoch family, of which he was a cadet, were notable for their bardic gifts. "Gilleasba na Ceapaich," and "Colla na Ceapaich," were bards as well as chiefs. Julia of Keppoch—Sile Ni-mhic-Raonuill, was a poetess not much inferior to John Lom himself. He is buried in Tom-aingil in Brae-Lochaber, where, until lately, the people showed his grave to the curious.

Na Shineadh an sud fo na pluic,
Tha gaol an Leomhainn 's fuath an Tuirc.

KENMORE. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

THE ANTIQUARY.—Just as we were going to press, we received the first number of this New Monthly. A hurried glance through its pages at once convince us that its contents are varied and interesting. Its Editor, Edward Walford, M.A., author of the "County Families," is well known in the antiquarian and genealogical world, and we have no doubt that he will make the "Antiquary" a success, surrounded as he is by such a galaxy of eminent antiquarian contributors. There is a field to be taken up, and the "Antiquary," so far as can be judged from a first number, promises to occupy it well. We, however, desiderate any Scotch or Highland contributions or contributors.

III.

Cape Breton.

If I remember correctly I parted company with the reader in my last at Port Mulgrave, on the Straits of Canso, on my way to Cape Breton, where I arrived, after having crossed the Straits by a ferry only a little more than a mile wide, on the 22d of September, thus satisfying a life-long ambition; for ever since I began to think, I looked forward to the day when I should see this island, made interesting to me from childhood days in consequence of several relatives having emigrated there when I was but a child. I felt as if I were a new man in a new world, and a most beautiful and delightful world it was. I crossed pretty early in the day, and a family of Grants from Glenmorriston having discovered that I was there, insisted upon paying me every attention, and upon my delivering a lecture on my return, which, in the end, I agreed to do. After a pleasant day spent in the village of Hawkesbury, I hired a conveyance to carry me over a neck of land 13 miles across from the Straits of Canso to West Bay, on the Big Bras D'or Lake, from which I got to my destination on Boulardrie Island, by the steamer *Neptune*, a handy little boat, commanded by Captain Howard Beatty, a most agreeable fellow, and a genuine Scot. Our countrymen are in this country at the top of everything, and I was not surprised to find that the purser was also a Scot and a Highlander, Archibald Macdonald, a native of Arisaig. The sail on these magnificent lakes was most delightful, the scenery reminding one very much of Loch-Ness and its surroundings, with the difference that the Bras D'or Lake would not miss Loch-Ness out of it, and that the Inverness-shire mountains are on a much grander scale than those of Cape Breton. I never enjoyed anything so much as this sail, though possibly that may be attributed in some degree to the fact that I was just realising, and, as it were, drinking in the ambition and object of forty years. On the right we leave the Little Bras D'or and Christmas Isle, while on the left we call at and pass Baddeck, a pretty village, the capital of Victoria county, which carries on a considerable trade with Newfoundland in cattle and dairy produce. In a few hours I land at Fraser's Wharf, so called after the son of the late Rev. Mr Fraser, a native of Dingwall, for many years minister on the Island of Boulardrie. John A. Fraser, a first cousin of the Rev. Mr Baillie, minister of Gairloch, was the first man I met on landing, and he at once volunteered to drive me to where my friends lived, about two and a-half miles distant. I was soon among my friends, whom I found in much better circumstances than I anticipated, and as their position is a fair illustration of that of many others in Cape Breton, I may just as well describe it. Their father, Alexander Grant, emigrated from Gairloch in 1841, having only a very few pounds in his possession. He had been in the British navy for five years, in virtue of which he obtained a free grant of 200 acres on his arrival in Cape Breton. He, at the same time, took up

another lot of equal extent, both then completely covered with a dense forest. Some of his family were grown up, and he at once set to work to clear a patch to plant a few potatoes in. The first thing he did was to erect a hut in the forest. The snow lay thick on the ground. A sufficient space was cleared to enable the family to sit round a fire placed in the centre of the hut, and sleep around it at night, while the bank of snow was left at one end for the purposes of a pillow, with the bushes of trees as the only covering to screen them from the wintry elements. Never mind, they passed the winter without suffering any injury to their hardy constitutions; next year they built a log-house, and they set to work in right earnest to clear the forest. The old man and the family prospered. His two sons now possess 200 acres each of excellent land, contiguous to one another, with about twenty head of cattle, thirty sheep, and two pair of horses each. They live in good, substantially built houses of nine or ten rooms each, furnished and carpeted equal to any farmer's house in the county of Inverness. I was shown deposit receipts for considerable sums in bank, and notes for various amounts lent out at interest to tradesmen in the district. Here I met several from my native parish of Gairloch, and other parts of Wester Ross, in easy circumstances, possessing their own farms in free heritage, and as happy as they can wish. Their religious wants are well supplied, since the death of the Rev. Mr Fraser, by a fine Highlander, and a good, solid, common-sense preacher, the Rev. Mr Drummond, a native of Argyleshire. I heard him preach two sermons, one in Gaelic and the other in English. In the former he was really eloquent, and, unlike many of the Gaelic sermons often preached at home, his effort exhibited evidence of having been carefully prepared; while it was fluently, and earnestly delivered. Mr Drummond I found to be a great favourite with his people, and, though a genuine, true-blue Presbyterian, by no means a narrow-minded bigot.

From Boulardrie my relatives were able to drive me to North Sydney, a distance of fourteen miles, in a carriage and pair, while, had they remained at home in Melvaig, they would probably have never got beyond a pair of creels. In North Sydney I delivered my lecture on "Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles." I was well received. Next morning I found myself famous in the local papers, and in the evening I delivered another in South Sydney, the ancient capital of Cape Breton—the Hon. Sheriff Fergusson, a native of Uist, and a perfect Celtic encyclopædia, doing me the honour of presiding, while the Hon. E. F. Moseley, Speaker of the Nova Scotia House of Commons, proposed a vote of thanks in a tasteful, appreciative speech, and kindly invited me to spend a few days at his house. My time, however, was limited, and I was obliged, with some regret, to decline his proferred hospitality. Here I also met some warm-hearted and well-to-do Celts. Among them, James Mackenzie, a native of Lochcarron, owning the finest drapery establishment in Sydney, having larger accommodation than any shop in Inverness. His better-half I found to be a daughter of the better-known James Mackenzie, merchant and banker, Stornoway. Another prominent and prosperous Gael was Duncan Mackenzie, descended on the one side from the Sand (Udrigle) Mackenzies, and on the other from the family of Gruinard; as also Kenneth R. Mackenzie, a leading grocer in North Sydney, from Lochcarron, descended from the Mackenzies of Fairburn and Davochmaluag.

Nine-tenths of the population of Cape Breton are Scottish Highlanders, nearly all of whom still speak the Gaelic language. There are only two Presbyterian congregations in the whole Island in which Gaelic is not preached at least once a day. There are a great many Highland Catholics in the Island, who live on the most friendly terms with their Presbyterian neighbours. It is divided into four counties, named respectively, Inverness, Richmond, Victoria, and Cape Breton. Farming is generally backward, except in the county of Inverness, which is farmed equal to any county in Nova Scotia, but in spite of that, Cape Breton took the first prize for the best oats exhibited at the Provincial Exhibition of all the product of Nova Scotia, held during my visit to that place.

The Island is 100 miles long by, in one part, 85 wide, having an area of 3120 square miles. The first settlement was made in 1712 by the French. It had, however, been discovered by the French navigator Cabot as early as 1497, but previous to 1700 it was only visited by fur traders and fishermen. After they lost Nova Scotia proper, or that part of it known as Acadia, the French began to colonise Cape Breton, and to build the great fortifications at Louisburg, which, while in the possession of the French, continued for many years to be the capital of the Island. The fortress was long considered impregnable, but war having been declared between France and Great Britain, Governor Shirley of Massachussetts formed the design of taking the stronghold; and sailing from Boston with a powerful expedition for that purpose, he arrived at the Straits of Canso on the 5th of April 1745. The reinforcements sent by the French were captured by the British admiral, and the great fortress was ultimately forced to capitulate. The Acadians sent to France for aid; an expedition was got up to reconquer Acadia and Cape Breton, but the hostile fleet met with severe and terrible disasters. It was wrecked and dispersed by violent storms, the crews were thinned to an alarming extent by epidemics, the expedition accomplished nothing, and only a small remnant returned to France. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, the Island was restored to its original owners, but it was soon after finally and for ever attached to the British crown.

It is very much indented with bays, and every part of its interior is accessible by water. The part to the north of the Big Bras D'or Lake, which divides the Island into two, is high, bold, and steep, while the southern half is low, intersected by numerous inlets, diversified by moderate elevations, and rising gradually from its interior shore on Little Bras D'or Lake until it terminates in abrupt cliffs toward the Atlantic Ocean. The highest elevation in the southern half is only 800 feet above the level of the sea, while towards North Cape, in the northern section, the mountains rise to an altitude of 1800 feet. Big Bras D'or Lake is 50 miles long by 20 wide, and varies in depth from 12 to 60 fathoms. It is one of the safest harbours in the world, and thousands of British ships have, in the past, obtained in it their cargoes of timber. Salt springs are found on the coast. The climate varies, but is not so cold as on the adjoining continent of Nova Scotia. Vegetation is rapid. Maize and corn are produced in considerable quantities, but not to a sufficient extent for home consumption. Quarries of marble, granite, limestone, and slates, are plentiful throughout the Island. Gypsum and salt are also to be found, and coal is abundant and of a very superior quality. No less

than 120 square miles are occupied with coal of the very best description, while there are rich deposits of superior iron ore and gold. The Island has always been celebrated for its fisheries. In 1871 its products were as follows :—Dried cod, 126,275 cwt.; scale fish, 64,025 do.; pickled mackerel in barrels, 49,226 do.; pickled herrings, 39,266 do.; pickled salmon, 944 do.; other pickled fish, 3363 do.; oil of all kinds in gallons, 74,625, the total estimate at considerable over a quarter of a million sterling, and the Island employing no less than 5780 men in this industry alone. The coal trade has for many years been exceedingly prosperous, but since Confederation with the upper provinces of Canada it has been almost ruined in consequence of a tax of 75 cents per ton placed by the Americans on all Canadian coal, making it impossible for the Nova Scotians to compete in their natural market with the home product in the United States of America. The population of Cape Breton in 1861 was 63,083, in 1871 it was 75,483. It sends eight members to the Provincial Legislature of Nova Scotia, and five to the Dominion House of Commons. It has turned out some very good men, among them the Hon. William Ross, late M.P. in the Dominion Parliament, and Minister of Militia in the late Government. He is now Collector of Customs at the port of Halifax, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. His people emigrated from Sutherlandshire without a penny, and though he only obtained such education as the common schools of Cape Breton could afford him thirty to forty years ago, his natural ability secured for him the honourable position of a Minister of the Dominion of Canada. His brother, John Ross, was also a member of Parliament, but was defeated at the last general election. Charles Campbell, Baddeck, was for twenty years M.P. in the local House, afterwards a member of the Legislative Council, and subsequently M.P. in the Dominion Parliament. He possesses extensive coal mines in Cape Breton, and a wharf and buildings at Halifax, for which a few years ago he paid nearly £10,000. He is a native of Skye, and was originally in poor enough circumstances. Another Skyeman, Alexander Campbell, is M.P. for the county of Inverness, and is, commercially, in good circumstances. William Macdonald, M.P. for the county of Cape Breton, is a successful merchant at Glass Bay, whose father emigrated from the Western Isles. H. F. Macdougall, M.P., returned to the local House last year, has a capital business on Christmas Isle. His father came out from Barra quite poor and uneducated, in spite of which he succeeded in business here, educated his family, and his son is now in Parliament. Mr Macinnes, now M.P. for British Columbia, came from Skye to Cape Breton penniless, and made a fortune. And last, but not least—among the members of Parliament, Cape Breton has turned out John Morrison, M.P., who has been returned last year to the local House, and who distinguished himself by delivering the first Gaelic speech ever delivered in the Nova Scotian Legislature. His father, who was closely related to Morrison "Gobha," the Harris bard, emigrated from that place without a cent, and became a prosperous farmer. The son now possesses the farm, along with one of his own, and is a prosperous merchant, at St Anne's, in addition. I had the good fortune to meet him on the steamer on my way back from Cape Breton, and enjoyed his company all the way to Halifax, and for a considerable time there ; and a finer Highlander—plain and unpretentious, but most intelligent, it has not been my lot to meet. A Mr Maclean,

who came out from the Isle of Skye without a sixpence, is now the wealthiest farmer on the Island. He was quite illiterate, but a good farmer. He made money, which he has advanced at high rates of interest on mortgages and other such safe investments, and is now reputed to be possessed of great wealth.

Having spent five most agreeable days in Cape Breton, I returned, by the Bras D'or route, to Port Hawkesbury, where I delivered my promised lecture, to an appreciative audience, on the night of my arrival, and started immediately after, by boat, to Pictou, through the Straits of Canso and across part of the Gulf of St Lawrence. From there I took train for 106 miles to

THE CITY OF HALIFAX,

to see the annual Provincial Exhibition of the Agricultural, Mechanical, and Manufacturing Products of the whole Province. Here I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of some very fine Highlanders, among them the Hon. William Holmes, Premier of Nova Scotia, and a Gaelic-speaking Celt. His ancestors came out quite poor. His father became a successful farmer, whose house I visited near the Church of the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, at Springville. He afterwards became a Senator of the Dominion, and his son now holds the leading position in Nova Scotian politics. The Hon. James Macdonald, Canadian Minister of Justice, who resides in Halifax, came originally from Redcastle. The Hon. James S. S. Macdonald, a banker and a member of the Legislative Council; his brother, Charles Macdonald, recently represented the county of Halifax in Parliament, but was appointed to the chief Post-Office Inspectorship of Nova Scotia; the Hon. William Ross, Collector of Customs, already mentioned; Angus Macleod, Collector of Inland Revenue; George Maclean, cashier in the Merchants' Bank; Hugh Murray, of Burns and Murray; William Mackenzie, of MacIlreith & Co.; Alexander Stephens, a native of Morayshire, and Robert Stewart, a native of Castle Street, Inverness, a large farmer and successful merchant in Truro; these and many others, I had the pleasure of meeting in the City of Halifax, all well-to-do, and holding positions of influence or trust. And in almost every instance their ancestors, and, in some cases, themselves, came to this country without a farthing. All honour to them, and to the country in which they were able to do for themselves or their descendants what they could never have done in their native land.

But there is yet another good Highlander in Halifax who has made for himself, by hard work and industry, wealth and position; John Maclachlan, a native of Ardgour, in Lochaber, where he was skipper of a small sloop, and a boat-builder. He emigrated on the 8th of April 1839, settled first in New Brunswick, afterwards went to Prince Edward Island, and subsequently to Pictou, in all of which places he worked at his business of boat or ship-building. This was not considered good enough, however, by the old Lochaber skipper, and (I heard it whispered) poacher in a small way. Indeed it was partly in consequence of his diversions in the latter tempting sport that he determined upon emigration; for it was too attractive a pastime to be let alone, and it might lead to bad and disagreeable consequences. Having made a little money at his trade in Pictou, Maclachlan decided upon visiting Virginia in the United States, to discover the secret of tobacco manufacturing, but the manner in which he

managed it, though amusing and interesting, would occupy too much of my space. He returned, and commenced business in 1860 in a small way as a tobacco manufacturer in the City of Halifax. The business continued to increase until it has become, many years ago, the most extensive in the Lower Provinces. The most approved machinery has been introduced, and before Confederation over a hundred hands were regularly employed, manufacturing as much as 50,000 lbs. of tobacco per month, the net value of which, in bond, without the duty, was tenpence a pound, or a total per month of considerably over £2000. Since Confederation he has not been doing so much in consequence of Upper Canada competition, but he still turns out an average of 36,000 lbs. a month, and is the only manufacturer who has hitherto made cake tobacco in Nova Scotia, though I have met with a Mr Thomas Grant, a native of Strathspey, who was just about starting another factory when I was in Halifax. The capital engaged in Maclachlan's business is about £12,000. The home duty on the manufactured article is tenpence a pound, exactly the same as the net cost of tobacco itself. The firm is known as A. A., and W. Smith & Co., the Smiths attending to the commercial part of the business, while Mr Maclachlan has the sole management of the factory. He has amassed great wealth, and is, among his own countrymen, very liberal with it, though much of his good deeds are done on the principle that his right hand knoweth not what his left hand doeth.

When the 78th Highlanders were in Halifax, several years ago, Mr Maclachlan became acquainted with Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of that distinguished Regiment, and his son, John, exhibiting a taste for music, the old Highlander determined that he should be taught to play the bagpipes; and Pipe-Major Mackenzie was employed to teach him. Having met Ronald at the last Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, I told him that I was going to Halifax. "Well, if you are," said he, "you must call and see my old pupil, John Maclachlan, son of Maclachlan, the tobacco manufacturer there, one of the best Highlanders I ever met from home. Before I left Halifax the pupil could almost play as well as his master, and if he continued to practice and progress as he did when I was there, I expect he will be quite equal to, if not better, than myself." I called as requested, and had an evening of the pipes, played in perfect style. I never heard a cleaner finger on a chanter, and for time, spirit, and accurate playing, I honestly believe that the teacher's prediction has been verified, and that the pupil is now really as good a player as his master. I strongly recommended him to go to Scotland and compete at the Northern Meeting, where I feel sure he would carry away some of the principal prizes, and possibly the medal. He is, however, only a gentleman amateur, and he is loth to compete in public; but as he has ample means, I trust his old master will ere long have the satisfaction of seeing him in the Highland capital competing for and possibly carrying off the gold medal. He has no competitor within sight on the American continent, and I am satisfied that he has few, if any, superiors at home.

There are a great many Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in the City of Halifax, and it will gratify Professor Blackie, and those who reverence and still stand up for the Gaelic language, to know that public worship has been carried on in that city for the last seven years in the vernacular they love. These meetings were originated by the Rev. George Lawson

Gordon, while yet a student at Dalhousie College, about which time he also published a Gaelic grammar, favourably noticed in these pages. I regret that I missed seeing him, for at the very time when I was in one part of Cape Breton, he was being introduced, in another part, to a Gaelic-speaking congregation, who had just given him a call. The meetings in Halifax are conducted during the winter by the students from the two colleges in turn, and in summer the work is carried on by Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Lochcarron, and a brother of Kenneth R. Mackenzie, North Sydney, already mentioned. An excellent colleague is Neil Brodie, a southern Scot, who not only learnt to speak Gaelic fluently, but many other languages; and he is a most enthusiastic supporter of the Celtic cause in Halifax. The Society is called "Comunn Criosdaidh nan Gael." The attendance is generally about 200 Gaelic-speaking people, principally from Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Pictou, and Antigonish; and those best acquainted with the Celts of the City assert that there is an ample field in Halifax for a Gaelic evangelist who would devote his whole time to the spiritual wants of the Gaelic-speaking population.

The North British Society is one of the oldest and most useful on the American continent, and I trust on some future occasion to find room to write more fully of its history and work than I can possibly find in these papers. I may, however, say that it is conducted on principles which must recommend themselves to all right thinking people. No Scot in distress is permitted to go unaided; but all help is given on the understanding that those receiving it will afterwards repay any money advanced to them or otherwise expended on their behalf if ever they find themselves able to do so; and I am glad to say that, in many cases, this has been done by parties—widows and orphans and others in distress, whose passages had been paid home, or to the homes of relatives in distant parts of Canada. The Society attend also to the wants of poor, respectable Scots, who are in reduced circumstances in the City, in a manner the least calculated to wound the feelings of the recipients of their bounty. Altogether they are doing a patriotic and a noble work, and it is gratifying to find that they possess very considerable funds—sufficient to deal liberally with all the deserving, necessitous cases brought under their notice.

Halifax boasts, with justice, of the prettiest and best public gardens in the Dominion of Canada; and here and at the Provincial Exhibition, I saw, taking them altogether, the best-looking women I ever saw anywhere. I have seen a few greater beauties, especially among English ladies, but here one can hardly meet with a common-place face. They have the robust, healthy characteristics of the Scotch, while the mixing of the races, and the fine bracing climate and sea air seem to have softened down the features and painted their lips and cheeks with the most beautiful tints of the lily and the rose. It is, however, possible that my judgment may be at fault as regards real beauty; for I must confess that at the Northern Meeting Games, held at Inverness in 1878, having been told that the famous beauty, Mrs Langtry, was among the crowd of ladies assembled there, I and a few others were trying to discover her, and we failed. We saw her, but we did not recognise her as at all a beauty. We thought some of our own Highland girls were very pretty; and that one out of a few whom we saw must have been Mrs Langtry, but when the

object of our curiosity was pointed out to us, though at first we could not discover the lady's beauty, we began to look for what must of course be there. Our imaginations aided us, and the lady at once *became* beautiful in our eyes. At first sight I could pick out those whom I would consider far prettier women in Halifax, but the reader will probably conclude from the above that I am no judge.

Nova Scotia, its climate and people, have made an impression upon me which I shall never forget, and I have good reason to know that the good feeling is not altogether on one side. After spending five weeks—about the happiest in my life—in this fine Province—amongst its magnificent people—I found my way, on the 17th of October, to the City of Quebec, after travelling a distance of about 600 miles on the Intercolonial Railway, through, on the whole, some very fine scenery, going right across the Province of New Brunswick, and alongside the noble St Lawrence. In the next number I shall ask the reader to accompany me to Upper Canada, and visit Montreal, Glengarry, and the Capital of the Dominion.

A. M.

Correspondence.

THE GAELIC SCRIPTURES—FURTHER ANSWER TO MR CAMERON'S CHARGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In a former letter I endeavoured to answer Mr Cameron's charges made in his August article against the edition of '60, and I wish now to do the same regarding his Oct. one. But I must for a moment yet return to the earlier one. Therein he expends much learning to show how illiterate a thing it is to write such forms as *air a bhi*, *air 'bhi*, &c.; yet, in his favourite '26, he will find Mark xiv., 19, 33, *air a bhi dubhach'*, *'air a bhi fuidh uamh-chrith*, Luke ii., 3, *Chum a bhi air am meas*, &c. Again, he is quite indignant at the pronoun *do* being written *d'* before a vowel instead of *t'* as in '26, and goes even to Sanscrit to find proof against it; but, in the table of abbreviations, &c., prefixed to '26, he may read "D" for *do*, thy, thine, as *d' athair*, &c.; and in the opposite column of the same page "*T*" for *do*, thy, as *t'* anail. Before a vowel the initial consonant of the pronoun is changed into *t*. but *t*, the *initial (sic)* consonant, &c., &c. But what in '60 is a "corruption of the language," is in '26 the work of thorough Grammarians; and people are expected to believe that they are "thorough Grammarians" who wrote the above contradictory explanations!

In his last, he says *Chum craobh-sgaoilidh a Bhiobuill* is wrong. According to the law regarding the Infinitive, as laid down by himself, it is right. According to '26 it is right, vide I. Cor. xvi., 15, *Chum frithealaidh do na naomhaibh*; Colos. ii., 23, *Chum sasuchaidh na feola*; Heb. ix., 13, *Chum glanaidh na feola*, &c., &c. According to frequent

usage in other writings and in conversation it is right; and therefore I must meet Mr Cameron's assertion with a direct negative.

He objects to *Fear-coimhid*, telling the editors that they do not understand the matter. Perhaps not; but when we have such compounds as fear-saor*aidh*, fear-gleidh*idh*, fear stiur*aidh*, and hundreds of similar ones, his condemnation will not be much heeded by any one who believes that rules were made for language, not, as his remarks imply, that language was made for rules.

A' m' ionnsuidh is condemned, and with the customary compliment to the editors that they know not one preposition from another. All I will here say is that *do* is not the only preposition which enters into this expression. *'N am ionnsuidh* is prevalent in the North. In '26 we have *a m' ionnsuidh*, and *am ionnsuidh* without any sign of elision; and these things being so, I look on it as a pitiful waste of time and of paper to write on such a triviality.

He lays down the law about adjectives when appellatives being in the singular, though the noun which they refer to be plural—a good law I admit. If, however, he looks at the table of explanations prefixed to '26, already mentioned, he will find it stated that a few Gaelic words admit of a final vowel or not, as the euphony requires it. . . . as *naomh*, or *naomha*, "holy;" *fad* or *fada*, "long." This may show him that several of the adjectives which he complains of as plural, were regarded by the writers as singular; and he will find here, as is generally the case, that euphony carries the day against mere rule.

A' leithid, or *a leithid*. The difference between the two forms is exactly that between "*the* like," and "*its* like," in English. Both are in frequent use, and the discussion about them is just as rational as that of old between "Fiddle-dee-dum, and Fiddle-dum-dee."

Le 'n toil do shlainte, "whose *delight* is thy salvation" Mr Cameron translates "whose *will* is thy salvation." If he look at a Gaelic Dictionary he will find that *toil* signifies "desire," "love," "pleasure," "delight," as well as "will." He, for reasons no doubt satisfactory to himself, chooses to pick out the one translation which is unmeaning, when there are four before him, any of which would give an appropriate meaning to the expression. In the metrical Psalms the word is often used as in '60, Ps. xxxvii., 23; xl., 4; cxix., 48, &c., &c. And while *le 'n toigh do shlainte* is quite according to rule, "le 'n *toil* do shlainte" is according to usage. I never heard *toigh* used by a Highlander, except before a word beginning with *l*.

As to *eadar fear, agus bean*, I would say that, as the words in the original are in the singular number, it has at least the merit of being a literal translation, and is much better than that of '26, where there is a strange mixture of both numbers.

A more serious misstatement than any hitherto noticed is made by Mr Cameron when he says that in Rev. iv., 7, the editors assert that there were a *hundred* living creatures around the throne—*an ceud beo-chreutair*. Without dwelling on his partiality for the most improper, and offensive translation of this passage, given alike in English and in '26, "beast" = *beathach*, I would point out the following passages in '26: —I. Cor. xv., 47, *an ceud duine o 'n talamh talmhaidh;* Heb. viii., 13, *an ceud coi-cheangal;* Rev. xxi., 1, 19, *an ceud talamh, an ceud bunait.*

I do not believe that Mr Cameron's hardihood of assertion will carry him so far as to maintain that in these passages *ceud* means "a hundred;" but if not, he is bound to retract what he says about Rev. iv., 7, for they must, in common honesty, all stand or fall together. Every Gaelic scholar knows that both aspiration and accentuation in that language are as yet in great measure free from fixed rules, and to single out one passage in the manner of Mr Cameron does not show much knowledge of Gaelic, or practice of critical impartiality.

Much worse than even the above is, I regret to say, his extraordinary perversion of Gen. xxv., 24, where he says that *leth-aoin* signifies "the half of one child," while *leth-aona* signifies twins. Here he goes openly in the teeth of both rule and usage. It is notorious that words like *aon*, which insert *i* to form the Gen. Sing., have their Nom. Plur. often like the Gen. Sing.—*e.g.*, *raon, raoin*, Gen. Sing., *raoin* Nom. Plur., so, *uan uain, uain; lon, loin, loin; bord, buird, buird; ball, buill, buill*, and hundreds of others; while they may also form the Nom. Plur. by adding *a* to the Nom. Sing. *Leth-aoin*, as a Nom. Plur., is as much according to rule as the other form, and entirely according to usage as far as I have heard Highlanders speaking it. In all inflected languages there are occasionally various parts of the same word identical in form, but different in meaning. Three of the Latin declensions have the Gen. Sing., and Nom. Plur. alike, as happens to be the case in Gaelic. Yet what would be said of the man who, reading *pennae*, or *domini*, or *fructus sunt*, &c., would say that these nouns were in the Gen. Sing., or *legi librum*, that the verb was in the Infin. Pass.; and thereupon denounce the writers as entirely ignorant of the principles of the Latin language? According to Mr Cameron's conduct this would be all right, and would show disinterested zeal for the purity of the language. I must say further that if he translates *leth-aoin* as the "half of one," he is undeniably bound to translate *leth-aona* as "the half of ones," which he does not do. And I may be permitted a word about this very strange idiom of Gaelic which makes *leth* "half," signify a whole; but it is very common. Thus, *tha e air leth-shuil*, "he is on half an eye," signifies that he has one, but only one, whole eye; so of *tha e air leth-chois, leth-laimh*, &c., &c., phrases perfectly intelligible to every Highlander; and I may mention an instance which I have heard, like Mr Cameron's literal translation, which strikingly shows the absurdity of its rendering into English—the phrase *cha-n 'eil ann ach leth-bhurraidh*, my friend made—"He is only the half of a fool."

He tries to cast ridicule also on the translation of I. Kings xxii., 48. The passage is confessedly an obscure one, and I have met with no commentator who throws much light on it; but, whatever be its true meaning, it is the same in the English version, in '26, and in '60—"Ships of Tharsish" in all three. He condemns '60, saying not a word about the others.

It is difficult to believe that a man in the respectable position occupied by Mr Cameron would try to convey the impression that the editors of '60 sought to deceive the public, and palm off their edition as an exact reprint of '26, by printing on the title-page the words "Revised edition in *smaller type*." He implicates the National Bible Society also in this contemptible plot, and reiterates the vile insinuation time after

time. The title-page, like all others which I have seen, is made up of lines, some in larger, some in smaller type; and "Revised Edition" is in smaller type than some other lines—not smaller than all. It is what printers call *Brevier* size, and to make it more conspicuous it is in italic capitals, while the other lines are in Roman. To say then that it is actually in "small type," or in any way obscure or difficult to observe, is, as the fac-simile below will show, the very reverse of the facts; and the base charge implied in his assertion I utterly repudiate with deserved contempt.*

Mr Cameron, besides doing all that he himself can to damage this edition, tries to crush it under the authority of the late Dr M. Mackay, who is not now in court, and ought to be let alone, but who, Mr Cameron says, "as is well known, was the most eminent Gaelic scholar of his time." I never before heard this claim advanced in behalf of Dr Mackay; but hearing it now led me to the very disagreeable task of examining his edition of the extremely filthy poems of Rob Donn—Inverness, 1829. The result confirms what I have so often said about the irregular writing of Gaelic. Inconsistencies, errors, and misprints occur frequently there as elsewhere; nor will any authority rightfully belonging to its editor injure the '60 Edition in the estimation of any judicious person. I must add that, in marked opposition to Mr Cameron's denunciation of substituting *de* for *do*, "of," we have here repeatedly the North-country form of it in *dhe*.

I have thus gone over Mr Cameron's two very extraordinary letters, and have shown that his objections are very easily answered. Had he brought forward one genuine Gaelic expression, or even one word which would be an improvement on the old rendering, I would thankfully acknowledge it; but I see nothing of the kind even attempted. Except that there are typographical errors in '60 (and I repeat that as far as I have examined these are fewer than in any other edition), there is not one statement made by him which stands the test, as of any importance whatever. Besides, there is an extreme smallness of detail which is surprising in a scholar, there is a bitterness of spirit, a rudeness in denouncing the editors as "ignorant," &c., &c., a gross and glaring unfairness in his criticisms which fortunately are very rarely, if ever met with, in mere literary controversy now-a-days. I must reluctantly dwell for a moment on this last point. I have conclusively shown that considerably more than one-half of the forms of expression which he condemns in '60 are to be found repeatedly in '26. Yet he and his supporters extol the one and condemn the other in unmeasured terms. I am bound in charity to suppose that they can reconcile such conduct with truth and justice, though I confess it is far beyond my power to do it; but most men will agree with me in thinking that they are bound to abandon either their extravagant laudation of the one, or their rancorous reviling of the other; and assuredly to abandon both would be best.

I would fain hope that this wretched controversy may now cease. I can truly say that defence, not offence, is my sole object, and that it is with much pain I point out the unfounded nature of Mr Cameron's

* The following is the exact style and size of type used:—

REVISED EDITION.

charges. I trust, however, that the discussion may help to hasten the much needed reform of the Gaelic translation of the Bible ; and to show further the need of such reform I conclude by quoting the words of a far better Gaelic scholar than I am—perhaps better than even Mr Cameron—the late James Munro, author of a Gaelic Grammar, and of several other works, who, after pointing out numerous instances of what he calls "syntactical monstrosity," says "many other improprieties and inconsistencies of this kind occur in the sacred volume, besides errors of the press of enormous disgrace to the Church."—Gaelic Grammar, 2d Ed., p. 229.

I am, sir, &c.,

Kilmallie Manse, 7th Nov. 1879. ARCH. CLERK, LL.D.

ANSWER TO DR CLERK.

EDINBURGH, November 11, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In this month's *Celtic Magazine* I observe that the Rev. Dr Clerk, of Kilmallie, pays me one or two left-handed compliments. If this amusement gives any satisfaction to his wounded feelings, I am sure I do not grudge him the pastime.

So far as any matter of fact or scholarship is at issue between us, I need only refer him to my former letters in this controversy. Take just one example. Dr Clerk, like another Polonius, still harps away on the old mare's nest, whose contents, in deference only to himself, I have already dealt with at too great length. He says, "Dr Maclauchlan proves his statement as to numbers to be very glaringly wrong." Now I am really ashamed again to disturb the patient pertinacity which thus devotes itself to the incubation of an addled egg. But lest it should be thought that I treat your correspondent with disrespect, I shall refer him and the reader to what I already said in answer to this charge in the last paragraph on page 466 of the *Celtic Magazine* for October. I ask if that was not a complete and conclusive answer to this reiterated charge against my "statement as to numbers?" And I will now add that the figures objected to were taken by me from an authoritative document in the office of the Bible Society. I repeat then that as regards any matter of fact or scholarship at issue between us, I need only refer Dr Clerk to my former letters. Why should I ask you to reprint them in detail? No one surely expects me to set up as rival to him in olden times of whom it is written that "thrice he slew the slain!"

And as to matters of mere passing temper, I really am not in the mood to break a lance with the learned and worthy minister of Kilmallie. If it were the case of a pompous *rana instar tauri sufflata*, whose overstretched pneumatic cist one might feel the common satisfaction of human nature in puncturing, I might not perhaps turn aside from the fair opportunity of doing so, especially when, as some times happens, the opportunity is rudely obtruded on one's path. But this is not the case of Dr Clerk. His fair fame as a Gaelic scholar rests on a higher and worthier pedestal than his share in the misadventure of '60. And so far as I know I have never had as much as a crow to pluck with him. Why

then should we go down into the sawdust for a personal encounter? I frankly confess that such an encounter, purely gratuitous, and for the mere love of fighting, with a brother minister of my own Church, how much soever it might amuse the spectators, would be to me a tame and zestless performance.

And so, at least till the emergence of some new development, I shall bid adieu to this controversy, and turn to more profitable, if not more congenial work.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

DONALD MASSON.

PASTORAL STAFF OR CROZIER OF ST FILLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The above expressions are undoubtedly synonymous terms, and have ever been considered as such. The words, "pastoral staff," are simply an explanation, a putting into plain English, of what is, and has always been meant by Crozier—a staff belonging to the pastor or shepherd. To speak of these two words as representing "respectively two churches and creeds widely different," is a matter of great surprise coming from such an authority as the Rev. Allan Sinclair.*

As the sceptre in the hands of kings is the symbol and declaration of *temporal* sovereignity over an earthly kingdom, so the crozier has always been looked upon as symbolizing the *spiritual* power vested by the Founder of the Church in those appointed by Him to be His overseers—*Episcopi*—bishops, head pastors of His Church which is, and can be, but *one*—"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one Shepherd of the one Fold."

In the early history of the Church this Crozier, symbol of spiritual authority, had the form of the letter T, as it still has in some of the Catholic Churches of the East—reminding us of our English word crutch—or staff. And to explain more fully the meaning of this symbol of spiritual authority, in course of time the shepherd's crook was superadded, showing that it was not a common crutch, or staff, but one in the hands of the Shepherd or Pastor—hence came the name of *Pastoral Staff*.

By privilege, not by right, the use of the Crozier or Pastoral Staff was granted to some abbots—always with the same meaning—symbolising their limited authority over those entrusted to their charge.

Ambitious men in their pride may have tried sometimes to usurp an authority to which they had no right, and attempted to grasp the symbol which declared such authority. But all these usurpers belonged to the Catholic Church. The authority symbolised by the Crozier or Pastoral Staff was the same—the only dispute was about the person who should wield it. It was not Crozier, *versus* Pastoral Staff, or *vice versa*, but whose it should be to grasp the emblem. It was no dispute about faith, but about a simple fact—Who was, or was not the rightful, lawful, possessor.

Namur Cottage, Inverness. COLIN CHISHOLM.

* See *Celtic Magazine* of November 1879, page 39, lines 6 and 7.

TO EVAN MACCOLL.

—o—

My greeting to thee, Bard revered,
Sweet minstrel of Loch Fyne!
Heaven bless, and shield, and prosper aye,
Mo charaid! thee and thine.
May time deal ever tenderly,
Maccoll! with thine and thee;
Long may thy tuneful Highland harp
Throb sweetest minstrelsy.

The sterling virtue of the Gael,
Their deeds of bravery,
Their guileless hearts so warm and true,
Who can portray like thee?
And sweetly dost thou sing the charms,
The gracefulness divine
Of Highland maids, in speech endeared—
Thy mother tongue and mine.

"Iona," "Staffa," and "Loch Awe,"
"Loch Lomond" & "Loch Fyne,"
The "Brander Pass" and "Urquhart's Glen,"
Thou grandly dost outline.
Thy "Child of Promise," beauteous gem,
A plaintive, soothing psalm,
Thy "Falling Snow," brings to the heart,
A sweet, a holy calm.

Thine own "Glenshira," by thy muse,
Is now a classic land;
Its scenes of grandeur have been limned
With skill by Royal hand.
Oh bless her, Princess of our race!
That Rose without a thorn,
So dearly cherished in our hearts,
The loved Louise of Lorn.

Thine odes, thy sonnets, and thy songs,
All rich in melody,
Shall with delight be read and sung
While Awe flows to the sea.
Oh Bard beloved! in boyhood's morn
I sang thy mountain lays;
With joy perused thy poesie
'Mong famed Breadalbane's braes.

I dreamed not then the rich delight
My future had in store—
Thy noble friendship, treasured dear,
Within affection's core.
The happy *ceilidhs* to thy home,
The charming converse there;
Thy Highland hospitality,
How cordial, and how rare!

Though fair Canadia, now thy home,
Be full of charms to thee,
Thy heart oft yearns to see Argyll,
And thine own "Rowan Tree."
My wishes warm to thee I waft,
Charmed songster of Loch Fyne;
And oh, may Heaven's blessing rest,
My friend, on thee and thine!

New York, October 1879.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE; with Genealogies of the Principal Families. By ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, &c. Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie, 1879.

WE cannot, of course, review this work in our own pages, but the following extracts will show the reader how it has been received by the literary critics. A few copies are still for sale at 25s. It makes a handsome New-Year's gift:—

"It opens with the literary feud as to the origin of the Mackenzies, the author vigorously supporting the theory of their descent from the ancient Earls of Ross in opposition to the popular traditional account which traces them to Colin Fitzgerald, an Irish chief, who, fleeing from his country, found a refuge in Scotland, and scored a triumph by saving the King's life from the attack of a savage buck—a story bearing a remarkable resemblance to the myth regarding John of Galloway, the reputed founder of the house of Buccleuch. The Fitzgerald fable may be looked upon as exploded, and the documents evidencing it as forgeries;

and the theory might now have been passed unnoticed, had it not recently found ingenious advocacy in Fraser's 'Earls of Cromartie.' . . . The History of the Mackenzies of Kintail is a series of tragedies, here and there relieved by touches of rude humour. . . . . Mr Mackenzie is disposed to be more exact than some of his predecessors, and is not guilty of such blunders as those of Mr W. Fraser, who prefixed to his book on the Earls of Cromartie a pedigree of the Seaforth line which was simply a slavish copy, even to the eccentric spelling of Douglas's 'Peerage,' and repeated the errors of that book, although he had actually incorporated in his work the history by George, Earl of Cromartie, where a more correct pedigree was given. . . . The work has an intense interest of a certain kind, and there is a suggestive picturesqueness about the appellations of the chiefs. The various branches of the clan are traced genealogically to the present day, a stiff piece of labour for which Mr Mackenzie certainly deserves the thanks of his kinsmen."—*Athenæum.*

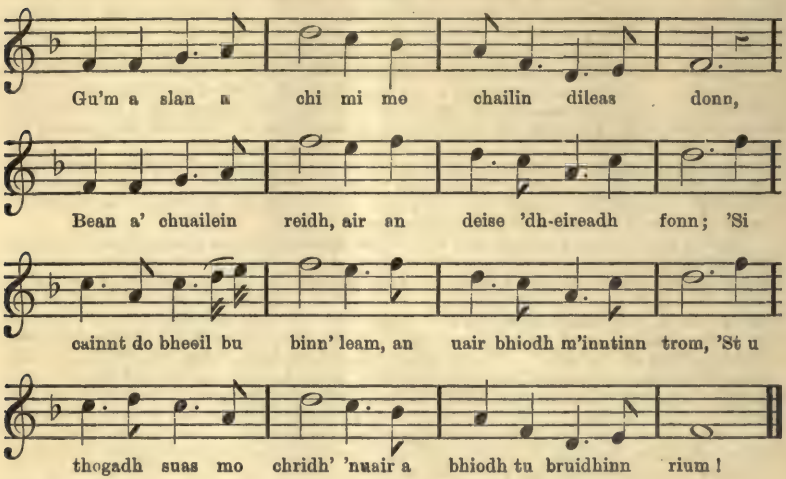
"It was certainly no ordinary task that the enthusiastic editor of the *Celtic Magazine* imposed upon himself, in writing up the history of his clan; but the manner in which he has accomplished the work reflects great credit, not only on his devotion to his family name, but his historical faculty as well. His book is a monument of careful and painstaking labour. By many, however, not Mackenzies, the question may be put, Has not the author thrown away great labour upon a work which nobody will read outside the charmed circle of his clan? Who in these busy times has leisure, even if he had the will, to read the genealogical tree of a Highland family in which he has not the remotest possible interest? The answer which the author would make, and justly, is that his book is in effect a chapter of national as well as of family history, and as such lays claim to be read by all who would make a study of Scottish history. Leaving out the genealogies, of course, the book is, in fact, a deeply interesting and instructive one, dealing as it does with men like the Earls of Seaforth, who played such important parts in the times of the Covenant, and the revolution which followed. There is not much to admire in the characters which figure in this history—treachery, rapine, murder followed too closely on their heels, but Mr Mackenzie has been able to throw considerable light, not only upon the Highland character, but also upon important historical facts such as the conduct of Generals Hurry and Seaforth at the Battle of Auldearn. In a word, he who would master the attitude of the Highlanders towards the Covenant and Jacobitism cannot afford to pass by this history of the clan Mackenzie. Difference of opinion there may be about the author's tracing of the clan back to the ancient Earls of Ross instead of the Irish chief, Colin Firzgerald, but there can be none as to the praiseworthy manner in which he has discharged a most difficult task; and his book, at any rate, merits the notice of all the loyal members of his clan."—*London Literary World.*

"It furnishes an historical narrative of the family, its feuds, its victories, its acquisitions of property, its sub-divisions, and their several ramifications down to the present day, including alliances by marriage so recent as the present generation. It is an extraordinary volume. . . . Mr Mackenzie first published what he knew of the history of his clan in the *Celtic Magazine*, an excellent expedient for acquiring additional information; for correspondence flowed in upon him copiously, correcting inaccuracies, and pointing out fresh sources of supply. The present history has by this means been greatly enhanced in value. . . . The History of the Mackenzies may be taken as typical of the Highlands generally, more so, perhaps, than any other clan in this respect—that their possessions extended uninterruptedly from the Outer Hebrides to the Point of Tarbat Ness, from the western to the eastern extremity of the Highlands proper, and the people shared the turbulent life of the Islands and west coast of the mainland, as well as that of the peaceful agricultral districts of Easter Ross. . . . The labour that must have been bestowed upon the work is amazing."—*Inverness Courier.*

"Mr Mackenzie traces with laborious minuteness the history of the different chiefs, and the feuds in which they were engaged with neighbouring clans, as well as the part they played in the struggles which so frequently convulsed the Scottish nation. . . . Mr M. gives exhaustive genealogies of the different branches of the clan, and an abstract of the evidence bearing on the much-disputed question of the Chiefship, in the course of which he records his opinion that the Mackenzies of Allangrange appear to be heirs male of the family of Seaforth."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

"Mr Mackenzie brings us down through centuries of rapine and bloodshed, in which the feuds between the Mackenzies, the Macdonalds, and the Macleods, are amply related. . . . The action taken by the clan during the Jacobite rebellions forms an interesting chapter in the history, and the events of recent years are skilfully told. . . . The question of the chiefship is ably discussed. Mr Mackenzie has succeeded in completing a very difficult and laborious task, and we have no doubt his researches in the interests of Celtic history will be favourably received."—*Glasgow News.*

"Not only the members of the clan, but also all who take an interest in the annals of Scotland and the Highlands, owe a debt of gratitude to the author for the research and ability which he has devoted to this interesting volume, which is very handsomely got up in Roxburgh binding, and the printing and general get-up are highly creditable to Northern enterprise."—*Ross-shire Journal.*

GU'M A SLAN A CHI MI.

KEY F.

d : d | r :-.m	l :— | s : f	m.d :— | l_1 :-.t_1	d :— | — :
d : d | r :-.m	d^1 :— | t : d^1	l :-.s | m :-.s	l :— | — : d^1
s :-.m | s :-.l,t	d^1 :— | t :-.d^1	l :-.s | m :-.s	l :— | — : d^1
s :-.l | s :-.m	l :— | s :-.f	m :d | l_1 :-.t_1	d :— | — :—

Gur muladach a ta mi,
'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,
'S neo-shunndach mo chadal domh,
'S do chaidreamh fada uam;
Gur tric mi ort a' smaointeach
As t'aogais tha mi truagh;
'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn
Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,
Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;
Gruaidhean mar an caoran,
Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;
Aidicheam le eibhneas
Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;
'S gur bliadhna leam gach la
O'n uair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uat,
Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,
Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut,
'S gun dhiult mi dhuit mo phog.
Na cuireadh sid ort curam,
A ruin na creid an sgleo;
Tha d'anail leam ni's curaidh,
Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

NOTE.—The above melody is a favourite in every part of the Highlands. The words according to Mackenzie (in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry"), were composed by Hector Mackenzie, Ullapool.—W. M'K.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. LII. FEBRUARY, 1880. Vol. V.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

—o—

IV.

VII. John Macdonald of Isla, first Lord of the Isles, who played a most important part in the turbulent age in which he lived. He is admitted by all authorities to have been one of the most able and sagacious chiefs of his time, and, by his diplomacy and alliances, more than by the sword, he raised the clan to a position of splendour and power which they have not attained to since the days of Somerled. In his time Scotland was divided and harrassed by various claimants to the crown, the principal of whom were the second Bruce and Edward Baliol. John of the Isles sided with the latter, more probably with the object of recovering, and maintaining intact, the ancient possessions of his house, than for any preference he entertained for Baliol and his English supporters. The Island chiefs had always, more or less, claimed to be independent of the Scottish kings, and naturally enough it appeared to John of the Isles that to aid Baliol against Bruce would be the most effective means of strengthening his family pretensions. He was perfectly satisfied that the Scottish king would not admit the claim to independence of any competitor within his realm; whereas Baliol, not only entertained his pretensions, but actually confirmed him "as far as in him lay," not only to the vast territories already possessed by him, but to an extensive addition, granting him by charter, in 1355, the lands of Mull, Skye, Islay, Gigha, Kintyre, Knapdale, and other large possessions. For these favours John bound himself and his heirs to become lieges to the Baliols; for he well knew that even if they succeeded to establish their claim to the crown he would be practically independent in the Western Isles, and could at any time re-assert his old pretensions. He, however, visited England in 1338, and was well received by Edward III., to whom, it is said, he acknowledged vassalage. John and the Regent had some disputes about the lands granted by Robert the Bruce to Angus Og of the Isles, which was the main cause of the Island chief being thrown into the arms of Baliol's party, who, in addition to the lands above-mentioned, also granted him

the Wardship of Lochaber, until the heir of Athol, at the time only three years of age, attained his majority. These territories had been previously forfeited by his ancestors on the accession of Robert Bruce; and the grant to John of the Isles was confirmed by Edward III. on the 5th of October 1336. In spite of all this, however, and the great advantages to Baliol of securing the support of a powerful chief like John of the Isles, the Regent was ultimately successful in freeing Scotland from the dominion and pretensions of the English and their unpatriotic tool, Edward Baliol; and established the independence of his own country.

In 1341 the Steward sent to France for David II., to commence his personal reign in Scotland; but the Island chief was too powerful to suffer materially in person or property for his disloyalty. Indeed, King David on his return deemed it the wisest policy to attach as many of the Scottish barons to his party as possible; and with this view he concluded a treaty with John of the Isles, by which a temporary peace was secured between them, and in consequence of which the Insular Chief was, for the first time during his whole rule, not in active opposition to the Scottish king. Gregory, referring to these transactions, says that "on the return of David II. from France, after the final discomfiture of Baliol and his supporters, John of the Isles was naturally exposed to the hostility of the Steward and the other nobles of the Scottish party, by whose advice he seems to have been forfeited, when many of his lands were granted to one of his relations, Angus MacIan, progenitor of the house of Ardnamurchan. This grant, however, did not take effect; and such was the resistance offered by John and his kinsman, Reginald or Ranald, son of Roderick MacAlan (who had been restored, in all probability, by Baliol, to the lands forfeited by his father), and so anxious was David at the time to bring the whole force of his kingdom together in his intended wars with England, that he at length pardoned both these powerful chiefs, and confirmed to them the following possessions:—To John he gave the Isles of Isla, Gigha, Jura, Scarba, Colonsay, Mull, Coll, Tiree, and Lewis, and the districts of Morvern, Lochaber, Duror, and Glenco; to Ranald the Isles of Uist, Barra, Egg, and Rum, and the Lordship of Garmoran, being the original possessions of his family in the North. By this arrangement, Kintyre, Knapdale, and Skye, reverted to their former owners, and Lorn remained in the hands of the crown, whilst it is probable that Ardnamurchan was given as a compensation to Angus MacIan." The Lordship of Garmoran comprehended the districts of Moidart, Arisaig, Morar, and Knoydart, on the mainland. Not long after this Ranald, son of Rory of the Isles, and last male representative of Roderick of Bute, grandson of Somerled of the Isles, was, in 1346, murdered, as already stated, at Perth by the Earl of Ross, from whom he held lands in Kintail; and, leaving no issue, his sister Amy, who married John of the Isles, in terms of the grant in his favour by David II., became her brother's heir, when her husband, uniting her possessions to his own, assumed henceforth the style of *Dominus Insularum*, or Lord of the Isles. The first recorded instance of the assumption of this title by John of Isla, is in an indenture with the Lord of Lorn, in 1354. "Thus was formed," continues Gregory, "the modern Lordship of the Isles, comprehending the territories of the Macdonalds of Isla, and the Macruaries of the North Isles, and a great part of those of the Macdougalls of Lorn; and although the representative of

the latter family was nominally restored to the estates of his ancestors on the occasion of his marriage with a niece of the king, yet he was obliged to leave the Lord of the Isles in possession of such portion of the Lorn estates as had been granted to the latter by David in 1344. The daughter and heiress of John de Ergadia, or Macdugall, the restored Lord of Lorn, carried Lorn proper to her husband, Robert Stewart, founder of the Rosyth family, by whom the Lordship was sold to his brother, John Stewart of Innerneath, ancestor of the Stewarts, Lord of Lorn."

This acquisition of territory added immensely to the power and influence of the Lord of the Isles, and though he was at the time on friendly terms with King David, the Government became concerned as to the consequences of permitting the ancient territories of Somerled to become again united in the person of such an able and already powerful chief as the Lord of the Isles. They therefore determined to place every obstacle in his way, and refused to acknowledge him as the rightful heir to Ranald MacRuari of the Isles, and his wife Amy dying soon after, advantage was taken of her death to refuse him a title to her lands, while the Government even went the length of asserting that the marriage with the Lord of the Isles, on which his claim was founded, had been irregular, and therefore could not be recognised. This naturally aroused the ire of the great chief; he was again in opposition, and in the ranks of the Baliol party; but the English king having had to direct his attention to the war with France, a treaty was entered into between the Scottish king and the former before his opposition could produce any consequences detrimental to the Government of Scotland.

Shortly after this a very extraordinary change took place in the character and position of the different factions in Scotland which had the effect once more of detaching the Lord of the Isles from the English interest, and of inducing him to take his natural position among the barons who stood out for the independence of Scotland. Skene puts the state of parties at this period and the ultimate result in a remarkably clear and concise form, and says—Previously to the return of David II, from captivity in England in 1357, the established Government and the principal barons of the kingdom had, with the exception of those periods when Edward Baliol had gained a temporary success, been invariably hostile to the English claims, while it was merely a faction of the nobility, who were in opposition to the Court, that supported the cause of Baliol and of English supremacy. John, from the natural causes arising from his situation, and urged by the continued policy of the Government being directed towards the reduction of his power and influence, was always forced into opposition to the administration, for the time, by which this policy was followed, and when the opposing faction consisted of the adherents of the English interest, the Island lord was naturally found among them, and was thus induced to enter into treaty with the King of England. On the return of David, however, the situation of parties became materially altered; the King of Scotland now ranked as Edward of England's staunchest adherent, and secretly seconded all his endeavours to overturn the independence of Scotland, while the party which had throughout supported the throne of Scotland and the cause of independence were in consequence thrown into active opposition to the crown. The natural consequence of this change was that the Lord of the Isles left the party

to which he had so long adhered as soon as it became identified with the royal faction, and was thus forced into connection with those with whom he had been for so many years at enmity.

The Steward of Scotland, who was at the head of this party, was of course desirous of strengthening himself by means of alliances with the most powerful barons of the country, and he therefore received the accession of so important a person with avidity, and cemented their union by procuring the marriage of the Lord of the Isles with his own daughter. John now adhered steadfastly to the party of the Steward, and took an active share in all its proceedings, along with the other barons by whom they were joined, but without any open manifestation of force, until the year 1366, when the country was in a state of irritation from the heavy burdens imposed upon the people in order to raise the ransom of their king, and when the jealousy of David towards the Steward had at length broken out so far as to cause the former to throw his own nephew and the acknowledged successor to his throne into prison. The northern barons, who belonged to his party, broke out into open rebellion, and refused to pay their proportion of the general taxation, or attend the parliament, to which they were frequently summoned. Matters appear to have remained in this state, and the northern chiefs to have actually assumed independence for upwards of two years, until David had at last brought himself to apply to the Steward as the only person capable of restoring peace to the country, and charged him to put down the rebellion.

In consequence of this appeal, the Steward, who was unwilling to be considered as the disturber of the peace of the kingdom, and whose ends were better forwarded by steady opposition to the Court party than by open rebellion, took every means in his power to reduce the insurgent noblemen to obedience; but although he succeeded in obtaining the submission of John of Lorn and Gillespie Campbell, and although the Earls of Mar and Ross, with other northern barons, whose object was gained by the restoration of the Steward to freedom, voluntarily joined him in his endeavours, the Lord of the Isles refused to submit, and, secure in the distance, and in the inaccessible nature of his territories, set the royal power at defiance. But the state of affairs in France soon after requiring the undivided attention of the English king, he was obliged to come to terms with the Scots, and a peace having been concluded between the two countries on the most favourable terms for the latter, the Scottish Government was left at liberty to turn its attention wholly towards reducing the Isles to obedience. In order to accomplish this, David II., well aware of the cause of the rebellion of the Isles, and of the danger of permitting matters to remain in their present position, at length determined, and that with a degree of energy which his character had given little reason to expect, in person to proceed against the rebels, and for this purpose commanded the attendance of the Steward with the barons of the realm. But the Steward, now perceiving that the continuance of the rebellion of the Isles would prove fatal to his party, by the great influence which he possessed over his son-in-law, succeeded in persuading him to meet the king at Inverness, and to submit himself to his authority, and the result of this meeting was a treaty entered into between "Johannes de Yla, dominus insularum" on the one hand, and "David, Dei gratia rex Scotorum" on the other, in which John not only engaged to submit

to the royal authority and to take his share of all public burdens, but also to put down all others who dared to raise themselves in opposition to the regal authority. For the fulfilment of this obligation the Lord of the Isles not only gave his own oath, but offered the High Steward, his father-in-law, as security, and delivered his lawful son, Donald, by the Steward's daughter, his grandson, Angus, by his eldest lawful son, John, and a natural son, also named Donald, into the hands of the King as hostages.*

By the accession of Robert Steward to the throne of Scotland, which took place shortly after this event, the Lord of the Isles was once more brought into close connection with the crown, and as John remained during the whole of this reign in a state of as great tranquillity as his father Angus had been during that of Robert Bruce, the policy of thus connect-

* The following is a copy of the famous instrument which will be found at pp. 69-70 of "Invernessiana," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A., Scot., M.P.—"To all who may see the present letters :—John de Yle, Lord of the Isles, wishes salvation in the Saviour of all. Since my most serene prince and master, the revered lord David, by the Grace of God, illustrious King of Scots, has been stirred up against my person because of certain faults committed by me, for which reason, coming humbly to the presence of my said lord, at the Town of Inverness, on the 15th day of the month of November, in the year of grace 1369, in the presence of the prelates, and of very many of the nobles of his kingdom, I offered and submitted myself to the pleasure and favour of my said master, by suppliantly entreating for favour and for the remission of my late faults, and since my said lord, at the instance of his council, has graciously admitted me to his goodwill and favour, granting besides that I may remain in (all) my possessions whatsoever and not be removed, except according to the process and demand of law : Let it be clearly patent to you all, by the tenor of these presents, that I, John de Yle, foresaid, promise and covenant, in good faith, that I shall give and make reparation to all good men of this kingdom whatsoever, for such injuries, losses, and troubles as have been wrought by me, my sons, or others whose names are more fully set forth in the royal letters of remission granted to me, and to whomsoever of the kingdom as are faithful I shall thus far make the satisfaction concluded for, and I shall justly note purchased lands and superiorities, and I shall govern them according to my ability ; I shall promptly cause my sons and my subjects, and others my adherents, to be in peaceable subjection, and that due justice shall be done to our lord the King, and to the laws and customs of his kingdom, and that they shall be obedient to, and shall appear before the justiciars, sheriffs, coroners, and other royal servants in each sheriffdom, even better and more obediently than in the time of Robert of good memory, the predecessor of my lord the King, and as the inhabitants of the said lands and superiorities have been accustomed to do. They shall answer, both promptly and dutifully, to the royal servants what is imposed regarding contributions and other burdens and services due, and also for the time past, and in the event that within the said lands or superiorities any person or persons shall offend against the King, or one or more of his faithful servants, and if he or they shall despise to obey the law, or if he or they shall be unwilling to obey in the premises, and in any one of the premises, I shall immediately, entirely laying aside stratagem and deceit, pursue that person or those persons as enemies, and as rebels of the King and kingdom, with all my ability, until he or they shall be expelled from the limits of the lands and superiorities, or I shall make him or them obey the common law : And for performing, implementing, and faithfully observing these things, all and each, I personally have taken the oath in presence of the foresaid prelates and nobles, and besides I have given and surrendered the under-written hostages, viz., Donald, my son, begotten of the daughter of the Lord Seneschal of Scotland, Angus, son of my late son John, and one Donald, another and natural son of mine, whom, because at the time of the completion of this present deed, I have not at present ready and prepared. I shall cause them to go into, or to be given up at the Castle of Dumbarton, at the feast of our Lord's birth now next to come, if I shall be able otherwise on this side, or at the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin (or Candlemas, 2d February) next following thereafter, under pain of the breach of the oath given, and under pain of the loss of all things which, with regard to the lord our King, I shall be liable to lose, in whatever manner. And for securing the entrance of these hostages as promised, I have found my Lord Seneschal of Scotland, Earl of Strathern, security, whose seal for the purpose of the present security, and also for the greater evidence of the matter is appended, along with my own proper seal, to these presents in testimony of the premises. Acted and given, year, day, and place foresaid."

ing these turbulent chiefs with the Government by the ties of friendship and alliance, rather than that of attempting to reduce them to obedience by force and fortitude, became very manifest. King Robert, no doubt, saw clearly enough the advantage of following the advice left by Robert Bruce for the guidance of his successors, not to allow the great territories and extensive influence of these Island lords ever again to be concentrated in the person of one individual; but the claims of John were too great to be overlooked, and, accordingly, Robert had been but one year on the throne, when John obtained from him a feudal title to all those lands which had formerly belonged to Ranald, the son of Roderick, and which had been so long refused to him.

In order, however, to neutralise in some degree the effect of thus investing one individual with a feudal title to such extensive territories, and believing himself secure of the attachment of John during his lifetime, King Robert determined, since he could not prevent the accumulation of so much property in one family, at least, by bringing about its division among its different branches, to sow the seed of future discord, and eventually perhaps of the ruin of the race. He found little difficulty in persuading John, in addition to the usual practice in that family of gavelling the lands among the numerous offspring, to render the children of the two marriages *feudally* independent of each other, a fatal measure, the consequences of which John did not apparently foresee; and, accordingly, in the third year of his reign, King Robert confirmed a charter by John to Reginald, the second son of the first marriage, of the lands of Garmoran, which John had acquired by his marriage with Reginald's mother, to be held of John's heirs, that is to say, of the descendants of the eldest son of the first marriage, of whom one had been given as an hostage in 1369, and who would of course succeed to every one of John's possessions which were not feudally destined to other quarters. Some years afterwards John resigned a great part of the Western portion of his territories, consisting principally of the lands of Lochaber, Kintyre, and Knapdale, with the Island of Colonsay, into the King's hands, and received from him charters of these lands in favour of himself and his heirs by the marriage with the King's daughter; thus rendering the children of the second marriage feudally independent of those of the first, and furnishing a subject for contention between these families which could not fail to lead to their ruin.* The regularity of the first marriage has been questioned, but its perfect legitimacy is now placed beyond question by the discovery of a dispensation permitting the marriage by the Pope, dated 1337, as the parties were within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity allowed by the Church. On this point Gregory, Skene, Smibert, and indeed all the best authorities are at one. And the first wife was divorced, from anything that can be ascertained, without any just reasons or any cause of complaint against her good and faithful conduct. Gregory considers it highly probable that a secret understanding was arrived at between the Steward and the Lord of the Isles before the latter divorced his first wife and married the daughter of the Steward, that at the death of King David the Steward would ascend the throne under the title of Robert II.; and certain it is, he says, that after that event the destination of the Lordship

* Highlanders of Scotland, by W. F. Skene, pp. 64-70.

of the Isles was altered so as to cause it to descend to the grandchildren of the King. Aware that his rights to Garmoran and the North Isles was annulled by the divorce of his first wife, the Lord of the Isles, disregarding her claims, and trusting to the influence of the King, his father-in-law, procured a royal charter of the lands in question, in which her name was not even mentioned. Godfrey, the eldest son of the Lord of the Isles, by his first wife, resisted these unjust proceedings, maintaining his mother's prior claims, and his own as her heir; but Ranald, his younger brother, being more pliant, was rewarded by a grant of the North Isles, Garmoran, and many other lands to hold of John, Lord of the Isles, *and his heirs.**

When the Steward ascended the throne as King Robert II. of Scotland, one of his first Acts of Parliament was to confirm his "beloved son John of the Isles" in the possession of the greater portion of the Scottish heritage of the house of Somerled, except a portion of Argyle, Moidart, Arisaig, Morar, and Knoydart, on the mainland; and Uist, Barra, Rum, Egg, and Harris, in the Western Isles, were confirmed or assigned to him and his heirs by royal charter, dated at Scone, on the 9th March 1371-2. By the charter granted in his favour by David II. on the 12th June 1344, he, in addition to securing the lands already named, was made keeper of the "King's Castles of Kernoburgh, Iselborogh, and Dunchonnal, with the lands and small Islands thereto belonging to be held by the said John, and his heirs, in fee and heritage." In 1354 he entered into an indenture with John of Lorn, Lord of Argyle, by which the latter gave up his ancient claims to these castles and lands, in favour of John of the Isles, as also his rights to the Islands of Mull, Jura, and Tiree. In the same year he was one of the four great barons of Scotland named as securities for the observance of the Treaty of Newcastle, and as the other three barons named were the Steward of Scotland, afterwards Robert II., the Lord of Douglas, and Thomas of Moray, it is clear that he was selected as one of the most powerful chiefs at the time in all Scotland. On 31st March 1356 Edward III. of England issued a commission to treat directly with the Island Chief, and in the treaty for the liberation of David II., entered into on the 3d October in the following year, by which also an "inviolable truce" for ten years between England and Scotland, was agreed upon, the Lord of the Isles was specially mentioned. In 1362 he obtained a confirmation of all donations and concessions by whosoever made to him, and of whatsoever lands, tenements, annual rents, and other possessions held by him.

The haughty temper of the Western chief is well illustrated by an anecdote preserved in Hugh Macdonald's MS.—"When John of the Isles was to be married, some of his followers and familiars advised him to behave courteously before the King, and to uncover himself as others did. He said (that) he did not well know how the King should be reverenced, for all the men he ever saw should reverence himself;" and, to get over the difficulty, the haughty lord "threw away his cap, saying he would wear none," and thus there would be no necessity to humiliate himself by taking it off before the King.

There is no doubt whatever that John, first Lord of the Isles, married

* Western Highlands and Isles, pp. 30-31,

first, as his lawful wife, Amy, sole representative and heiress of the MacRuari branch of the Siol Cuinn, and that among his descendants by this marriage, we must look for the representative of the elder branch, and therefore for the chiefs of the line of Somerled of the Isles, while it is equally true that the family of Sleat represent John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles. The controversy which has taken place on this important question between the families of Glengarry and Moydart is well known to many of our readers, and we are fortunate enough to possess copies of it; but although the question arises chronologically here, we prefer to discuss the whole subject at a future stage in a special chapter. There is, however, no doubt that Donald, the eldest son of the second marriage, although not the chief of the family by right of blood, became the actual feudal superior of his brothers. On this point Gregory is emphatic, and says "Donald, the eldest son of the second marriage, became, on his father's death, second Lord of the Isles, and in that capacity was most undoubtedly, feudal superior and actual chief of his brothers, whether of the full or half blood." We shall therefore follow and treat the Lords of the Isles as the main, and, unquestionably, the most important line in this work.

By his marriage with Amy, heiress of the MacRuaries, "the good John of Isla" had issue—

1. *John*, who died before his father, leaving one son, Angus, who died without issue.

2. *Godfrey*, of Uist and Garmoran, of whom hereafter.

3. *Ranald*, or *Reginald*, progenitor of Glengarry, and of all the Macdonalds claiming to be Clan Ranalds. These shall afterwards be dealt with in their order.

4. *Mary*, said to have married, first, one of the Macleans of Duart, and, secondly, Maclean of Coll.

He married, secondly, Lady Margaret, daughter of Robert, High Steward of Scotland, afterwards King Robert II., and first of the Stewart dynasty. By this lady he had—

5. *Donald*, who succeeded as second Lord of the Isles.

6. *John Mor Tanister* of Islay and Kintyre, and of whom hereafter.

7. *Alexander*, Lord of Lochaber, known as "Alastair Carrach," progenitor of the family of Keppoch.

Gregory says that he died in 1380, while Skene has it that he died about 1386. His death took place at his Castle of Ardtornish in Morven, and he was buried in the sacred precincts of Iona, "with great splendour," by the ecclesiastics of the Isles, whose attachment he secured by liberal donations to the Church, and who evinced their gratitude by calling him "the good John of Isla," a designation handed down by tradition to modern times.

He was succeeded in all his possessions, and in the Lordship of the Isles, by his eldest son by the second marriage.

(To be Continued.)

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—Tennyson.

BOOK I.—"AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA."

Chapter V.

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soul?

—Hamlet.

It is quite unnecessary to dwell on the way in which the night was passed at Dunkerlyne. The news of Dermond's escapade fell like a thunderclap among the assembled revellers, and silenced the mirth for a while. As soon as the messenger had gone, a stern vow of vengeance on the head of John of Lorn and his minion, Macnab, burst from the lips of the men-at-arms. Brian was greatly alarmed and confused at first, but reflection made him calm and decided. The reception of Cyril as his guest did not now disturb him so much; Dermond's captivity weighed too heavily on his mind. But it stung him into resolution. He knew he had a dual part to play, and hesitation might be ruin. The night was principally spent in sounding the men, all of whom appeared to be above suspicion, although the heart of a traitor beat in the breast of Cormac Doil. Brian held counsel with Jarloff as to what he should do on the morrow. To attempt a rescue or openly defy the power of John of Lorn would be madness, and might precipitate the fate of the youth. Submission and dissimulation were resolved upon, but meanwhile every effort was to be made to resume secret communication with Robert the Bruce, so that the power of the tyrant of Dunolly might be overwhelmed in the general rising of the country against the yoke of Edward. Confidences were exchanged between the pirate and his guest. Brian was informed of his relationship to Cyril. The story of the descent on Rathland was related, and the Chief of Dunkerlyne thanked God that he had not been too rash to revenge a deed for which Lorn was more to blame than the unfortunate Cyril.

With every semblance of feality, Brian and a large body of his followers attended at Dunolly on the succeeding day.

The gathering was a formidable one, and night had almost set in before all the petty chieftains from the interior of the mainland and the most remote island fastnesses of the Western sea had gathered under the walls of the great stronghold of the Lorns.

In the principal hall of the castle the heads of the various clans were assembled, and John of Lorn made known his fell purpose.

"My gallant chieftains," he said, as his eagle eye scanned the expectant faces of the war-girt Highlanders, "from your hearths and from the bosoms of your families have I called you to accompany me on an expedi-

tion of great and mighty import. Two days ago the violence of the wind and waves prevented our assembling in such force as we do now, but since one of your number at least—the brave and faithful Macnab—had the courage to set the storm at defiance, take not this as an evil omen attainting the justice of our cause or the success which shall attend thereunto. The delay, mayhap, hath rather been for good than otherwise. A courier from the English court hath arrived in the interval, bringing intelligence of the whereabouts and strength of the rebellious Bruce of Carrick. His sacrilegious deed in the Church of Dumfries now meets a just punishment. All the faithful sons of the Church have forsaken his standard, and the hand of an indignant God is lifted high to smite his cause. All of you must know of the insult perpetrated in contempt of the holiness of the Sanctuary and the dignity of our house. My gallant kinsman, the Red Comyn, rightful heir to the throne of Scotland, and joint regent under the power of Edward of England, after having been unfaithfully treated with, and divers forgeries and calumnies invented for his traduction in the eyes of his most gracious Majesty as a scheming traitor, hath been treacherously and vilely stabbed before the altar of God in the Church of Greyfriars. Since the perpetration of a deed so repulsive to the principles of faith and loyalty—so infamous in the eyes of the whole world, since the blood of royalty itself spattered the steps of the holy alter, the regicide hath presumptously assumed the crown of Scotland, the ceremony being publicly performed by the Countess of Buchan in the precincts of the palace of Scone. But thanks to the noble Pembroke, he hath not long enjoyed his blood-bought honours. Driven from the woods of Methven as a pestilence defiling whithersoever his feet may tread, he hath with unprincipled audacity overrun the territority of Lorn, living royally on the produce thereof with fishing hook and hunting spear. Start not when I say that this reckless adventurer is now within a few days march of our seat of Dunolly. Desperate and mighty as he is, he can yet be crushed. Defeated as he is, he is still powerful, and all the efforts of our noble allies have been unable to oust him from his retreat. One who can so shamelessly violate all that is sacred in chivalry is neither open to the protection of God nor man. Think you, my gallant chieftains—the strength of our noble house—in justice to the blood which bears testimony on the altar we shall stand carelessly by and allow this flaming hell-fiend to take refuge in our woods and mountains. Let us exert the utmost of our power to crush the bloody and unholy usurper. For this cause therefore—the cause of Heaven, the cause of England, the cause of Lorn, yea, the cause of each and every son of the faithful—I have called you forth, and before another day dawns upon our indolence let us go and seek the rebellious regicide, and expel him from our territory."

As soon as the bursts of applause, the shouts of assent and vows of vengeance had died down, he resumed—

"This is not all. The same courier bringeth intelligence of the total defeat of two galleys commanded by Cyril of Rathland, our sworn enemy, while attempting to land succours for the Bruce on the shores of Kintyre. Cyril escaped, but is supposed to have suffered wreck on these shores. The storm was the weapon with which the God of the faithful smote the helper of the heretic. Cyril, however, hath not yet perished. By the

foul treachery of some of our vassals he hath gained a refuge in these isles. (The eye of Lorn was sternly fixed on Brian the Viking as he spoke these words.) The vengeance of Heaven and the blood of Comyn also demand that instant search be made for the Lord of Rathland, and the shelterer of his unholy head shall be hung with Cyril's carcase by the heels from the highest tower of his castle."

"Death to the traitor!" shouted the chieftains.

Brian was silent and looked somewhat startled as every eye was directed against him.

"Ha! you start and look pale, good Brian of Dunkerlyne!" exclaimed Lorn with a malicious chuckle. "Why do you not shout 'Death to the traitor!' like the rest of my noble vassals?"

"Your pardon, my lord," said the Viking, recovering himself, "I feel abashed at your words. I am truly alarmed at what you say regarding some traitor. God knows I am innocent. Day and night I have not slept in trying to find the whereabouts of this bloody man, Cyril of Rathland. As yet my work has been in vain."

"Methinks, Sir Chief, you have cause enough to perform the mission surely and faithfully. The slayer of your gallant father, Francis, and the abettor of a sacrilegious regicide make a fit subject for your vengeance."

"They do, my lord," assented the chieftain, suppressing the passion which boiled within him.

"Revenge for the death of your noble father, the blessing of the Church, and the liberty of your son," exclaimed Lorn, "make a fitting reward."

Brian remained speechless.

"What," said Lorn, "you hesitate. Have I said too little for so small a deed. Would you have me give you money to bribe your courage? Or shall I add to the liberty of your jackanapes of a son the hand of a noble lady he covets?"

"Shame upon the mercenary knave," re-echoed through the chamber.

"To revenge the death of a father," said the swarthy Chief from Colonsay, "would methinks be guerdon enow for the death of a thousand men."

"The blessing of the Church," said the holy abbot of Iona, "ought, above all things, to spur you to revenge."

"Give me the task, my lord," said the fiery Macnab, "and even I will undertake to find and slay the accursed abettor of this murdering heretic."

"You misunderstand me on all hands," said Brian of Dunkerlyne, exasperated with the insults of Lorn, the goading of the Abbot, and the exclamations of the chieftains. "Hear me, good sirs, and you shall know what makes me shrink from answering as I should wish your unseemly taunts. If there be a sire among you with love or sympathy in his heart who knows what it is to have a son, he will not be so ready to fling such cowardly reproaches. I have a son, an only son, whom I love as I love my own life. My gallant Dermond lies writhing in chains far down beneath this floor in the depths of the dungeons of Dunolly. Grief for his fate unnerves me and makes me dumb. Set him at liberty. Let him accompany you in this expedition, and I shall return to the execution of my duty. Let Heaven and this assembly be my witnesses, while I swear

by this sword with its holy cross—while I swear by the sacred shrine of Columba—that another day shall not dawn before the death of my father is avenged, the Church satisfied, and the state assured. Rest so much faith in me my liege for this once. Set Dermond at liberty, take him with you to fight against the Bruce, and leave me to deal with Cyril of Rathland."

"Nobly spoken," burst from almost every lip as this speech was concluded.

"Go then, brave Brian of the sea-wave," said Lorn, "I believe you are worthy of the trust. Dermond shall go free. His offence, with the assent of Macnab, will no doubt be pardoned. The good Abbot will shrive him of his sin, and he will accompany me against the Bruce. But, remember, my suspicions have not been without ground—my charges have not been without cause. See that Cyril has not gained your confidence and hospitality already. Tremble at my words, and harken ye noble bulwarks of our house, while I threaten the wavering vassal. If the roof of your castle shelters Cyril of Rathland another night the life of your son shall answer for your treachery. Avenge me on this Irish chieftain, and the guerdon shall exceed your expectations."

Brian frowned at this speech, and thundered forth a denial of the charges it contained.

"I trust you do not belie yourself," said Lorn. "I may have been deceived by my informant. At least remember my words."

Bowing to Macdougall Brian retired in sore dismay from the presence of the chieftains.

Before starting for Dunkerlyne he had an interview with his son in his dungeon. The youth, who was ghastly pale with thought and confinement, clasped his father to his breast, and thanked Heaven that he had not perished in the storm. A gleam of fire lighted up his weary eye, and the colour returned to his cheek as he fondled in his parent's arms. The blood forsook his cheek again, however, when he had time to observe the cloud which rested on the Viking's brow. All was not well, and the offer of liberty did not bring that gladness to his heart which it ought to have done. The manner of his father was altogether suspicious, and he urged him to reveal what could oppress him so much.

"If you have done aught that is wrong or bound yourself to any unholy task for the sake of my liberty," said Dermond, "let me rather rot in this foul dungeon. I will not be free on any such terms."

"Nay, my good Dermond," said the Viking, "rest assured there is nought I have undertaken but what can be executed with honour. It merely troubles me to know that you start on your first errand of peril without the protection of a father's arm. Be wary, my son, in your dealings with the enemy. He is cunning and courageous. Be bold and fearless, but neither rash nor careless. Be always well on your defence, and use the tricks of the sword and battleaxe, which have made your fathers so illustrious on land and sea. The Sassenach is well armed with linked shirt and glittering cuirass, but watch the chinks and joints of his harness. Your sword was the sword of my father, Francis, in his youth. It is well tempered and handy. Your battle-axe was given to Jarloff by the great King Haco. Treasure it, for it is your strength. It is the trust of your life, and no Sassenach helmet can resist its clang. Above all things place

your hope in the Saints, for though I be not a very godly man, for the sake of your heavenly mother I adjure you to be faithful and chivalrous."

"Never fear, my father," said Dermond with assumed laughter, "I have strength and skill to hold my own against the strongest Sassenach. Meanwhile, farewell! When I return my shield shall be brighter with the deeds of the battle."

Brian kissed his son and parted. As he turned away he muttered something like a curse, and wiped a trickling tear from his cheek with his iron hand.

He returned to Dunkerlyne, and mixed deeply in the nightly revel. He drank much, and startled the men-at-arms with fits of what appeared to be madness. He had always been subject to these fits since the descent of Francis on the shores of Rathland, but that night there was something wild and savage about his speech and bearing such as no one had previously witnessed.

The hall was at length emptied of the men-at-arms. Brian lingered behind. He cursed those who came to offer him assistance to his bed-chamber, and sternly ordered all to go and sleep.

He sat gazing into the smouldering fire which cast a dim and lurid light over the bare walls and blackened rafters. The boisterous laugh and merry song of the retreating revellers jarred fearfully on his ear. His eyes were red and swollen, and his head, with its unkempt grey hairs, lay buried in his hands. He looked dazed and troubled, and when he spoke to himself or the visionary beings who floated round him, his voice was deep and unusually harsh.

Most of the other occupants of the keep were soon wrapt in a slumber such as succeeds to late hours and a boisterous revel.

No sound broke the stillness of the hall save the tread of the sentinels echoing from the platforms without, the roar of the waves dashing on the cliffs beneath, the rustle among the expiring embers, or the occasional restlessness of Brian himself.

At length he lifted his head, glared wildly into the fire, rested one arm on his knee, and thrust the other into his breast.

"I am a cruel and hardened man," he muttered to himself.

Again he buried his face in his hands, and then sat speechlessly watching the flickering flame in the deadening fire.

The crying of a little child, piercing the pitiless darkness of the night, made him start up and glance fearfully around.

He went to the window, and after looking some time towards Dunolly where the watchfires cast a ruddy glamour on the mountains and the sky, he returned to his seat with "Bloody, faithless villain!" hissing through his teeth. The life of his only son Dermond lay in the balance against the life of his uncle. There was some traitor at Dunkerlyne who had been revealing all regarding his reception of Cyril. How he yearned to tear the eyes and tongue from his treacherous head!

"Stain my hands with an old man's blood!" thought Brian in his agony. "Spatter the steps of God's altar forsooth! What if the blood of my guest should spatter the hearth of hospitality? Murder my uncle —shameless, treacherous Lorn. Heaven support me in this struggle. Holy mother of God be my guide and adviser. Ye burning sattelites above, and all the sacred bones of St Columba's shrine, aid me in this the

hour of my need. I have been rash and ungodly in my life, let me not add this sin to the rest."

He wept and prayed in vain.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, "I have played the woman, but no more. I must revenge my father. Dermond must be made happy. A murrain on my fears."

He rose from his seat, clutched his dirk, and made to leave the hall. Something seemed to stand between him and the door, barring the way, and when he moved forward a strong hand seemed to clutch him by the throat and thrust him back.

"Avaunt, ye hell-fiends!" he attempted to shout, but his voice failed him and his dagger clung tenaciously to the sheath.

Hailing with a cold sweat and breathing abruptly, he drew back and sank helplessly on the bench by the fire.

For some time he sat in a state of quivering fear, and then mustering up courage and muttering something about "fancy," he rushed out.

Strange sounds re-echoed through the castle. An earthquake rumbled among the mountains and shook the sea, while the towers of Dunkerlyne rocked to and fro.

Brian returned pale as a ghost, and sank into his seat. He had been to the chamber high up on the northern side of the keep—the same chamber where the great Alexander II. of Scotland was smitten by the hand of death in his expedition for the subjection of the Lord of Argyle and the Isles in 1249. There Cyril and his son slept in each other's arms. A strange feeling came over him as he stood there with his dagger drawn ready to do murder. "Oh God!" he cried, "whence this terrible delusion?" He remembered the meeting on the hillside when the face of his uncle, who was then a stranger to him, so vividly recalled the features of his father, and then the youth so like his Dermond in the lineaments of every limb and feature. He could not stab. He turned away his eyes, and attempted to do so in vain.

"Hellish bewilderment!" he shouted fiercely on returning to the hall. "So like the image of my father! Something withheld my hand."

He thought of of the circumstances under which his father had met his death. Cyril had slain his brother Francis while defending his own castle. The deed had been done in error and in the heat of combat. The night had been very dark, and Rathland had been attacked by John of Lorn. He thought of the tyrannies exercised by the great Macdougall; and meditating on the weakness of his castle of Dunkerlyne, when traitors lurked within its walls, he struck his brow and beat his feet on the floor with rage.

"Haughty, bloody miscreant!" he exclaimed, "your threats and orders I defy. Yes, my castle hath walls and gates of strength, and the traitors shall be thrown into the sea from the highest cliff in Kerrera. My Dermond, my gallant son, shall yet escape your villany. Now to my couch in peace, and to-morrow shall dawn upon a free and independent Chief of Dunkerlyne."

He rose to leave the hall, but dimly discernable in the pale moonlight that straggled through the bars of the iron casement the stately figure of his father stood.

Brian paused, and as he gazed tremulously, the blood in his veins ran

cold. He drew his hand across his eyes to remove the film that seemed to gather on them. But there his father stood with an unearthly glare lighting up his pallid features. The eyes gleamed with fire. The richly embossed armour shone with inherent brilliancy. One pale hand grasped the glittering mantle, while the other held aloft the battle-axe as of yore.

As Brian continued to gaze in dumb fear, the vision grew more vivid and alarming until it seemed to fade away in a sea of blood. With a feeling of sinking into the ruddy gulf he fell cold and senseless on the hard stone floor.

(To be Continued.)

ALLAN NAN CREACH.

THE traveller through the Pass of Drumouchter to Newtonmore at the base of Craigdhu, the ancient gathering place of the Macphersons, would be apt to imagine that the district along which he is skirting is one of dreary wildness—of mountains, barren or only covered by heather—the sole homes of the deer and the grouse, and would scout as a ridiculous idea the possibility of finding level fields capable of being farmed as highly and affording as fertile returns as many districts in the Lowlands.

And yet it is so. Amid hills and mountains crowded, and as it were crowding together, climbing over each other to see and be seen of the world, to share the sweeping storm or bathe in the beaming sunshine—there are valleys as sweet and picturesque as they are unexpected. Stretching westward, twenty miles in length by about two in breadth, there is the Strath of the Spey. Flanking the valley, runs the Monadhlia (gray mountains) range, extending from the confines of Lochaber nearly eighty miles towards Nairn, in some places three thousand feet high and thirty miles wide, and separating the vale of the Spey from the glen of the Findhorn—while the Ben Alder range, lofty and precipitous to the west, once the favourite haunt of red deer, before sheep invaded the territory, overhanging Loch Ericht, one of the wildest lakes in Scotland, divides it from Loch Laggan, one of the most beautiful.

To the traveller on approaching it the view is very pleasing; its bays so much indented look like a series of small lakes. The lands around it rise gradually from base to summit, are clothed on their skirts with natural wood, and abound in ravines and corries, which the fugitives from Culloden—Prince Charlie, Lochiel, Cluny Macpherson, and others, made their hiding homes, until they could leave the land of their love with the breaking hearts of exiles, for sunnier yet sadder climes.

Around Loch Laggan the scenery is most magnificent. The hills seem thrown into their present position by some mighty convulsion of nature,

and to the traveller, as he proceeds, present, as it were in a moving panorama, a series of grand yet indescribable views.

The whole district is interesting. In the foreground is Cluny Castle, the residence of the Chief of the Macphersons; Laggan Manse, once the home of Mrs Grant, the famous authoress; the neighbourhood of the Loch, once the favourite hunting grounds; and lastly, the burial places of the Kings Fergus. One of the islands bears the name of *Eilean an Righ* (King's Island); another, *Eilean nan Con* (Dogs' Island), while a height is called Ardverige or the ard or height of Fergus. At the east end of this Loch are the ruins of the Church of St Killen, round which hangs the following tradition:—

It is said that this Church was built by "Allan nan Creach" or Allan of the Spoils, a soubriquet given to one of the family of Cameron of Lochiel. The following anecdote has been gravely told, and gravely believed by the good people of Lochaber and Badenoch, as giving an account of the circumstances that led to the building of this and of six other churches. It is said that Allan was very active, and at first rather successful in levying contributions from his neighbours, and in driving off their cattle without ceremony, for his own special use. But the tide of plunder does not always run smooth, any more than that of love. Allan having met with some disasters in his predatory expeditions, was resolved upon having some communication with the inhabitants of the invisible world, in order to find out the cause. There was a celebrated witch in his neighbourhood, called Gorm Shuil or blue-eyed. She was such an adept in her profession that she could transform herself and others into hares and cows, raise hurricanes from any quarter of the compass she pleased, and perform other wonderful exploits, too tedious to mention. Under the direction of this and other similar advisers, Allan, to attain the project he had in view, took a living cat, and with his servant, went at night to a corn-kiln, near Torcastle in Strathlochy. The cat was put living on a spit; and the servant commenced the process of roasting it before a slow fire, while Allan stood at the entrance leading to the fire, with a drawn sword to keep off all intruders. The cat set up doleful lamentations, when a crowd of cats immediately gathered, as it were to its rescue; but they were kept at a respectable distance by the redoubtable Allan. Every cat as it came, exclaimed in Gaelic, "'S olc an carabh cait sin," "that is bad treatment of a cat." "It will not be better just now" was Allan's response; and every moment he would address the man at the fire, saying, "Whatever you may hear or see, keep turning the cat." At last a black cat with one eye came and calmly remonstrated with the guardian of the passage on his cruelty, and told him that his late reverses were a punishment for his wickedness in plundering his neighbours, and that in order to atone for his guilt, and obtain forgiveness for his sins, he must build seven churches—a church for every creach which he raised. The cat Cam Dubh (the one-eyed cat), added, that if Allan would persevere in his present amusement, until the cat with the long hanging ears, his brother (Cluasan leabhra mo bhrathair) should arrive, he would take such summary vengeance, that Allan would never see his Maker's face in mercy. This lecture having struck terror into Allan's soul, he released the cat at the fire, and did not wait the arrival of the dreadful cluasan leabhra, but retired immediately from the scene, and lost no time in commencing his

church building scheme, according to the directions of his monitor. He erected ere he died, the seven churches which are still pointed out, and it is said that the old church of Laggan was one of the seven.

In St Mungo's Island, at the entrance of Loch Leven, near Glenco in Argyleshire, there is a burial-place; and there we find another of Allan nan Creach's churches. The following story is reported, and firmly believed at this day in that part of the country:—About the middle of the last century a man was buried in the island. For several nights after, the dead man disturbed the whole neighbourhood in Glenco, calling in a most dolorous strain on a certain individual to come and relieve him. The man at last set off for the island in the dead hour of night, and having arrived at the grave, found the dead man with his head and neck fairly above the ground. "What is your business with me," says the Glenco man, "and why are you disturbing the neighbourhood with your untimely lamentations after this fashion?" "I have not," says the dead man, "rest night or day since I lay here, nor shall I, as long as this head is on my body. I shall give you the reason. In my younger days I swore most solemnly that I would marry a certain woman, and that I never would forsake her as long as this head remained on my body. At this time I had a hold of a button, and the moment we parted, I separated the head of the button from the neck, thinking that then all was right. I now find my mistake. You must, therefore, cut off my head." The other, fetching a stroke, cut off the head close to the surface of the ground, and then the dead man dragged the rest of the body back to the grave, leaving the head to shift for itself. This story is as firmly believed in Glenco this day, by some people, as any truth of Holy Writ.

TORQUIL.

RETIREMENT OF PROVOST ALEXANDER SIMPSON.—Apart altogether from Municipal politics, a change in the Chief Magistracy of the Highland Capital must possess more or less interest for Highlanders wherever located; and especially so in the case of one who, like Provost Simpson, has devoted about a quarter of a century to public affairs. During his reign, schemes of great importance to Inverness have been completed, such as the introduction of Water from Lochashie, the purchase by the Town of the Old Gas and Water Company's business and plant, and the building of a New Town Hall; and while a considerable difference of opinion exists as to the manner in which these schemes were carried out, there is none as to the honesty of purpose of the chief actor, and the ultimate amelioration and benefit of the town. Provost Simpson had his failings, but they generally leant to virtue's side. He tried to please all, and of course failed, like others who attempted the impossible. His knowledge of town affairs was unequalled by any member of the Town Council, and he was noted for his discharge of the public duties pertaining to the office on all occasions where his presence as chief magistrate was considered of advantage to any good cause. He especially encouraged all matters Celtic, and invariably attended officially all the public meetings of the Gaelic Society, of which he is a chieftain. He carries with him into private life the best wishes of all who know him.

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THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,

With Several Incidental Allusions to the Remarkable Adventures and Escapes of the Unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness.

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Part III.

Flora was, in every respect, a very interesting girl. She became a particular favourite with all the respectable families in the Island, such as Clanranold and his lady, his brother Boisdale, and family—her own relatives at Baileshear, and many others. Lady Clanranold acted towards her more like a mother than a distant relative. She was seldom left at home with her brother at Milton, but paid long visits to her respected friends around, and these visits were welcomed by all. When Flora was about thirteen years of age, Lady Clanranold insisted on her remaining continuously at her residence at Ormiclade, that she might get the benefit of instruction from a governess who had been provided by Clanranold for his own children. Such was the kindness of the family at Ormiclade to her, that she could not express her gratitude. For about three years Flora's home was in the hospitable mansion of Clanranold, with the exception of short trips occasionally to Skye, to visit her mother at Armadale. She by far excelled in her lessons the daughters of the family, and although Clanranold and lady had too much sense not to appreciate her expertness and aptitude, for the acquisition of useful instruction, yet the daughters became to some degree jealous of poor Flora, and hinted that the governess was more attentive to her than she was to themselves. There was, in short, every appearance, that in their hearts, the youngsters at Ormiclade cherished a certain degree of envy or jealousy towards their unoffending protegé. Flora was by far too clear-sighted not to see all this, and likewise too prudent not to be able to effect a remedy. She endured everything patiently for about half-a-year, as in reality the youngsters only had taken private offence at her success, while the parents very probably had never heard nor thought any thing about it. She had given intimation in her own pleasing and grateful way, to Lady Clanranold, that by such or such a time, she would require to visit her mother, and spend some time with her, as she had, again and again, heard it alleged that she was an unnatural daughter, and a very undutiful one, who had deserted her only parent, and lost all sense of her filial duties. "Eh! me, Flora dear," said Lady Clanranold, "what will became of 'ceòlag,' if you go off and leave us, and what will become of us all? If you do go, you must return soon, and bear that in mind." The "ceòlag" to which the lady here alludes, was the name given in the family to a spinet, or small piano at Ormiclade, on which Flora became an astonishing performer. She acquired a knowledge of the notes from the governess, but her own correct ear for muisc, was the real source of her success. She could play not only the reels, and the dance music of the day with no ordinary efficiency, but likewise the ancient "piobaireachds," in which she gave due prominence to all the pogiaturas, and

grace-notes of the quick variations. In the same manner, even at this youthful age, she could sing Gaelic songs exceedingly well, and repeat lengthy strains of ancient poetry in that language. All these she committed to memory from the rehearsals of the bards and seanachies that existed then in the Isles.

In the year 1739 Lady Clanranold had a communication from the Honourable Lady Margaret Macdonald (wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles, residing at Monkstadt, in Skye), expressing a wish to have a visit from Flora, whom her ladyship had not seen for two years. She wished this visit to take place for a certain praiseworthy purpose, which she stated to Lady Clanranold, and which was to the effect, that she and her husband, Sir Alexander, were desirous that Flora should be well educated, and that they had certain plans in view for this purpose, which they hoped to be able soon to execute.

Flora appeared to be much gratified at this act of attention paid to her by Sir Alexander's lady, although as yet she was entirely ignorant of the special purposes, which her ladyship had in view in regard to her. She had been frequently at Monkstadt before, where she met with as much kindness from her noble chief and his lady, as should she have been their own child. She had formed the idea that her presence was thus wanted in Skye, in order perhaps to place her under the tuition of some notable teacher who may have come to the place. It may be remarked that in Skye at that period, all kinds of useful education flourished in respectable families beyond most other quarters of the Highlands. The cause was simply this:—Public schools were few in number, but the gentlemen farmers procured for themselves a remedy for this inconvenience. They resorted to a very successful expedient for counteracting the existing deficiency in the means of education. It so happened that a century or a century and a half ago, farmers of the middle class, or such as rented lands to an extent that enabled them to be ranked as gentlemen, were very numerous in Skye, though now, alas! the very reverse. These snug, comfortable, moderately-rented tenements of land, have been since then conjoined into extensive deer forests or into large sheep walks. The consequence is, that now one sheep farmer occupies a tract of pasture, which in past ages afforded means of support to twenty, thirty, or fifty respectable, and well-to-do middle-class tenants. These tenants being prudent, sagacious men, in order to educate their families, clubbed together to engage a common tutor, perhaps a well recommended student of Divinity, or some learned young gentleman from the south country, and sometimes even from England. By this arrangement every group of contiguously situated families had their centrical schoolroom, nicely fitted up, their qualified teacher, and their children thus efficiently educated in the common, and even in the higher branches of useful knowledge. Hence the vast number, within the last century and a-half, from that Island, who had distinguished themselves so greatly in the civil and military services of their Sovereign and country. No other territory perhaps of the extent of Skye, in the whole kingdom or elsewhere, can boast of even the one-half of distinguished men, in all the departments of the public service, as Skye can do.*

* A good many years ago, a correct and elaborate computation was made on competent authority, that during the wars with America and France, from the middle of the past to the beginning of the present century, the Isle of Skye furnished the following

In more than one of these excellent schools Flora received the solid ground-work of her educational requirements. In short, owing to this, and to the excellent training of which she had the benefit under the hospitable roof of Lady Clanranold, her mind was, at a comparatively early age, well stored with rudimental knowledge, as well as deeply imbued with a veneration for the system of clanship, and with loyalty to the exiled house of Stuart.

According to the request of Lady Margaret, preparations were being made for Flora's departure to Skye, by the first favourable opportunity that offered itself, of a safe passage across the Minsh.* It happened at this very time that a sort of pirate ship frequented the creeks and bays of the Long Island, by means of which many persons of both sexes were cajoled on board, made prisoners, and thereby were refused their liberty.

At this wicked and unexpected proceeding, the natives of the Lews, Harris, Uist, Benbecula, and Skye, became exceedingly alarmed, and it created much anxiety and confusion among all ranks and classes of the natives. The authorities in these quarters resorted to every measure within their power to counteract such base and unlooked-for cruelty. Unfortunately, however, the leader of this kidnapping party managed to set sail for the Southern States of America, with a ship-load of his own country-people of all ages, with the intended purpose of selling them as slaves. While the united efforts of all the authorities in these quarters, lay and clerical, seemed to be of no avail to check it, the overruling Providence of the Almighty immediately intervened to put a speedy termination to this cruel and unchristian procedure. Soon after the pirate ship had sailed from the shores of the Long Island with its mournful cargo of innocent natives, a terrific gale sprung up, which dashed the unhallowed ship into a rocky creek on the coast of Ireland, where it was totally wrecked, and splintered into fragments. It is, however, marvellous, that all the prisoners escaped, without the loss of a single life; and through the kindness of Irish philanthropists they were humanely cared for, and eventually conveyed to their native Isles. It was soon afterwards discovered that the chief leader in this diabolical plot was a young man, Norman Macleod, son of Donald Macleod, tacksman of the Island of Berneray. The stern-hearted youth escaped the punishment which his dastardly deeds so richly merited, by crossing "incognito" to Ireland, where he concealed himself for about two years. He subsequently joined himself to the Government forces, and was soon raised to the rank of Captain. In the course of some years he became a changed, and much respected gentleman, succeeded his father at Berneray, and died there at nearly a hundred years of age. Along with all others, Lady Margaret Macdonald deeply shared in the general alarm created by this wicked piratical plot. Her ladyship did so the more, no doubt, from a private report that got into circulation, that her husband, Sir Alexander, had

remarkable list of men for the service of their Sovereign and country, viz.:—10,000 foot soldiers, 500 pipers, 600 commissioned officers, under the rank of Colonel, 48 Lieut.-Colonels, 21 Lieutenant-Generals and Major-Generals, four Governors of British Colonies, one Governor-General, one Adjutant-General, one Chief Baron of England, and one Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. Besides this a great number filled offices in the University, in the Church, and in legal departments.

* The "Minsh" is the name of the channel which intervenes between the Long Island and Skye, which is from 20 to 30 miles in breadth, and is frequently very rough and stormy.

some secret hand in this cruel undertaking, in order to get the people away, and to banish them from his extensive estates. Knowing well Sir Alexander's innocence in this painful matter, her ladyship became quite indignant, and greatly disturbed in her peace of mind. In her husband's absence, she addressed a long letter, dated 1st January 1740, to Lord Justice Clerk Milton, in which she gave a long and minute detail of the whole affair. She assured his Lordship that Sir Alexander "was both angry and deeply concerned to hear that some of his own people were taken away in this manner, but could not at the time learn who were the actors in this wicked scrape until the ship was gone." Her ladyship's letter was long and interesting, and may be seen in the Culloden papers.

When the fact of the existence of this piratical vessel was noised abroad, sloops and craft of all descriptions were sent by the authorities in Skye to the Long Island, but they were too late to seize the expected prize. Being in the dead of winter, the weather was boisterous and wild, and the different craft had to lie at anchor in the lochs and bays of the Island. It was, however, arranged that in one of these vessels Flora was to be accommodated with a passage across the Minsh to Skye, to the hospitable residence of Lady Margaret at Monkstadt. One evening she set sail in the largest of these vessels, and the night being stormy the vessel was driven into Loch Snizort and anchored about sunrise at the "Crannag," near the mansion-house of Kingsburgh. Flora was glad to be put ashore, but finding that the Kingsburgh family were absent at Flodigarry, she walked a few miles to the house of Peinduin, the residence of Captain Norman Macleod, the very house wherein, after an eventful life, she died about fifty years thereafter. Next day she made the best of her way to the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald at Monkstadt, distant about fourteen miles. She was warmly received by Lady Margaret, with whom she remained for about eight months on that visit, with the exception of a stay of a few weeks with her mother at Armadale.

Lady Margaret felt a deep interest in Flora's welfare, being much pleased with her prudence, general conduct, and amiable disposition. She fully revealed her plans to the young lady, and explained to her that she and Sir Alexander had arranged to pass the winter in Edinburgh, and that they had resolved that she should accompany them and finish her education in the metropolis. Flora gratefully acknowledged her ladyship's friendship, and modestly signified her willingness to comply. She then visited her mother, to reveal to her the kind intentions of Lady Margaret, and to obtain her consent, which the old lady readily granted. She bade farewell to her mother, returned to Monkstadt, and matters being settled for the removal to Edinburgh, she seized the first opportunity of crossing the channel to Ormiclade, and to her brother at Milton.

It was proposed by Lady Margaret that Flora should visit the metropolis during the autumn of that season, but circumstances occurred to prevent it. Lady Clanranold became an invalid at the time, and so did her brother Angus, at Milton, apparently in both cases from a neglected cold. Such being the case, Flora's kind, generous heart would not permit her to leave her dear friends in a state of inconvalescence; and there was a remarkable providence in her remaining, as the sloop by which she proposed to sail to Glasgow, on her passage to Edinburgh, was wrecked on the Mull of Cantyre, and not a single life was saved.

Fortunately, in course of some time, the invalids recovered of their ailments, and Flora resided at Ormiclade and Milton during that winter and spring. Early in the following summer (1740) she embraced an opportunity of visiting her friends in Skye. In all quarters of that Island she was welcomed by every family of respectability she met with, and more particularly so by those at the houses of Scorribreck, Kingsburgh, Cuiderach, and Monkstadt. Arrangements were made anew for her departure to Edinburgh during the ensuing months of September or October, according to the state of the weather, as by that time Lady Margaret and Sir Alexander expected to reach the metropolis themselves. About the beginning of August, Flora bade farewell to her friends in Skye, and revisited her native Isle, which, of all localities, was the most dear to her Highland heart. Towards the end of September she took her passage from Uist to Glasgow in a small schooner belonging to the place, which was laden with cured cod and ling for the southern markets. The captain's name was Roderick Macdonald, but he was usually called "Ruairidh Muideartach," being a native of Moidart, on the mainland. Rory was a very jolly, middle-aged tar, who materially diminished the tediousness of the passage by his singing of Gaelic songs, in which he could not easily be excelled. In this respect he met with a very congenial spirit in his only cabin passenger, Flora being one who greatly admired the Celtic muse of her skipper. At length after an ordinary passage the schooner arrived safely at what is now called the Broomielaw of Glasgow. Two days thereafter Flora found her way by some public conveyance to Edinburgh. On her arrival at that city, where she was an entire stranger, she resorted with as little delay as possible to a boarding-school provided for her through the kind services of Lady Margaret. This female seminary, which was attended by about half-a-dozen of other young ladies, was taught by a Miss Henderson, in the Old Stamp-Office Close, High Street, and was near the town residence of the Earl of Eglinton. The Countess of Eglinton and daughters usually resided there during the winter months, and Flora had been only a few days in her new seminary when some of these noble ladies did her the honour of visiting her at Miss Henderson's. Flora was agreeably surprised, but soon came to understand that they had done so by the instructions of Lady Margaret, who had not then arrived in town herself from Skye. The Eglinton ladies were as much noted for their affability and kindness as they were celebrated for their personal beauty and charms. All the daughters were exceedingly handsome, and no doubt they had inherited these qualities from their mother, the Countess Susan Kennedy, who is said to have been one of the handsomest women of her day. It is recorded in the "Traditions of Edinburgh," that "Countess Susan's daughters were all equally remarkable with herself for a good mien; and the 'Eglintonne air' was a common phrase at the time. It was a goodly sight a century ago to see the long procession of sedans, containing Lady Eglintonne and her daughters, devolve from the Close, and proceed to the Assembly Rooms in the West Bow, when there was usually a considerable crowd of plebeian admirers congregated to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs on the pavement. It could not fail to be a remarkable sight—eight beautiful women, conspicuous for their stature and carriage, all dressed in the splendid, though formal fashion of that period, and inspired at once with dignity of birth, and consciousness of beauty."

During Flora's stay in Edinburgh, which lasted over three years continuously, she had the good fortune to be introduced to many families of high rank and distinction, such as Bishop Forbes of Leith, the Mackenzies of Delvin, and many others. The friendship that subsisted between the Delvin family and herself lasted during her lifetime. It must be stated to Flora's credit and great good sense, that notwithstanding the elevated rank of many parties into whose society and residence she had often been invited, and from whom she received much hospitality and attention, yet she invariably conducted herself with such a degree of unassuming modesty as no doubt added materially to her appreciation in the eyes of others. Both in prosperity and in adversity she ever retained the same equable temperament of mind—the same gentle, submissive deportment, and the same calm spirit of resignation and contentment. Whatever might have fallen to her lot, and many distressing things did, yet her frame of mind remained constantly unruffled and unchanged. While possessed of a keen, lively, sensitive nature, yet she was largely gifted with the power of exercising a complete control over her feelings, and of appearing on all occasions cheerful, pleasant, and entertaining.

Flora attended closely to her education in the seminary or boarding-school wherein she was placed during the first two seasons of her stay in the metropolis. She considerably excelled her fellow pupils in the comparatively few branches of education in which instruction was communicated to females at that remote period. In the musical department a sort of small harp was the instrument which was generally made use of for inculcating a knowledge of that interesting science. Flora, however, preferred to cultivate her taste in that respect by practising on a spinet, or small pianoforte, at which she was out of sight the most proficient in the seminary. From the correctness of her ear she had acquired a facility in the use of this instrument, her own favourite "ceòlag" at Ormiclade, which enabled her to play, as already stated, a great variety of Highland airs and "piobaireachds," with a degree of gracefulness and ease that delighted all around her. She was likewise gifted with a sweet, mellow voice, which rendered her capable of singing Gaelic songs exceedingly well, and much to the gratification and amusement of the company present. In consequence of this she was frequently asked the favour of singing those songs in the drawing-rooms of the noble and great, where no one present understood a single vocable of the stanzas so sweetly sung.

After having passed nearly three seasons with the ladies in the Old Stamp-Office Close, under whose charge she was at first settled, she resided chiefly in the house of Lady Margaret and Sir Alexander, where her ladyship treated her as a member of the family, and showed her as much maternal kindness as should she have been her own daughter. She became so thoroughly domesticated and useful to her ladyship that she pressed upon her to prolong her stay in Edinburgh for more than a year after she had intended to return to her mother, and to her friends in the Long Island. Sir Alexander had not been at that time in very robust health; and, by the advice of his medical attendants, he remained for about two years continuously in Edinburgh without returning to his residence in Skye. On two occasions Flora accompanied Lady Margaret to Eglinton Castle, where weeks were pleasantly spent under the noble roof of the ancient domicile wherein her ladyship first saw the light of day.

(To be Continued.)

PROFESSOR RHYS'S WELSH PHILOLOGY.*

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All lovers of the science of language must rejoice at the present incipient cultivation of Celtic studies. Scottish students especially will welcome the growing interest now taken in philology which has been altogether neglected in our country. With the exception of the brilliant Professor of Greek in Edinburgh, to whom the Celtic world is so much indebted, the teachers of languages in Scottish Universities scarcely ever touched on the subject. We are therefore glad to observe that this state of matters is disappearing; and that an earnest living interest is manifested in connection with philological studies.

The interest taken at present in Celtic studies is not a transient one. It is the outcome of patient study and labours of many eminent scholars who during the last half century turned their attention to the science of language. Their efforts have ultimately resulted in assigning their proper position in the philological world to the Celtic languages. Till the beginning of this century, and indeed by many long after, the dialects of the Gael in the west were spoken of as belonging to the Shemitic family of tongues. But it is only the incurably unscientific that contend for any such theory at the present day.

Before proceeding to indicate the contents of the excellent volume before us, it may be interesting to mention the names of those who have contributed to Celtic philology. Dr Pritchard's *Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations*, applying the philological principles of Bopp and Grimm to the Celtic languages to determine their philological position, marks an era in the history of these tongues. Pritchard endeavoured to prove that its true affinities were with Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Gothic, and not with the Shemitic languages. Lhywd and Jones, earlier, had glimmerings of such possible affinities. Pritchard's work appeared in 1832. In 1837 another Frenchman, Adolphe Pictet, published his *De l'Affinitie des Langues Celtiques avec le Sanskrit.* After these two French works we have those of two Germans on the Celtic languages. In 1839 Bopp published at Berlin his *Die Celtishen Sprachen.* In 1839-40 Diefenbach published at Stuttgart his *Celtica.* But the great classic of Celtic philology appeared in 1853—the *Grammatica Celtica* of J. Kaspar Zeuss. After thirteen earnest conscientious years of labour, this Bavarian, who had some Celtic blood in his veins, gave the world his work in a Latin dress—since in German—a work which constitutes a monument to his memory more enduring than brass. Celtic studies have been continued in Germany since by Drs Kuhn, Schleicher, Gorres, Holtzman, &c. The works of Dr Ebel of Berlin, and those of Ebrard of Earlangen have received much attention in this country. What Ebrard has published on Ossian would have greater philological value had he a better text as the basis of his work. As it is, we cannot help wondering at receiving such an admirable contribution to Celtic studies from a foreigner so distinguished also in theology, while so many at home, whose mother-tongue is

* Lectures on Welsh Philology. By Professor Rhys. Second edition. Trubner, London.

Gaelic, and from whom we would naturally expect something, are unable to speak even intelligently about their native language. Recently in Germany and France, by Edwards, Pictet, &c., the study of the Celtic tongues has been carried on by regular publications. The *Celtic Review*, published in Paris, is well known in this country. Italy has also taken up the study; from the *Chevalier Di Nigra* we have very interesting works—"The Turin Glosses," and "The Milan Glosses." Working with these continental writers, a learned Irishman, Dr Whitley Stokes, has made contributions of great value to Celtic philology. Most Celtic students know his "Irish Glosses" and his "Goidilica." Men of culture and scholarship in Britain could not ignore this revival of Celtic learning. Since then we have had in our own country Professors Blackie, Arnold, Geddes, Morley, and Principal Shairp influencing and quickening learned and historic thought in a Celtic direction, and breaking down the bulwark of much unreasonable prejudice. Canon Bourke of Ireland, and now more recently Professor Rhys at Oxford, have also helped to invest Celtic studies with scientific interest. The movement for the establishment of a Celtic Chair in Edinburgh has heightened the importance of such studies at home. It is now an accomplished fact, mainly under the stirring influence of the golden tongue of Professor Blackie, who has so grandly succeeded in bringing down showers of gold from the cold heights of Saxon divinities. Looking begets liking; and our whole nation looking at and hearing the Professor of Greek, in his own learned, popular, and naturally winning ways, advocating the cause of the Celt and his language, is beginning to regard both in a more kindly and scientific manner. Men now learn to see how much the Hindoo, the Englishman, and the Celt have in common in the matter of language. It is seen and recognised that English and Celtic have many family resemblances, that many words of a radical character existing in the one have their cognates in the other. It is now discovered that by a philological law of letter-change, words beginning in Gaelic with *c* begin in English with *h*, and the kinship between the two races is instantly recognised. Now the Celt and the Saxon embrace each other in the bonds of linguistic friendship, forgetting their earlier philological and racial differences and feuds. This law has opened up a field of fresh and interesting knowledge. By it we ascertain that the Gaelic *ceann, cen, ken*, has its English cognate in *head; cridhe*, earlier *cride*, its cognate in *heart; crodh, cattle*, its cognate in *herd; cruaidh*, its cognate in *hard; cruit*, its cognate in *harp; ciod*, its cognate in *what* (=huat); *có*, its cognate in *who* (=hoo), &c. All this has resulted in a renaissance of Celtic sentiment on every side except in conservative quarters which seem to be absolutely impervious to the quickening influence of fresh thought and feeling. It is now felt and believed that several millions of people still speak the tongue of the Celt; and that the Celtic languages deserve attention as the living speech of many. Scholars now believe that the study of these languages is not altogether so contemptible; and that the spirit of the Celt has vitalized, enlivened, and enriched the mighty stream of English letters.

Professor Rhys's book is, perhaps, the only work that we have as yet in this country taking up Celtic philology, pure and simple. We in the Highlands rejoiced at his appointment as Celtic professor at Oxford; but we rejoice more at the instant fruit of his Celtic studies, with which we

are now favoured in his highly attractive "Lectures on Welsh Philology." The volume is dedicated to Max Muller and Whitley Stokes, and no names could be mentioned more deserving of esteem on the part of the Celtic student of languages. These lectures were first delivered at the College at Aberystwyth in 1874. Since then they have been substantially repeated by the author as Professor of Celtic at Oxford. This is the second edition, quickly following the first, with a valuable appendix. When the Gaelic student is furnished with the contents of each lecture—there are seven altogether with the appendix—he will instantly recognise the importance of the work. The conclusions of the writer in general may be taken as applying to other Celtic dialects as well as to the Welsh, and it is this that makes his book so valuable to all Gaelic students of the science of language.

The first lecture takes up introductorily the science of language: Grimm's law of the interchange of mutes in the Indo-Germanic tongues, and the *Classification of the Celtic Languages.* The second lecture deals with the *Welsh Consonants;* the third with the *Welsh Vowels.* In the fourth lecture we have a most interesting historical sketch of the Welsh language, and in the fifth of the Welsh alphabet. In the sixth lecture we have *Ogams and Ogmic Inscriptions* treated of; and in the seventh and last an attempt to reconstruct the history of the Ogmic alphabet. It would be well that our Gaelic savants would take to heart, before we proceed to remark in detail on these lectures, the instructive paragraphs with which Professor Rhys closes his second lecture:—

"Now that we have fairly come to the end of our task—at least in outline—as regards the consonants, than which we have no reason to suspect the vowels of being less interesting, though it be that the laws they obey are more subtle, we may be allowed to indulge in a few remarks of a more general nature. Enough has probably been said to convince you that, in spite of our having preserved to the last the fag-ends of the subject, Welsh phonology is far from devoid of interest. The regularity which pervades it leaves but little to be desired, and it falls, comparatively speaking, not so very far short of the requirements of an exact science." In this respect what is true of Welsh is just equally true of Gaelic or Erse-Gaelic. Notwithstanding the complaints of *soi-disant* Gaelic scholars, that we have no standard of Gaelic scholarship, which they have not grammatically taken up, the phonology of Gaelic does not indeed fall far short "of the requirements of an exact science." Much needed lessons the Welsh Professor suggests and inculcates. "But some there are, however, who have no patience with a discussion which turns on consonants and vowels, and nothing short of etymologies bearing directly on ethnological questions or the origin of language can hope to meet with their approval. This need not surprise any one, for few people, as a rule, feel interested in the details of a scientific inquiry, and duly realise the fact, that what they regard as food only fit for the shrunken mind of a specialist must necessarily precede those gushing results they thirst after." The complaint underlying Professor Rhys's remarks, we are all familiar with in Scotland. Some cultivated men like Dr Charles Mackay, &c., have rushed to the study of Gaelic, finding that in the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh it might pay; some nearer home, and having pretensions to knowledge of their native tongue, declaim against the variableness of its

orthography, &c. But the true student of Gaelic knows the value of their complaints. The further remarks of Professor Rhys deserve quotation :—"In the case before us we are only too familiar with the worthlessness of the fruits of a method which ignores the phonological laws of the language with which it pretends to deal, or fails to do justice to their historical import; and it is by his *attitude with respect to these laws* that one can generally tell a dilettante from a *bona fide* student of the Celtic languages. The former you hardly need to be told, never discerns a difficulty, for to him a letter more or less makes no difference, as his notion of euphony is so Protean as to be equal to any emergency; but the latter frequently stumbles or goes astray, and has to retrace his steps; and altogether his progress can be but slow; so much so, in fact, that some of our leading glottologists of our day think it, on the whole, impossible to attain to the same state of knowledge respecting the history and etymology of Celtic words as that arrived at in the case of the other Aryan tongues. That it is harder is certain, but that it impossible I am inclined to doubt." It consoles us in Scotland to find our Welsh cousins in troubles similar to our own. But so far "progress is being made" in Scotland as in Wales. The all-pervading influence of Professor Blackie, of Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, &c., of Dr Maclauchlan's many works, and of the Rev. A. Cameron's most scientific teaching in Glasgow, are signs of real progress in the right direction. "Nor is there anything which may be regarded as an indication that we have nearly come to the end of our tether. For example, one of the tasks—and only one out of several—which the student of an Aryan language proposes to himself is to discover, as far as that is practicable, the origin of every word in its vocabulary, and to show to what group of vocables it belongs, or in other words, from what it is derived and how." We regret that in connection with the Celtic tongues this work has been carried on with most reprehensible extravagance in some quarters, especially in the sphere of topography, to this very day; but we hope that henceforth Professor Rhys's lectures and the labours of others throughout the British Isles will help to diminish the number of Celtic vocables whose origin is obscure, notwithstanding the special difficulties in the way. There are good signs of the times, not only in the German Kuhn's *Beitraege* and in the French Gaidoz's *Revue Celtique*, but also at home among the Irish and the Welsh; in Scotland in the *Celtic Magazine*, and in the newly-proposed quarterly by Mr Cameron, the *Scottish Celtic Review*. In these publications, as Professor Rhys neatly remarks in regard to the foreign ones, "stubborn words of our vernacular are forced, one after another, to surrender the secrets of their pedigree." Nothing could be more admirable than the following general remarks. The conclusion of the last two sentences of the paragraph to be quoted suggest a much needed lesson. "But whence, it will be asked, does this greater difficulty attending the study of the Celtic languages, and of the Welsh in particular, proceed? Mainly from two causes—the great dearth of specimens of them in their earlier stages, and the large scale on which phonetic decay has taken place in them. For, to pass by the former for the present, it is to be remembered that the phonetic changes which have been engaging our attention are but the footprints of phonetic decay, and that the phonological laws which have just been dis-

cussed form but a map of its encroachments, and a plan, as it were, of its line of attack. With these before our eyes, we are, to a certain extent, enabled to infer and picture to ourselves the positions, so to say, and the array in which the forces of our language were at one time drawn up." Perhaps some of our Celtic scholars who undertake the solution of all topographical names by means of Celtic dialects—from Lewis to Japan—will benefit by the following sentences:—"So when you hear it said, as you frequently may, that Welsh or Irish [or Gaelic] is the key to I know not how many other languages, do not believe a word of it: the reverse would be nearer the truth. We want concentrated upon the Celtic languages all the light that can possibly be derived from the other Aryan tongues, that is if we are to continue to decipher their weather-worn history."

Professor Rhys has spoken a needed word to Celtomaniacs. For that he is to be thanked, as well as, apart from the intrinsic value of his lectures, for his following a strictly scientific method. Celts have never shown too much devotion to method or system except in one particular sphere. In some quarters we have had the most rigidly scientific systematic theology—a severity of method at which many stout though elastic spirits have quailed. Emotion is a predominating element in the Celtic nature—is the source of much of the lyrical productiveness of the Celt; and is probably an explanation of his dislike to intricate scientific research. The German, on the other hand, is nearly all bound up in an iron method which occasionally chokes to death the warmer currents of the soul. Professor Rhys is scientific; and higher praise can scarcely be accorded to the productions of a Celtic writer. He has given us nearly all ascertained philologic truth bearing on the Celtic languages, although he only calls his book "Welsh Philology." The philological student of these languages can not do without his lectures, which, as coming from a Celtic Professor at Oxford, as well as on account of their permanent value, mark an era in the history of Celtic tongues.

THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTER—Mr Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, has just completed a series of sixteen letters, as Canadian "Special Commissioner," in the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*, on "The Highlanders of Canada." In an appreciative "leader," on the completion of the series, the editor says truly, "that Mr Mackenzie went to Canada perfectly free and unfettered by any official engagement, and with no other instructions than to seek his information at the best available sources, and to use his own powers of shrewd observation freely and independently." He is pleased to add: "That he has acted out his programme intelligently and impartially, and with an amount of momentum, vigour, and *bonhomie* that do credit to the character of the Northern Celt, has been amply testified by the press of Canada, and must be well known to those of our readers who have followed the strain of his communications." The letters above referred to will shortly be followed by another series from the same pen, on "The Highlanders at Home," specially devoted to the Highland clearances in their relation to the crofter and present state of the Highlands. Those of our friends desiring to peruse them, and who do not wish to take the paper daily, may get the series in which the letters appear by ordering them direct from the *Free Press* Office, Aberdeen.

Correspondence.

THE QUIGRICH, OR PASTORAL STAFF OF ST FILLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Reading the very interesting article on the Quigrich, or Pastoral Staff of St Fillan, by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* for November, it occurred to me that I had somewhere read a different account of the relic to that given by Mr Sinclair. In an old book entitled "A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland and the Hebrides," by the Hon. Mrs Murray Aust, 3d edition, vol. ii., pp. 115-119, is the following:—

As we were baiting our horses at the small inn of Suie at the foot of Benmore, a curiosity of considerable antiquity was presented to us. It is a crook, which is believed to have been at the head of St Fillan's staff. It is hollow, large, heavy, and of wrought silver. It had been gilt, but the gilding is mostly worn off. At the smallest end of the crook is a red stone set in the silver; it is in colour like a ruby, on which is engraven the head of the saint.

It is said that a man named Doire was in the service of the holy bishop (probably his crosier bearer), and that this wonder-working relic had been carefully preserved from father to son in the Doire family, from the time of Saint Fillan to this day; and that it has been a continual source of emolument to them, which, probably, they were in danger of losing when they had the royal grant of their sole right to this relick registered in Edinburgh.

The following is a literal copy of that transaction, extracted from the register by a gentleman who favoured me with it.

"At Edinburgh the 1st day of November 1734 years. In presence of the Lords of Council and Session compeared, Mr John Lookup Advocate as Procurator, for Malice Doire after designed, and gave in the letter of gift under written, desiring the same to be registered in their Lordship's books as a probative writt: which desire the said Lords found reasonable, and therefore they ordain the same to be done according to act of Parliament made anent the registration of probative writts in all points, whereof the tenor follows. James be the grace of God King of Scottis, to all and sundri oure liegis and subditis sp'riale and temporale to q'has knowlage this oure l'res sal cum greting: for as mikle as we have understood that oure Servitoure Malice Doire and his Forebearis has had an relick of Saint Filane callit the quegrich in keeping, of us and of oure progenetouris of maist nobill mynde, quham God assoleze, sen the time of King Robert the Bruys and of before, and made nane obedience nor ansure to na persoun sp'riale nor temprale in ony thing concerning the said holy relick, uthirways than is q'teint in the auld infeftment thareof made and grantit be oure said progenetouris. We charge yow herefore strately and commandis that in tyme to cum ye and ilk ane of yow redily ansuere, intend and obey to the said Malice Doire in the peciable broiking and joising of the said relick, and that ye nane of yow tak upon hand to compell nor destrinze him to mak obedience nor ansuere to yow nor till ony uthir, bot allenarly to us and oure successouris, according to the said infeftment and foundation of the said relick, and sick like, as was uss and wount in the tyme of oure said progenetouris, of maist nobill mynde of before, and that ye mak him nane impediment letting nor distroublance in the passing with the said relick throw the contre as he and his Forebearis was wount to do, and that ye and ilk ane of yow in oure name and autorite kepe him unthrallit, bot to remane in sick like freedom and liberte of the said relick as is q'teint in the said infeftment under all the hiest pain and charge ye and ilk ane of yow may committ and inrin, anent us in that part. Given under oure p've sele at Edinburgh the xi. day of July. The yere of God jmiiij c Lxxx5ij yeres, and of oure regnne the xx5ij yeres.

"Sic subscribitur,

"JAMES K.

"L'ra pro Malice Doire in Strath Filane. XI July MCCCCLXXXVII. XXVII yeres of the Kings renne."

The above relic is said to cure cattle of every disease by sprinkling them with water in which it has been immersed. The inhabitants at Suie Fuelan, the seat of Saint Fillan, believe that he used to preach on a hilloc at that place.

When I was at Suie in 1802, I inquired for Doire's relic, and found the owner of it had removed it with himself to a village called New Nineveh in Strath Ire. Nineveh is a singular name for a Highland village, but it seems the drunkenness and irregularity of its inhabitants have procured it this name. Mr Doire, who keeps the inn at Suie, (which is now a tolerably good one,) favoured me with an anecdote of his uncle's relic, which I had not heard before.

When king Robert Bruce was going to the battle of Bannock Burn, he sent a message to Doire to carry the relic thither. Doire was apprehensive the king might retain the relic when in his power; he therefore left it at home, and carried only the box in which it was usually kept. This box, on the morning of the battle, was, by the order of Robert Bruce, placed in the midst of the army, and the sacrament was administered around it. In the middle of the service, the lid of the box opened of itself, and presented the relic to view, and then instantly re-closed, to the astonishment of the whole army, but still more to the amazement of Doire, who knew he had left the relic behind him.

This description was written about 1800, at which time there was no bronze crook inside the silver one, as described by Mr Sinclair, for, it will be seen, that it is distinctly stated to have been "hollow." The remains of gilding visible in 1800 may very possibly have been totally obliterated by time and frequent rubbings, so as to present the appearance of bright silver it now bears, but there is a marked difference in the two accounts as to the stone at the end of the crook. According to Mrs Murray Aust there was at the smallest end of the crook "a red stone set in the silver," "in colour like a ruby, on which is engraved the head of the saint." Mr Sinclair makes no mention of this engraved stone, but says, "The front of the crook is ornamented by a large oval-shaped cairngorm, terminating in a plate, which bears an engraved representation of the crucifixion." Is it possible that the original stone has been lost or removed and another substituted? Again, Mr Sinclair says that from the time of the Reformation, "we have no subsequent notice of it, till incidentally discovered by a tourist," in 1782, evidently unaware of the fact of the Registration at Edinburgh in 1734, 48 years earlier than the date he named. In giving an account of the miraculous occurrence at the Battle of Bannockburn Mr Sinclair quotes Bœce, who says that the wonder-working relic was *an arm* of St Fillan, but according to the Dewar tradition, as related to Mrs Murray Aust, by one of the family, it was the Quigrich itself, which was so mysteriously conveyed from one place to another, and this version appears the most probable, for Mr Sinclair says, the fact of its being present at Bannockburn was "a well authenticated tradition in the Dewar family."—Yours, &c.,

M. A. ROSE.

SHERIFF NICOLSON'S EDITION OF MACKINTOSH'S GAELIC PROVERBS are at last in the press. We have no doubt that when the book appears it will still further enhance the already distinguished reputation of the learned Sheriff in the Celtic world of letters, and fully justify the labour and time which, for so many years, he must have expended upon it.

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

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IV.

Having arrived at Point Levi, opposite Quebec, on the 17th of October, I crossed the river St Lawrence next day, and visited the famous fortifications of this ancient and remarkable city. On the night of my arrival at Point Levi one of the Atlantic liners arrived with about 500 passengers, several of whom took up their quarters at my hotel. Among them I recognised an old Invernessian, who was accompanied by four south-country Scots; and we decided upon visiting Quebec together, and upon going the length of the Heights of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell in the moment of victory over the French, who, the same day, surrendered Quebec to the British army. We examined the spot on which the famous commander fell, mortally wounded, and on which a neat, unpretentious monument is erected to commemorate the fact. As he there lay his eyes closed, it was thought, in death, some one cried out "They fly." He instantly opened his eyes and asked, "Who are flying?" and on being told that it was the enemy, he said, "Then I die happy," and immediately expired. In this memorable engagement Fraser's Highlanders took a prominent and distinguished part, losing in killed, Captain Thomas Ross of Culrossie; Lieutenants Roderick MacNeill of Barra and Alexander Macdonald of Barrisdale; one sergeant, and fourteen rank and file; while among the wounded were Captain John Macdonald of Lochgarry, and Captain Simon Fraser of Inverallochy: Lieutenants Macdonell of Keppoch, Archibald Campbell, Alexander Campbell, John Douglas, Alexander Fraser; Ensigns James Mackenzie, Malcolm Fraser, Alexander Gregorson; 7 sergeants, and 131 rank and file. It is well known that the Highlanders distinguished themselves as usual on this occasion when, according to the "General account," Brigadier Murray briskly advanced with those under his command, among whom were our countrymen, and soon broke the centre of the enemy, "when the Highlanders, taking to their broadswords, fell in among them with irresistible impetuosity, and drove them back with great slaughter." The Highlanders had other opportunities of distinguishing themselves here. In another engagement they lost in killed Captain Donald Macdonald of Clanranald, Lieutenant Cosmo Gordon, and 55 non-commissioned officers and men, while among the wounded were Colonel Fraser, Captains John Campbell of Dunoon, Alexander Fraser, Alexander Macleod, and Charles Macdonell; Lieutenants Archibald Campbell of Glenlyon, Charles Stewart, who fought at Culloden under Stewart of Appin; Hector Macdonald, John Macbean, Alexander Fraser, senior, Simon Fraser, senior, Archibald MacAlister, Alexander Fraser, John Chisholm, Simon Fraser, junior, Malcolm Fraser, and Donald Macneil; Ensigns Henry Munro, Robert Menzies, Duncan Cameron of Fassiefern, William Robertson, Alexander Gregorson, and Malcolm Fraser, in addition to 129 non-commissioned officers and men, representing amongst them most of the families of note in the Scottish Highlands, as well as many of those in humbler circumstances who followed the

gentlemen of their respective clans, as of yore, to fight the battles of their country. My interest in Quebec and its surroundings was intense; but it centred more in the history of the dead and the associations of the past than in those of the living and the present. The surrounding scenery is magnificent—by far the finest in Canada. Having spent three days about the place, on Monday evening I left by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for

MONTREAL,

having crossed over the famous Victoria Bridge which spans the St Lawrence a short distance before you enter the city, 172 miles from Quebec. I have already given a full description of this famous structure in the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*, which, as well as many other details given in my series of sixteen long letters to that paper, on "The Highlanders of Canada," I do not intend to reproduce in these pages. Those letters were devoted more to a general description of the country, and its advantages as a field for emigration, while the series in the *Celtic Magazine* are confined almost entirely to the more Celtic parts of the Dominion, and personal instances of Highland success. This must be held to account for their incomplete and fragmentary nature.

Montreal has a population of between 130,000 and 140,000, about five-eighths of whom are French, and three-fourths Roman Catholics. It contains some very fine churches, and other public buildings, and is, in short, the finest city in the Dominion. The Scotch here are at the head of the commercial and political world, and though the Highlanders are not numerous, there are a few amongst them distinguished for philanthropy, integrity. and wealth, The Mackays of Montreal are known all over the world. The family originally belonged to Kildonan, in the county of Sutherland, which they left in humble circumstances. Joseph, one of the sons, who has since become famous in the commercial world as a millionaire and philanthropist, commenced life quite poor. He worked his way steadily onwards and upwards. In 1837, when the French Canadian rebellion broke out, we find him doing a prosperous retail ready-made clothing and tailoring business. A large quantity of clothing was required that year for the militia, and the Mackays (for Edward had ere this become a partner) were successful in getting a large contract, which turned out well. By this they made enough money to enable them to go into the wholesale trade. The business steadily increased, and in a few years they added the woollen or, as it is called in Canada, the dry goods business. They soon acquired a name for integrity and for the excellent quality of their goods; trade increased day by day in the woollen department of the business, and the firm rose steadily in the estimation of the public. Ultimately the ready-made department was given up, that the firm might be able to devote their undivided attention to the more profitable part of their rapidly increasing business. In a comparatively few years, they amassed a large fortune, and four or five years ago Joseph and Edward retired in favour of three nephews, who, for many years previously, practically managed the business, and who now conduct the largest dry goods, or wholesale woollen business in Canada. Joseph and Edward are both unmarried, and live together in a noble mansion, presided over by an amiable niece from the Scottish High-

lands. I had the pleasure of partaking of their hospitality, after which Edward drove me round the suburbs, and to Mount Royal, overlooking the city, from which I obtained a most magnificent view of it and of the country for hundreds of miles in all directions. Edward is one of the directors of the Bank of Montreal; and he has occupied many other important positions of trust in the city. Joseph built, two years ago, the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes at a cost of over 15,000 dollars, and then presented it absolutely to the Association for teaching the deaf and dumb. The building will accommodate about 100 inmates, and the pupils are taught printing and other useful trades, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is only a specimen of his munificence, for he has given largely to other causes, both religious and charitable. Another brother is a partner in an old and most respectable wholesale dry goods firm—Gordon, Mackay, & Co.—in Toronto, who are also cotton manufacturers, possessing extensive mills at Merriton, on the Welland Canal. Mackay Brothers, when they retired, were reputed worth over two million dollars.

The firm of James G. Mackenzie is the oldest dry goods house in the Dominion, having been established more than forty years ago. Mackenzie arrived in Canada with nothing but perseverance and steady habits for his capital. He has long since reached the summit of the commercial ladder. The firm is now reputed to be worth from one and a-half to two million dollars—the wealthiest in Canada since the retirement of Joseph and Edward Mackay. One of his sons represented the Electoral Division of Montreal West in the Dominion House of Commons. Two of them were Captains in the 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers, the crack volunteer corps of Montreal, indeed of Canada, and served with their regiment on active service during the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870. Another wholesale dry goods man, who retired from business about two years ago with a fortune of about 200,000 dollars, deserves notice. James Roy was a native of Dunfermline, and he landed in Canada with a pack of fine linen on his back. He continued to perambulate in and about Montreal for a few years; afterwards went into the retail dry goods business, and rapidly rose to be one of the leading merchants of the city. Ultimately he went into the wholesale trade, and, although his business never approached the magnitude of the firms already named, it was prosperous and lucrative; and Mr Roy was considered one of the most upright and straightforward business men in the city. Another self-made Scot is Andrew Robertson, of the firm of Robertson, Linton, & Co., who was for several years President of the Dominion Board of Trade, and occupied many other most important and influential positions. James Johnston came to Montreal about forty years ago without a penny. About five years after he founded the firm of James Johnston & Co., now reputed worth over a million. He commenced as a clerk, and, saving a few hundred dollars, began business on his own account in a very small way, but gradually and surely established a reputation for the very best goods, at paying prices—a reputation which he has carried through his whole business career; and to-day the firm of James Johnston & Co. stands unrivalled in the Dominion for high class goods, for choice and varied assortment, and for the systematic conduct of their business. Mr Johnston owns the fine cut stone warehouse in which he conducts his business, as well as his princely residence

on Mount Royal, which perhaps equals in magnificence that of the great Joseph Mackay himself. Mr Johnston also became famous in connection with the celebrated Pew Case—Johnston *v.* Gavin Lang and the Trustees of St Andrew's Church. In the other trades, especially in the grocery business, quite as many successful self-made men can be found. Among other prosperous Highlanders whom I had the pleasure of meeting in this city was John Macdonald, a most enterprising and rising accountant, and a native of Tain, Ross-shire. He belongs to the aristocracy of intellect, and I was proud to hear a native of my own county so highly spoken of among the *elite* of Montreal. Ewen Maclennan, whose father went out from Kintail, spoke Gaelic purer than some of his West-Coast relations of the present day. He takes a leading part among the patriotic Scots of the city, and has long ago occupied all the posts of honour which the St Andrew's Society could confer upon him—a Society which does more real good than any other on the American continent; but having already described at length its operations and that of the St Andrew's Home in the *Free Press*, I must here pass it over. Among other genuine Highlanders and most useful citizens whom I had the pleasure of meeting were Alexander MacGibbon, a native of Perthshire; Alexander Mackenzie, merchant, a native of Beauly; and Alex. Murray, bookseller, a Perthshire Celt. Last, but not least, I had a most pleasant chat with D. Macmaster, a young but distinguished and rising barrister, and a member of the local Parliament for his native county of Glengarry, who a week afterwards paid me the compliment of travelling fifty-four miles to Lancaster to hear my lecture on "Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles."

The last night I was in the city I had the great gratification of attending in the drill hall of the 5th Royal Scots Fusiliers, already referred to, where I have seen them put through the usual exercises by Colonel Crawford, their commandant. This crack regiment is composed entirely of Scotsmen and Scottish Canadians, who wear the undress Highland uniform—Campbell tartan trews and plaid, with scarlet scalloped tunic, and Glengarry bonnet. No. 1 company has among its members 40 men who had served with the 78th Highlanders under Sir Henry Havelock at Lucknow and Cawnpore; and whose manly breasts are well decorated with medals and clasps for distinguished service; while No. 6 company is composed entirely of old 42d or "Black Watch" veterans. The others are largely made up of men who fought for their Queen in some part or other of the great and glorious Empire of which the Canadian is so proud to form a part. The pipers wore the kilt, one of them being Duncan Macneil, an old pupil of Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan, Inverness; the other, whose name I forget, an old veteran of the 78th, and for many years a companion of Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, late of the Buffs, but now of the Highland Rifle Militia. Another 78th man—Sergeant-Major Fraser, and who holds the same position, while he is at the same time Sergeant-Instructor, in the Scots Fusiliers—I found to be a native of Castle Street, Inverness. The period of service of these men expired when their respective regiments were last in Montreal, and they settled down in the place, where almost all of them are doing remarkably well. This fine regiment recently held a meeting for the purpose of considering the desirability of procuring kilts in time for a proposed visit to Toronto and Niagara in the spring; and from the spirit shown there is little

doubt that they will decide upon completing their Highland costume in time to enable them to visit their friends in Ontario, and parade its capital in the "Garb of old Gaul." I could have spent several more days in Montreal with profit and pleasure, but time was on the wing, and I had yet barely entered Canada proper. The celebrated Highland settlement of Glengarry, fifty-four miles further west, on the Grand Trunk Railway, was to be my next place of call. I was informed by Mr Macmaster, M.P., that his colleague Mr Maclennan, M.P. for Glengarry in the Dominion Parliament, was in the city, and would be going on that evening to Glengarry. I was fortunate enough to meet and to secure an introduction to him on the platform before the train started. At first I found him somewhat reserved, but he soon melted down; when I found his father was a native of Kintail; and I afterwards learned that the son was very wealthy and highly respected throughout the county, irrespective of party politics. We had a most agreeable chat during the greater part of the journey, and he gave me the names of several of the most prominent Highlanders in the county, in addition to those whose names I already had. In a few hours I found myself in Lancaster, a thriving village on the eastern border of

THE COUNTY OF GLENGARRY,

and I at once made for the principal hotel, kept, as I was informed in Montreal, by an excellent Gaelic-speaking Highlander, and a Macrae, whose father, in 1806, emigrated from Kintail. I saluted my host in my native Gaelic, to which he responded in pure Kintail vernacular; for one of the peculiarities you meet with throughout the whole Dominion, is to find the children and even the grandchildren of the original settlers speaking the dialect of their respective districts in Scotland; so that you meet with half-a-dozen or more different dialects in the same village or township. Any one acquainted with the various districts in the Scottish Highlands can therefore almost at once tell what part of the country the ancestors of the parties he is addressing originally came from. I was at once made quite at home, after my host had insisted upon carrying out the good old practice of his Scottish ancestors, by reminding me "gur luaithe deoch na sgiala," and at once, suiting the action to the word, offering me a "druthag" out of his private bottle. That evening and next morning I was introduced to scores of fine Highlanders in the village, Macphersons, whose ancestors came from Badenoch, predominating; one of them being no less than a grand-nephew of the famous "Black Officer" of black art and Gaick celebrity. Here I had a visit from a Mr Allan Grant, whose grandfather was Donald Grant of Crasky, Glenmoriston, and one of those heroes of the "Forty-five" who sheltered Prince Charles Edward in the cave of Corombian, when wandering about, life in hand, after the Battle of Culloden, before he succeeded in effecting his escape to the Outer Hebrides. He emigrated to the States, and was one of the patriotic band known as the United Empire Loyalists, who would not remain in the States after they were lost to the British crown, and who went to various parts of Canada where they received grants of land from the British Government. Donald Grant, with several others, went to Glengarry, where 1000 acres were allotted to him, 200 of which fell into the possession of my visitor—his grandson, Allan Grant.

It is commonly reported that Donald could spin a good yarn, one of which, in connection with the pilgrimage of the U.E. Loyalists from the States to Canada, will bear telling. On one occasion the Catholic Bishop was in Donald's neighbourhood, and knowing that he was rather fond of relating the hardships endured by the Loyalists on their way to Glengarry, under his leadership, the good Bishop called upon him and introduced the subject. Donald was proud of his exploits, and the great success which had attended himself and his devoted followers; and he always related the hardships and hairbreadth escapes which they experienced with unfeigned pleasure. As he advanced in years they seemed to have grown upon him, until at last they appeared to others almost bordering on the miraculous. When he had finished the description of the journey through the trackless forest in glowing colours, the Bishop in blank amazement, said —"Why, dear me, Donald, your exploits seem almost to have equalled even those of Moses himself when leading the children of Israel through the Wilderness from Egypt to the Land of Promise." "Moses," exclaimed the Highlander, adding two emphatic short words, to which the ears of his reverence were not much accustomed; "Why," said Grant, with an unmistakeable air of contempt, "Moses took forty years in his vain attempts to lead his men over a much shorter distance, and through a mere trifling wilderness in comparison with mine, and he never did reach his destination. I brought my people here without the loss of a single man." The answer made by the Bishop is not recorded; but he afterwards used to tell the story with evident gusto, and to the great amusement of his hearers.

Having arranged for a lecture here and at Alexandria, I went on to Ottawa, where I spent a few days. On my return, my host kindly offered to drive me himself through the county, and to introduce me to the leading Highlanders. On Wednesday, the 29th of October, we started for Alexandria, 14 miles inland, behind a splendid pair of horses, calling upon some genuine Celts on our way. A few miles out we passed a very fine farm of 400 acres owned, occupied, and capitally farmed by Donald Maclennan, whose father emigrated from Kintail without a cent. Shortly after this we called on Christopher Macrae, Glenroy, who has a fine farm and keeps the district shop or store. We were hospitably entertained by his better-half, and I had a most interesting chat with his father, a fine old gentleman, 93 years of age, who left Glenelchaig in Kintail in 1821. The venerable sire, I had been told, was full of old lore and Highland tradition; but my time was too limited to enable me to get him into the proper groove, which I very much regret. Another of his sons, Duncan, owns the fine farm of Glen-Nevis, the whole family being exceedingly comfortable and well-to-do. Another worthy specimen of the good old stock of Kintail Macraes, and with whom I had the pleasure of travelling from Lancaster to Kingston, was D. A. Macrae, a fine young fellow, whose father left Morvich, Kintail, about 50 years ago, and who now owns a fine farm of 400 acres, nearly the whole of which is cultivated. By the time we left Glenroy, it was getting dark, and we drove right on to Alexandria, where we took up our quarters at the St Lawrence Hotel, a comfortable hostelry kept by another Gaelic-speaking Highlander, Angus Macdonell. Having seen several of the leading citizens of Alexandria next morning, I started for a drive some twenty miles into the back settlements of

the county, where I had the pleasure of meeting some genuine old Celts. Among them I would notice Norman Macleod, Laggan, a native of Glenelg; and Captain Mackenzie, a fine old veteran 93 years of age. I found Mackenzie to be a native of Contin, Ross-shire; but brought up in Lochbroom. He subsequently became a soldier, and was in the British army when Napoleon I. was a prisoner in Elba, a period of his life of which my venerable namesake was so full that I could hardly induce him to talk about anything else. He was the second who turned a sod in the back part of Glengarry county, to which he found his way by pure accident, having lost his way in the forest for three days and nights trying to find his way to a place more than a hundred miles in the opposite direction. When he left this country he was so poor that he could not pay for his passage across; but the Captain of a sailing ship in Greenock gave him credit until he was afterwards able to pay him. He is now in affluent circumstances, possessing an excellent farm of his own, and has been able to start several sons in farms of their own equally good. After a most pleasant drive to Lochiel and the surrounding country, I returned to Alexandria, where I delivered my lecture to an appreciative audience of as genuine a type of Highlanders as ever drew breath.

In the morning before starting for Lochiel, a deputation waited upon me to know if I had any engagements in the evening, after my lecture; and, answering in the negative, I was told that they would be glad then to spend an hour with me. What was my surprise to find a really good piper, and a Macdonald, at the door of the hall ready to play us to the hotel immediately after my lecture, and there to find supper laid for about forty-five gentlemen who were good enough to entertain me thus as the guest of the Highlanders of Alexandria. The chair was taken by Mr Angus Macdonald, a fine Highlander and a prominent official in the place, supported by John Macdougald, whose grandfather left the Island of Eigg, in 1788, for Sydney, Nova Scotia, and in 1793 went to Glengarry and settled there. His mother I found was one of the United Empire Loyalists already referred to, descended from the Camerons of Fassiefern. Mr Macdougald possesses his grandfather's original property in Glengarry. Donald Macmillan, M.D., who presided at the lecture, was croupier at the supper, and added much to our entertainment by his singing in fine voice and spirit some excellent Gaelic songs. Among the company was also the grandson, A. B. Macdonald, of the first white man born in Glengarry. His great-grandfather emigrated from Morar without means of any kind, but having been in the army he had free land allotted to him and he died worth property valued at £2000. The great-grandson became partner, and is now the successor, in the extensive and lucrative business long carried on by the Hon. Donald Macdonald, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; and is rapidly amassing a fortune. Among others present were Colin D. Chisholm, clerk to the District Court—a cousin of our own Colin Chisholm, and almost as enthusiastic and as well informed a Celt as the ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London himself; Dr Alexander R. Macdonell, and several other warm-hearted fellows whose names I did not manage to carry along with me. There were, however, two Southern Scots present, who had settled down among the Highlanders of Alexandria, and who appeared to be in spirit as genuine Celts as the rest, viz., Charles H. Connon, M.A., and Edward H. Tiffany, both bar-

risters practising in the county. The oratorical ability displayed was really marvellous in such an out-of-the-way place as Alexandria, containing only about 1000 inhabitants, and such as would put many who-would-be-considered-orators in more pretentious places at home to shame. I gave expression here for the first time to my views and feelings repecting the manner in which successive governments of Canada discouraged and otherwise treated Highland immigrants, while they had acted in a manner entirely different to the Russian Memnonites and Icelanders; and the enthusiastic sympathy displayed by my fellow countrymen of Alexandria at once convinced me that the Highlander of Canada only wants to have this dereliction on the part of the Government pointed out to him to have the present system of giving his countrymen the cold shoulder condemned and reversed. It was proposed and seconded, there and then, that those present should form themselves into a Society for educating public opinion on the point, and I learned after I left that they met on the following evening and formed themselves into the nucleus of a Caledonian Society. My driver, who knew all present, informed me that the company amongst them represented accumulated property worth about a quarter of a million sterling. I parted with them next morning with very genuine regret, and not without hope of again seeing them in the hospitable capital of Glengarry county.

I learned that John Murdoch of the *Highlander* had passed through the village that morning in the mail-gig, while I was away in the district of Lochiel, and that he had gone on, some miles, to visit Mr Cattanach, an old Badenoch Celt, who lived at Laggan, so called by him in commemoration of his native place in the old country. I was naturally anxious to see the *Ard-Albannach*, and made my driver go several miles out of his way to overtake him at Laggan or meet him on his way back; and meet him we did, Mr Cattanach driving him back to Alexandria. I requested my driver to go into Cattanach's machine, while *Fear-an-fheilidh* came in with me. I then turned round my team in the direction in which the *Highlander* was going, and thus had about half-an-hour of him. I had about 30 miles to go in another direction, and, as he was going direct to Lancaster, where I was engaged to lecture that evening, we agreed to meet there and compare notes, after such a long absence from home and from each other, and to talk over our new and varied experiences. After a long drive through the county to the west, and making several calls on the way, I arrived in the afternoon at Williamston, a village only 4 miles from Lancaster, where we obtained refreshments for man and beast at the hostelry of another good Hie'lanman—John J. Macdonald, Glencoe House, who, like most of my friends, had succeeded in feathering his nest pretty well. Having made a few other calls, Mr Macrae soon rattled into Lancaster. The *Ard-Albannach* arrived a few minutes after us. In the evening, I delivered my promised lecture, for which I was by no means in good form; but the *Highlander* and D. Macmaster, M.P. for the County, who came all the way from Montreal to meet me, addressed the audience, and thus enabled me to drop easy. My old travelling companion, Mr Maclennan, M.P. for Glengarry in the Dominion Parliament, came several miles to preside at our meeting; and my only regret in connection with my visit to this Highland settlement is my inability to call upon him at his own house, agreeably to his repeated requests that I should do so. The

same evening and next morning I met a few more fine specimens of the good old stock, among them A. S. Macdonald, from the West Coast of Inverness-shire, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel; Duncan Macarthur, merchant, Alexandria, whom I missed when there; A. B. Maclennan of Glen-Gordon, originally from Kintail; and no end of Macphersons, whose forbears came from Badenoch, all in excellent circumstances.

Glengarry has produced another fine Gaelic-speaking family—the Sansfield Macdonalds—who rose from the ranks to the very highest positions in the Dominion. One of them lived close to Lancaster; but I was unfortunate enough to miss him. Another died Premier a few years ago; while a third is the Hon. Donald Macdonald, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, one of the most popular, genial, and warm-hearted Highlanders in the whole Dominion. Their ancestors came originally from Knoydart, in the county of Inverness; and their father commenced life in very humble circumstances, and became a farmer at Sansfield's Corner, Glengarry, from which place the family took the addition to their original and simple name of Macdonald, to distinguish them from the legion of the same name in Canada—many of whom are in high positions like themselves.

The farms throughout this Highland county is laid out in 150 acre lots, and the people are very comfortable throughout. Not only in politics but in most other walks of life it has turned out many who have distinguished themselves in other parts of Canada. A mistaken idea has got abroad, no doubt in consequence of the name, that most of the people came originally from Glengarry in the Old Country; but this is not the case, the great majority of them being from Lochaber, Morar, Moidart, Knoydart, Glenelg, Kintail, and Badenoch. I could say a great deal more which would redound to their credit, but I must at present pass on, and introduce you, in my next, to some of the Highlanders of Ottawa, Kingston, and Toronto. A. M.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

CAITHNESS CAMPBELLS.

I am much obliged to "Leckmelm" for his kind communication. There is some mistake, however, about the family of William Campbell, Sheriff-Clerk of Caithness, about 1690, as he was not a native of the county. I found out within the last few days that John Campbell, Commissary of Caithness, was not William's brother, nor a son of Donald Campbell, merchant in Thurso. On the 1st of March 1692 the office of Commissary of Caithness was conferred on Mr John Campbell, "sone to ye laird of Barbreck." Will "Leckmelm" kindly allow me to communicate with him privately on this subject? MAG.

QUERIES.

WOULD any of your correspondents, learned in the history of the Highlands, be kind enough to answer the following queries:—

1. Are the Macraes a clan, and, if so, who is their chief?
2. What are their arms, crest, and badge?
3. Have they a tartan of their own, and, if so, what are its colours?

Colona, South Australia. GARBHAG AN T' SLEIBHE.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—ANNUAL DINNER.

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THIS month we give eight pages additional, in small type, to enable us to place a report of the proceedings at the eighth annual dinner of the Gaelic Society before our readers—especially those abroad, now so greatly increased, and who are not likely to see the local newspapers. The meeting was one of the most enjoyable of all the successful meetings hitherto held by the Society; and for this great credit is due to the excellent secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, whose arrangements were complete, and all that could be desired. The Chief also helped to make all pleased with themselves, and the Society will not fail to appreciate the trouble he has taken in coming all the way from Skye to perform his duties as Chief—not only on this occasion, but also to the annual assembly in July of last year. He was supported right and left by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., Captain MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn, Captain Scobie, The Rev. Mr Bisset, &c. The attendance was large and influential. William Jolly, Esq., H.M.I.S., and Alexander Ross, Esq., F.S.A.S., architect, acted as croupiers.

After giving the loyal toasts—that of "Her Majesty" having been proposed in a neat, correctly delivered Gaelic speech—the CHIEF proposed the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," and referring to the Afghan war, said, amid loud cheers, that "in that war our brave Highlanders were at the front as usual, doing their duty and maintaining the prestige of the British army."

Captain CHISHOLM responded, concluding a neat speech—We, of the Gaelic Society, may heartily rejoice that the gallant Highland regiments continue to uphold their ancient renown for courage and heroic bravery, in all the recent wars of the Empire—in Africa and Asia—and the martial strains of the war-pipe are always sounding there to encourage our brother Highlanders in the din of battle. A great deal might be said regarding our present military organisation, but, unfortunately, I am no speaker, and much prefer the attitude of listener, particularly when I see around me so many orators of renown. You will therefore, I am sure, easily pardon me if I "cease firing" and come to a "halt." (Great applause.)

Captain SCOBIE, for the Militia, said that the military ardour had not yet died out of the Highlands, as shown by the fact that the two Highland regiments of militia—the Inverness and Ross-—continued to hold their high place among the militia regiments of the kingdom. (Applause.) In spite of all that had been said about the calling out of the reserves in 1878 having frightened the people from joining the militia, that action had in no way interfered with the Highland regiments; and at this moment the Ross-shire (Highland Rifle) Militia was over its strength by more than 100 men. (Cheers.) The reserves of that regiment, when called out in 1878, turned out splendidly—three, four, or at most no more than five men absenting themselves. (Applause.)

Lieutenant G. J. CAMPBELL, for the Volunteers, said that in the town of Inverness, between rifles and artillery, there were nearly 900 men under arms as volunteers, and they were all men who were both able and willing to do their duty should they ever be called upon. (Applause.)

The SECRETARY at this stage intimated a large number of apologies; after which he read the annual report, which exhibited for last year an income of £167 8s 7½d, and an expenditure of £153 7s 10½d, showing a balance of £32 0s 9d in favour of the Society.

The CHIEF, after congratulating the Society on their eighth volume of Transactions, proceeded—The Society had arrogated to themselves the right of viewing the Highlander in his various aspects—they had seen him as a crofter and in his various other social occupations—to-night he thought it would not be out of place to have a glance at him as he might appear as a soldier. (Applause.) Some thought that a little military drill might improve him, and that as a soldier he would be a much more interesting subject than going about lounging as at present with his hands in his pockets. (Laughter.) Considering what the Highlanders were, what they are, and what they might be, and bearing in mind the distinction acquired by our Highland ancestors for military prowess, the present seemingly low ebb of military ardour in the north was a question of some

interest. (Applause.) To examine it they must take into consideration three periods. The first period was one of 60 years, extending from 1757 to 1815, when men were in great demand. The second period, from 1815 to the time of the Crimean War was one of peace. During it men were, so to speak, a drug in the market, and the Highlander was allowed to slip out of consideration and be supplanted by sheep. They might let that period for the present slip out of consideration, and treat it as it treated the men. (Laughter.) The third period was that from the Crimean War, or rather from 1859, after the threat of the French colonels which had put our present volunteer system in motion. During that period, which was our own period, the value of men again began to be recognised. Various Highland societies had started into existence, and wherever Highlanders had congregated in the towns of the south they were determined not to lose sight of the traditions of their ancestors, and through their agency, to a considerable extent, people began to put his true value on the Highlander. (Applause.) Immediately after the "rising" of 1745-6, when as a people the Highlanders were conquered, disarmed, and, he might say, undressed—(laughter)—everybody thought the military spirit had been entirely crushed out of the resilue of the people. (Hear, hear.) But what were the facts? Only a dozen years after that, when Pitt called on the country, how did the Highlands respond? They all knew how the Highlands responded. In the Highlands regiment after regiment was raised till, in a period of forty years, the Highlander had contributed between forty and fifty regiments, which had greatly assisted the country in maintaining her own among the European nations, and enabled the Empire to extend her boundaries in every quarter of the globe—(cheers)—which really meant the extension of civilisation, the extension of Christianity, the extension of good government, and numerous other blessings besides. (Applause.) There was a very martial song composed by his friend, that well-known Highlander, Alex. Nicolson, Sheriff of Kirkcudbright—(applause)—the chorus of which began "*Agus ho Mhorag.*" It enumerated, in chronological order, the various actions and battles taken part in by our Highlanders from the days of Bannockburn, when Scotland gained her independence, to the triumphal entry of the 42d into Coomassie. (Cheers.) No one gloried in the gallant deeds of our ancestors more than he did. No one was more willing to acknowledge that by these gallant deeds a lustre was raised around them which was even shed on us their descendants at the present day, but in contrasting the past with the present he must say that he thought, with all deference to those gallant actions and deeds, that they had now among them in the Highlands men who had got the hearts to will and the arms to perform similar deeds of valour, if placed in a position where they would be called upon to do so. (Loud cheers.) Seeing that regiment after regiment was raised in those days, how did it come to pass that we cannot raise men in the Highlands in a similar way at the present day? If what he heard was true, the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining recruits for the Highland regiments. Can our nature be changed? or must we account for it by supposing that former clearances of men, for the sake of sheep, had anything to do with it? He should say most decidedly not, because he found that if the population of the Highlands was not so large as in those days, Inverness-shire at any rate had actually a much larger population now than in the days when the tremendous drain upon their resources to which he had alluded had gone on for sixty years. If it was thought that the Highland nature had changed, and that the Highlander was not so fond of military occupation as formerly, he thought that would not bear examination; for he found that wherever the volunteer system had been established Highlanders cordially adopted it. (Cheers.) Then let any of them go to the railway station at Inverness in the month of June and they would find hundreds—he might say thousands—of West Coast fishermen going to the East Coast fishing, a calling which he might term one of the perilous occupations. (Hear, hear.) Again, if they looked at the Highlander as they found him in the large towns and cities of the south, there they would find him engaged in the peaceful occupation of policeman. (Laughter.) They had thus exemplified in the Highland character a combination of order and adventure—the essential qualities of a good soldier. (Cheers.) Looking at figures, he found that in the rural and insular parts of the country there was a great break-down. (Hear, hear.) They did not contribute many men in comparison to what they formerly did. Inverness-shire had at present an insular population of 40,000, and the contributions it made to the military strength of the Empire were very small, especially when they recollected what these districts did in former days, and the large numbers of men they contributed to fight our battles. (Hear, hear.) He had heard the numbers computed at large figures, which it was unnecessary for him to repeat; but one thing he might mention which they did not perhaps know, and it was this—that the Isle of Skye alone had 1600 men engaged in the battle of Waterloo. (Applause.) It was all very well to state what we did. The question was—What are we doing now? On looking at the history of the raising of the Highland regiments, he found that in each instance the entire credit was due to the personal influence of the nobles, chiefs, and gentry who took an interest in the matter. (Hear, hear.) The moment these took the initiative they had no difficulty in getting men to follow them. Did they think that if either of the Pitts or the Government of the day had simply expressed a wish that there should

be an augmentation of the forces by the Highlanders, or that the Highlanders should join the army, or if they sent a Gaelic speaking recruiting sergeant to the Highlands—Would that be successful in getting men? He had no hesitation in saying, No. The men did then what they would do now if called upon—they followed their chiefs and leaders. They followed those they knew and in whom they had confidence. The men were asked as a favour to join the regiments, and they did it. Let them look, for instance, at the history of the 92d, where the historical and beautiful Duchess of Gordon induced the men to enlist with the bounty of a sovereign and a kiss. (Laughter.) Why, if our ladies of the present day emulated that celebrated duchess—(laughter)—they would have the country bristling with bayonets. (Applause.) It must not be supposed, that because the rural populations did not join the Volunteer force, they had lost all military spirit. If the time came when the services of the people were required as they were in former days, the Highlanders would be found to retain their ancient military renown. (Cheers.) This Society had done good work in keeping up the recollection of the past, and stimulating us of the present day to imitate the deeds of our fathers, and he would ask them all to drink cordially to its success. (Loud cheers.)

Dr F. M. MACKENZIE proposed the members of Parliament for the Highland counties and burghs, and expressed the hope that "the day may soon come when some of us now around this table will grace the House of Commons." (Cheers.)

Mr JOLLY, in proposing "Celtic Literature," thought that he must have been again selected to speak to this toast as a sort of counteractive to the serious indictment made on the literature of the Gael by two of his Highland colleagues in last year's Educational Blue Book. It was a subject of the greatest interest and widest range, and one deeply affecting the interests of the Gaelic people more than many people thought. He could only touch on a few points. One point on which misapprehensions existed both among its friends and foes was its real character and importance. It should be valued for these alone, which were of high merit, and not for extrinsic and foreign elements which some of its too zealous friends arrogated to it. (Applause.) It was not valuable as containing history, philosophy, or science, or the like, the introduction of which into the discussion had complicated it with false issues. These should not be looked for there any more than grapes in Iceland or gooseberries in India. (Laughter.) Its highest merit lay in its being a vehicle for the utterance of the deepest elementary feelings of human nature, which formed nine-tenths of the daily experiences of the race, which the Highland people uttered according to the genius of their expressive and picturesque tongue, amidst the special colouring of their mountain home, and as influenced by their race and peculiar history, and which had produced a body of lyrical poetry of great intrinsic merit, viewed absolutely, and of still higher value as a cultural element to the people that had produced it. (Applause.) He would refer only to two distinguishing elements of this poetry. First, there was its relation to nature—its character as a branch of the naturalistic poetry of our country. In that it stood high. The Highlander had been always surrounded by natural influences of the greatest power from the country in which he lived, that had brought him into special relations with nature, and had early produced a poetry of nature of a striking kind; and this at a date long anterior to the rise of naturalistic poetry in Britain. (Applause.) Here Mr Jolly described several of the characteristics of this poetry – its animate descriptions of its various phases from sunshine to storm, its loving appreciation of its beauties both of animal and plant life, its glory in the varied scenery that filled their land, the constant interplay between nature and human feelings that pervaded it, the artistic use of its imagery in all its utterances and the like. Such poetry wherever it existed was of high value, and an important agent in culture. (Hear, hear.) When it arose in British literature it marked an important epoch, but it had always more or less existed in Gaelic literature. He then referred to its use in early education in generating a taste for natural beauty and grandeur, and the feelings it generated in young minds. The second element of value in this literature he would refer to was its value as giving varied, beautiful, and powerful utterance to the fundamental feelings of the human heart—those of home, daily life, social intercourse, war, and devotion. Here its lyrical poetry had eminent merit. (Applause.) He mentioned some of its characteristics, from the fiercest battle ode to sprightly humour and deep pathos and genuine passion. Such poetry should form a powerful element in the culture of any people possessing it, and it should be more employed than it had been. If rightly used it would dispel as a black mist before the sun much of the over-sombreness of the life of the Highlander and the over-sternness of his religion. (Applause.) Mr Jolly would not enter into, was in no way fitted to express an opinion, on the character and contents of the literature as a branch of general literature in itself and as related to others. The indictment against it by his colleagues he would leave to others to answer, and it required an answer. The accusers were men of ability who did not utter themselves rashly, especially in a question bearing so strongly on their relations to their own people. Their statements on the subject were important in many ways, and should be seriously met by competent Gaelic scholars, otherwise they would remain an unanswered challenge seriously affecting their literature, and the success of their own efforts in regard to it and related questions. In regard to this also, he had heard it said that the translations of

their poetry were no real expression of the original text, that they were finer than these, and especially as done by their friend Professor Blackie, were so coloured by the personality of the writers that an outsider such as the speaker could never know what Gaelic poetry really was. Was this true? It was for them to answer that. The Highland people themselves had in general an inadequate idea of their own literature, both as to its extent and nature; that was, he feared, too true, from various causes. That gave the teaching of it to Gaelic children, if adequately done, a special value in opening their eyes, and making it the cultural agent it might become. (Applause.) The chief thing that should be aimed at was less a mere grammatical study of the words than a real insight into the literature, as poetry and beauty. For that purpose a select anthology of Gaelic poetry and prose should be made by a competent Gaelic scholar for the use of Gaelic children in the higher classes, and as a specific subject, which he hoped it would soon become. (Cheers.) He was glad to tell them that an eminent publisher was prepared to issue such a book, even at a loss, from his interest in the Highlands, and that a distinguished Gaelic scholar had determined to take it in hand. (Applause.) If that were done, it would give practical expression to what they proposed to do when approaching Government on the matter. They did not recommend exclusive Gaelic literary culture, but the native literature alongside of the higher and richer English field; but they claimed justice to the native tongue, with its special avenues to the native mind. In that connection Mr Jolly hoped that the Northern Meeting would do something far higher than they had been doing in "playing at Highlanders,"—(loud applause)—and making a public exhibition of a few professionals,—(cheers)—and would imitate the Welsh in cultivating the Highlanders in a broader and higher way, making their literature a special aim. (Applause.) What was done on such occasions was a travestie on the Highlands. (Loud cheers.) Mr Jolly concluded by wishing all success to their efforts in the cultivation of their literature in all departments, and proposed the toast amidst great enthusiasm, coupling it with the names of Mr Alex. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*—whom he congratulated on his labours generally in that field, especially on the solid piece of good work performed in his "History of the Clan Mackenzie" recently published—and Mr John Whyte of the *Highlander*.

Mr MACKENZIE, in reply, congratulated Mr Jolly upon his speech in proposing the toast, and on the position he has taken up in connection with teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools, and proceeded to compare his views and disinterested advocacy of the rights of Highlanders on this question, with the crude, flippant, and misleading views expressed by others of Her Majesty's Inspectors in their official capacity in their latest reports to the Education Department. (Applause.) In the capacity in which they there appear, we are perfectly justified in criticising them and in asking if they are even competent judges. (Hear, hear.) Their remarks on Gaelic in the last Educational Blue Book is a public challenge to this Society, and to all who take an interest in teaching Gaelic in schools, and who assert that we have any literature. (Applause.) And it appears to me that the Federation of Celtic Societies would be much better engaged in getting up an effective answer, in the form of a pamphlet or otherwise, to be sent to "their Lordships" and distributed among those interested, than in discussing such burning questions as the Land Question, and other political subjects—(loud applause)—and I trust they, and this Society, will at once take the matter up. (Hear, hear.) For me to stand up at a meeting like this, and occupy the time of the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, at this time of day, to prove that a Gaelic literature exists would be quite superfluous. Those who assert the contrary are either ignorant, dishonest, or prejudiced. (Hear, hear.) I am dealing with Her Majesty's Inspectors as public officials and mean to make no personal reflections. I have no great quarrel with Mr Ross for what appears in his report to the Education Department, for he has been driven in spite of himself to recommend "to place Gaelic in the schedule of Special Subjects, and thus put it, as regards the country and the universities, precisely on the same level as Latin and Greek." (Applause.) Personally, I never advocated more than is here conceded, except that the language of Gaelic-speaking children should be used as a medium to teach them English. But I know that Mr Ross long opposed this, especially in an article which appeared in the second number of the *Ross-shire Journal*, and in a letter which he afterwards wrote to the *Glasgow News*, and to both of which I replied at the time. The "negative attitude" and other choice stock phrases of the report will also be found in his earlier lucubrations. Were it not pitiable to see a really clever Highlander disposing as he does of a great literary problem which has baffled even more distinguished scholars than he—(hear, hear)—it would be amusing to see him giving forth dogmatically, without the slightest doubt, as if he were the Pope himself acting *ex Cathedra*, his inspired conclusions on the poems of Ossian, which he says, "if ancient, would be a noble literary heritage; but unfortunately these poems are a modern fabrication." (Oh!) Get over that if you can, gentlemen of the Gaelic Society. It shows how easily an Inspector of Schools (and thank Goodness I am not one)—(loud laughter)—can settle a controversy about which other great scholars have, even yet, some little difficulty. His elaborate paragraph on Gaelic Statistics crumbles like a pack of cards by the mere withdrawal of the word "only." I never heard that

upwards of 300,000 Highlanders spoke Gaelic *only*, but the introduction of the word "only" by Mr Ross was, of course, unintentional, though it comes in well as a prop to his otherwise weak-kneed paragraph. Other paragraphs are equally unstable, and could just as easily be tumbled over if time permitted. (Applause.) The man who composed that paragraph is too clever by half. (Cheers.) I am not, however, done with Mr Ross. This Society has given him 24 pages of their last volume of Transactions for an abuse of themselves, which, in my opinion, for this reason alone, they thoroughly deserve. I cannot understand why we at all exist as a Society if all Mr Ross says regarding us is true; and even if true, to publish his charges in our Transactions and at our own expense is a thing for which I can see no legitimate reason, and a thing against which I strongly protest. At the rate I pay for printing, his two papers cost the Society about £10, and circulation for nothing. (Laughter.) This is a great deal more than in my opinion they are worth. (Applause.) He then, at page 79, goes on to cumulate all the bad things said of the Celt by the enemies of the race for the last century and a half, pretty much as follows:—That the Celt is an impediment vanishing before civilization like the Red Indian; that from the dawn of history he has been centuries behind, hugging crass creeds which more enlightened people had abandoned; the best articles of his theology are disjointed fragments [Where are the Rev. Dr Mackay and other orthodox clergymen of the north?—(cheers and laughter)]; they are given to transparent pretence; they possessed incoherent eloquence [perhaps like my own—(oh! and laughter)]; a volcanic tendency to revolt; they have been visionaries dead to the laws of facts; pretentious bards; and when not dreamers, they have been scourges in lands which they failed to conquer or till. The best, the most law-abiding of them, have seldom got beyond a melancholy wail, except when passion, the attribute of animal nature, has driven them into fits of revenge; until they change they can have no kindred with the friends of progress or social reform. Their language is a fitting article for savage imagery, and crude, conglomerate thinking; their philosophies are audacious myths or shreds of savage survivals; and their much vaunted poetry is stolen or appropriated from more fertile fields whenever it rises above the dignity of scurrilous twaddle, or extends beyond the borders of rude elemental lyric. (Oh!) I did not think that there were such a terrible lot of adjectives in Ogilvie's dictionary. (Laughter.) He admits that this is a fierce indictment, but he has no doubt that a certain egotistical class of Celts (like the members of this Society) merit this charge. (Oh! oh!) He then goes on to say in the same strain that that ignorant type of Highlander, who sees no manly virtue except beneath the kilt, which, in his ignorance, he calls the national garb; who hears no sweet sound except that of the bag-pipes, which with equal ignorance he calls the national instrument; and who finds no poetry except in Gaelic, which he regards as the national language. Gentlemen, what an ignoramus the Highlander has always been before we had inspectors of schools—(loud laughter)—to think that Gaelic was his national language. (Laughter.) What was it? This typical Celt is altogether ignorant of the merest elements of his ancestral history; he preaches manliness and toadies to the nearest lord—[Where are you John Murdoch? (applause)]—his function is to ignore facts and to over-rule the laws of social polity and national sequence. (Oh! oh!) He calls himself a reformer, and he advocates a return to the kilt, to the bagpipes, to Gaelic, all of which he loudly asserts to possess high national antiquity as well as high national virtues; but the Celtic *savant* in Europe—Mr Ross of course; and what a blessing it is we have one modest Celt—(great laughter)—knows that the kilt is neither ancient nor Gaelic; that the bagpipe is Sclavonic, and not the national instrument of the Gaelic people; and that Gaelic itself is a very modern and very composite dialect; and so on through this remarkable article, which you have published in your annual volume. (Hear, hear.) It is not for me to say whether this is all true or not. Indeed I dare not when such a distinguished oracle—(laughter)—proclaims it in our own Transactions. But whether it be true or not, our annual volume is not the place to publish such charges against ourselves and the race in whose interest we have come into existence as a Society. (Loud Applause.) As one of the originators of this Society I strongly protest against its funds and its volume of Transactions being used for such an unpatriotic purpose. (Cheers.) I have left myself but little time to say anything about Mr Sime's conclusions and the manner in which he expresses them to "My Lords." He "should regard the teaching of Gaelic in schools, in any shape or form, as a most serious misfortune." (Oh! oh!) He then has a dig at the "patriots," [the word is in inverted commas of course—(laughter)] and informs us that Gaelic "is not and never will be of the slightest value in conducting the business of this world," forgetting, if common report be true, that he himself owes his position as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools to what I know to be, his very limited knowledge of it. (Laughter and applause.) It must have been of some commercial value to him. (Loud laughter.) He says that there is the strongest reasons for not teaching it; which is perfectly true from his stand-point, for the double reason, that he has not a sufficient knowledge of it to examine the scholars in it,—(hear, hear)—and that most of the teachers are so ignorant of it that they cannot teach it. (Applause.) The cure for this is too obvious to need pointing out. (Hear.) I agree with him that "every

teacher so situated would rejoice were Gaelic, as a spoken tongue, abolished root and branch." I know Mr Sime too well not to know that he is incapable of misrepresenting the facts wilfully. It is, however, equally certain that he does not understand them. His references—for they are not worthy the name of arguments—about the "bread and butter point of view" and the comparative advantages of reading the English or Gaelic Bible, and Gaelic as a means of culture, are beneath notice. Mr Sime would lead "My Lords" to think that we advocated the teaching of Gaelic to the exclusion of English. This is worse than nonsense. (Hear, hear.) No sane Highlander ever went that length. (Applause.) What I want, and what you want, is that Gaelic should be used as a means to teach English, and also made a special subject, as even Mr Ross and the Educational Institute now recommend. (Cheers.) Mr Sime most certainly does not understand the position—(hear)—for he entirely caricatures the claims of all intelligent advocates of Gaelic. (Applause.) The reasons which he gives for his advice to their Lordships, are misleading and illogical on the very face of them, and they will most undoubtedly be valued accordingly. (Applause.) In conclusion he thanks the teachers who have so readily and so fully responded to his request for information to be used in preparing his report; but I know those whose opinions, given at his request, in circulars sent out by him to teachers, and most of whom already knew his own views, are quite ignored in the report, just because they advocated that Gaelic should be made a special subject. The existence of such should have been at least acknowledged. (Cheers.) I am sorry that I should have been obliged to have spoken thus, but the challenge was a public one made by public officials in a public report. It is therefore fair game for criticism; and I have no hesitation in saying that if further challenged I shall take in hand to prove that some of these gentlemen, at least, are far too ignorant of Gaelic, and any literature it contains, to justify them in expressing any opinion upon it. (Loud applause.) I have occupied your time far too long, and I will now leave my friend, Mr Whyte, to do the amiable part of the business. (Loud and continued applause.)

Mr WHYTE said—After the eloquent, pointed, powerful, and I had almost said, pugnacious speech of Mr Mackenzie– (laughter)—it seems to me almost necessary to remind the meeting that my friend was not replying for the Army and Navy—(laughter)—but for the much more peaceful toast of Celtic Literature. I am sure after the effective address to which we have just listened, you will commend my good sense when I tell you that I have no intention of inflicting any lengthened speech of mine upon you. Indeed it is not required, and moreover, you will admit that a very serious disadvantage attaches to a mere smatterer in Celtic literature, like me, if called upon to follow such a Demosthenes as the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*. You must also remember that I have not, like some of our friends, had the benefit of a voyage to the Western land of eloquence to lubricate the eagle pinions of my oratory. (Laughter.) I do not know very well how to account for the fact that my name was selected from among the large circle round this table, of men much more capable than I am to do justice to this subject. Perhaps I may account for it somewhat as a newspaper reporter once defended the correctness of his account of a meeting which he had described as "large and appreciative," while the fact was that there was no one present but himself and another gentleman. (Laughter.) The report, he said, was absolutely correct, for the other gentleman was "large" and he himself was "appreciative." Now, sir, I think I may point to my friend the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* as possessing the necessary dimensions—(loud laughter)—both physically and figuratively, for a fit and proper representative of Celtic literature; and I can assure the meeting that no one can be more "appreciative" of the beauties and merits of our Celtic literature than I am. (Applause.) It is quite unnecessary to occupy your time in proving the falsity of the statement so often made that we have no literature—a statement that has been so often contradicted, and even now so effectually rebutted by Mr Jolly and Mr Mackenzie. It were an impertinent reflection on the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for me to assume that they were ignorant of the existence of not only a respectable and not insignificant literature even in the vernacular Gaelic of the Highlands of Scotland, but also of the vast stores that exist in the language of the ancient Celts of Ireland and Wales, and the wide and fruitful fields of our unwritten literature, if I may use the phrase. (Cheers.) But, Mr Chairman, even if we admit—which we don't—that our literature, strictly speaking, is small and unimportant, I hold that we have in other respects no small title to claim rather a large crop of literature. Falstaff says—"I have not only wit in myself, but I am the cause that wit is in other men." So even if we had no literature of our own, are we not the cause that there is literature in other men? (Hear, hear, and applause.) Who does not see the large and all prevailing influence of the Celtic element in the character and volume of the literature, not only of our own country, but in that of almost all civilised nations. (Cheers.) But, sir, we have a living and growing literature. We do not require to go beyond our own little burgh, or outside of this Society to find abundant proof of this. Besides our local newspapers which from week to week give forth their quota, and the Gaelic Society with its annual volume of valuable Transactions, have we not the *Celtic Magazine*, with my portly friend at its head—(cheers)—from month to

month adding to the fund of our literature? And let me also specifically mention one most valuable item of Mr Mackenzie's work in the augmentation of the store: I mean his recently published History of the Clan Mackenzie—the most important and the handsomest work ever issued from our Northern press. (Applause.) In conclusion, Mr Chairman, I don't think I am out of place in referring to an honoured member of our Society who, though by nativity and ancestry perhaps, a Saxon, or at least a Lowlander, has exerted an immense influence in the formation of opinion on this subject—guiding the minds of young and old among us, and inviting into exercise those powers which are known to be latent in the Celtic character—and who is, I am sorry to say, about to leave our neighbourhood. Indeed but for this circumstance, I would not in his own presence have ventured to make this reference. I mean our excellent friend Mr Jolly. (Cheers.) Why, sir, the very mention of his name at a gathering of the Gaelic Society of Inverness renders any eulogiums on my part perfectly superfluous. (Applause.) Mr Jolly, sir, is a genuine Celt—(hear, hear)—and though neither speaking our tongue, nor wearing our Highland garb, yet in heart, and life, and work, he is the "noblest Roman of us all." (Great applause.)

Mr Ross, architect, proposed "Kindred Societies," the object of which, as well as of this society, is the preservation of records, the elucidation of our early history, and the perpetuation of all that is good and worthy in the nation. (Applause.) Unfortunately, much of the early history of Scotland, especially before the tenth century, is enveloped in darkness and obscurity, and we have but faint rays of light in the incidental references of Roman and other writers. We are thus left to grope about as we best can. These occasional lights or beacons, faint and distant though they be, serve as a starting point, and daily through the instrumentality of zealous individuals and the encouragement of this and kindred societies, obscure points are being cleared up, and our knowledge of the early history of our native land extended. (Applause.) When we look at our Transactions, now extending to eight goodly volumes, one feels that the time of this Society has not been misspent, and that in the departments of folk-lore, philology, and song, good work has been done. (Applause.) I am not one of those people that believe that Gaelic is destined long to survive as a commercial language; but it is not dead yet, and will not die out in our time, and it is necessary to the very ends of history, to which I referred, that its bones should be preserved, and for this reason I hail with pleasure the successful accomplishment of Blackie's task—the gathering of funds for the endowment of the Celtic Chair. (Cheers.) So far back as 1836 this scheme was taken up by the Gaelic Society of London and others. Mr Ross here pointed out what other societies had done in collecting the scattered fragments of archæological remains and folk-lore of the people, and continued—I am glad to see that the songs and folk-lore are receiving special attention from the members of the Inverness Society, and from their situation in the heart of the Highlands they can, or ought, to do more than almost any other. There are, I am glad to observe, many other stations where societies have been established, notably at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Oban, Perth, and I confess I should like to hear more of similar societies in the colonies. (Applause.) I am not aware of what has been done, or that anything definite has been done in this direction—though social clubs are no doubt plentiful. I have yet to learn that they have undertaken any definite work. Mr Mackenzie, in his late rambles through Canada, referred to fine libraries of Celtic literature and enthusiastic scholars. Surely they may do something to forward the work. I am glad to say we have more than one society in Inverness devoting its energies to the investigation of the early records and history, and also to the collecting and storing of every trace of archæological remains that can be found, and I hope when we have the benefit of our new Museum and Library, to see them both enriched by a full complement of Celtic relics and literature. They ought to be a crowning feature of our collection, and I trust they will be so. (Applause.) When we look around, and find that even within the memory of many here, societies having those special objects in view which we now possess, have grown and passed away, and what is still more sad, their collections perished, we ought to make every effort to preserve what is left to us, and I do hope that with the adoption of the Free Libraries Act, and the establishment of a permanent museum, we shall be able not only to recover, but to preserve every atom and object of interest in Highland history. (Applause.) When I said that many societies and members thereof have passed away, I am glad to be able to point to one exception, and he is a notable one—I mean Mr Colin Chisholm, for many years President of the Gaelic Society of London, and whose kindly face and reverend appearance, at our annual feast here, adds much to the character and pleasure of the evening. (Loud cheers)

Mr Colin Chisholm said—Having been attached for the greater part of my life to kindred societies in the south, I may be permitted, at the outset, to express my opinion—as the result of observation and long experience—that it would be both desirable and beneficial for a young man from the Highlands to join a society of his countrymen in any town in which his lot may be cast in the south. The one I joined, the Gaelic Society of London, the oldest of all Scottish societies in London, was a source of much pleasure and information to me. It is now venerable, having celebrated its centenary three years ago.

(Applause.) The cordiality with which all present honoured "Kindred Societies" is an earnest of the undying attachment which all Celtic societies have to each other. With no other is that welfare more at heart, better understood, or more efficiently promoted than by the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

Mr ANDREW MACDONALD proposed the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness, to which

Councillor JOHN NOBLE replied, saying that by the retirement of an excellent man, Provost Simpson, a gentleman who had done good work for a great many years—(cheers)—the Council was in a state of interregnum; but he trusted the office would soon be filled up, and that the next Provost would be a man bearing the name of a clan that had always been intimately connected with, and favourable to, the town of Inverness. (Applause.)

Mr JAMES BARRON proposed "The Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the North of Scotland"—a toast which it might be said embraced the entire material interests of the district, for it was either on commerce or agriculture that the population depended. During the past year we had experienced a crisis of exceptional severity. So extreme was it in commerce that he hoped we might never look upon the like again. (Hear, hear.) No one could remember without a chill the gloom that sat upon men's faces or the depression that clogged their energies and filled their hearts with dismay. Thanks, however, to the tact, forbearance, and patience of a few skilful men, the worst apprehensions were never realised, and we had now shaken off the incubus, and were rejoicing in returning prosperity. (Applause.) In agriculture, he thought, we had not been so ill off as people were in some parts of the country. In the country, as a whole, the wheat crop, which should have returned over 11,000,000 quarters, had failed to yield even 7,000,000 quarters; and he had observed that a farmer stated recently that he had lost £20,000 in five years. In the North their losses were not so large, but they were large enough. Arable and pastoral farmers had both suffered. Wool had fallen so low that it actually became unsaleable, and he need not remind them of the fears that were experienced regarding foreign competition in meat and grain. Happily, if they now got favourable seasons, agriculture promised to share in the revival that had set in. (Hear, hear.) We were alive here in spite of the Americans, and, indeed, it was curious that returning vitality was in a great measure owing to this very people. The demand from the United States gave the first impulse to activity, and he had been informed that we were actually indebted to American manufacturers for the sudden and wonderful rise in the price of wool. (Applause.) In conclusion, he observed that if any agriculturists deserved to succeed, they were the industrious and intelligent agriculturists of the North of Scotland—(applause)—and if any commercial community deserved to prosper, it was that community which stood manfully together in the darkest hour, and saved an institution which so many powerful elements had combined to destroy. (Cheers.)

Mr ROBERT GRANT (of Messrs Macdougall & Co., Royal Tartan Warehouse) replied in a neat speech, after which

Mr WM. B. FORSYTH of the *Advertiser* proposed the "Non resident Members," and said it was most gratifying to know that these gentlemen formed a considerable proportion of the Society—more than one half in fact—while they contributed largely to the funds, and displayed great interest in the objects and proceedings of the Society. Indeed, they composed perhaps the most enthusiastic class of members. (Applause.) He coupled the toast with the name of a gentleman who had been a member from the beginning, and had shown a lively interest in their affairs, Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh. (Applause.)

Mr MACKENZIE, in responding, said that as one of the oldest members of the Society, he had much pleasure in replying for the non-resident members, who, as Mr Forsyth remarked, formed the majority of the Society. The country members were inclined to look on the town members as a sort of general standing committee to carry out the behests of the non-residents, and that duty was well and satisfactorily performed. (Cheers.) The action of the Society which interested him most, as a teacher, was the efforts made to secure the teaching of their native language in their schools. (Applause.) On this subject some strong opinions had been expressed on both sides, but these views were now being modified so much that there was a better prospect of an agreement on the subject. He was sorry to see their Highland Inspectors going so far out of their way to decry our Gaelic literature, which, though not extensive, was interesting, and well worthy of preservation. (Applause.) Of the five inspectors at work in the Highlands, two were Saxons, and he was not sure but one of them, their friend the Croupier, was in sentiment the most Highland of them all. (Cheers.) The other three were native Highlanders; but he was sorry to see that they did not sympathise much with Gaelic. He was, however, well satisfied with Mr Ross's conclusion, though how he arrived at it from his premises he (the speaker) could not well understand. (Laughter.) It was remarked that Mr Sime had consulted the teachers, which he knew to be the case; but he also knew that the great majority of them held their inspector's views. He might state that he (Mr M.) was one of the smaller number. (Cheers.)

Mr WM. MACKAY, solicitor, proposed "The Clergy of all Denominations" in an amusing antiquarian speech, which, we regret, the space at our disposal will not at pre-

sent admit of publication, but we hope Mr Mackay will add to it, and give it to us in another form. The Rev. Mr BISSET, Stratherrick, replied in an exceedingly happy manner. "The Press" was proposed by Mr D. CAMPBELL, Bridge Street, and replied to by Mr W. B. FORSYTH of the *Inverness Advertiser*. Captain SCOBIE proposed "The Croupiers," and Mr JOLLY replied. Mr WM. MACKAY proposed the Secretary, Mr Wm. Mackenzie, who, he said, conducted the work of the Society in a manner so efficient and admirable as to make it impossible to over-estimate his services.

Sir KENNETH MACKENZIE of Gairloch, Bart., who was received with loud applause, again and again renewed, proposed the health of the Chairman. (Cheers.) One of the advantages which he (Sir Kenneth) had experienced by being present at this meeting was that he had been enabled to form the acquaintance of Mr Macdonald of Skaebost, whom, it was, indeed, a very great pleasure to know, and to have as Chief of this Society. (Applause.) He had been long known as an excellent Highland gentleman, and a most indulgent landlord; and in an age when the necessities of the many are sometimes sacrificed to the pleasures of the few—in an age when game on Highland properties frequently assumed a greater importance, considering the population, than it ought to assume—there was nothing of the kind to be found on Mr Macdonald's property in Skye. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN briefly replied, gave "Good Night," and the meeting separated. Gaelic and English songs were sung in the course of the evening by Messrs Fraser, Mauld; Jolly, Maclean, and Whyte; and Pipe-Major Maclennan greatly enhanced the pleasure of the meeting by discoursing excellent bag-pipe music.

BOOKS, &c., RECEIVED.—"Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. viii.; Isaiah Frae Hebrew intil Scottis," by the Rev. P. Hately Waddell, LL.D.; "Mackay's Regiment," by John Mackay of Benreay; and "Bonnie Prince Charlie," a Drama.

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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

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V.

VIII. Donald, second Lord of the Isles, better known in history as "Donald of Harlaw," was, as stated in our last, the eldest son by his father's second marriage; but he became feudal superior of the children by the first marriage, in the manner already described. This chief possessed no small share of his father's spirit. He was a man of distinguished ability, and, though so closely connected with the throne, he resolved to gain, if possible, complete independence, like his ancestors, for the Island kingdom; and the more easily to gain his purpose he entered into an alliance with the English against his own country and king, a proceeding which can only be justified on the plea that he considered himself an independent Prince, owing no allegiance to the Scottish king for the lands hitherto held by the race of Somerled in the north-west Highlands and Isles. This position is, however, clearly untenable, for in point of fact he only possessed his lands, as the eldest son of the *second* marriage, by a charter from the crown, in the absence of which they would have gone to the children of the first marriage, who only could, on that plea, claim to be independent sovereigns. Be that as it may, it is an undisputed fact that the second Lord of the Isles is found, in the year 1388, shortly after the death of his father, negotiating with Richard II. of England on the footing of an independent Prince. Twelve years later we find him visiting England under a safe-conduct granted in his favour by Henry IV., dated 2d June 1400; and treaties exist entered into between them, dated respectively 1405 and 1408. By the first, dated June 2d, Donald de Insulis, and John, his brother, are allowed to come into England with 100 horse; while on the 16th September 1405, Henry IV. issued a commission for treating with Donald de Insulis, Chevalier, and John, his brother, concerning final peace, alliance, and friendship between his Majesty and them. The same thing is repeated under date of 8th of May 1408.

A few years later Donald of the Isles raised the flag of rebellion, and

conducted himself in a manner, and exhibited a power and capacity, which shook the throne and the government almost to their very foundations. He had married Lady Mary Leslie, only daughter of the Countess of Ross. Alexander, Earl of Ross, her only brother, married Isabella Stewart, daughter of the Regent, Robert Duke of Albany, by which union he had an only child, Lady Euphemia, who became a nun, and resigned all her estates and dignities in favour of her grandfather and her uncle, John, Earl of Buchan, second son of the Duke of Albany, and his heirs male, and whom failing, to return to the Crown, thus cutting off Lady Margaret, wife of Donald, second Lord of the Isles, who was the heir general. Skene informs us that Euphemia, on taking the veil, committed the government of her earldom to the Governor, when Donald saw that if Albany was permitted in this manner to retain actual possession of the Earldom, he would be unable to recover his vast inheritance in right of his wife from so crafty a nobleman. He accordingly proceeded to obtain possession of the Earldom, contending that Euphemia, by taking the veil, had become, in a legal point of view, dead; and that the Earldom belonged to him in right of his wife. His demand that he should on these grounds be put in possession of it was opposed by the Governor, whose principal object appears to have been to prevent the accession of so vast a district as the Earldom of Ross to the extensive territories of the Lord of the Isles, already too powerful to be kept in check by the Government. His conduct was actuated more by the principles of expediency than by those of simple justice—by what would most conduce to the security of Government than whether the claims of the Lord of the Isles were in themselves just or not. Donald was not the man, however, who would patiently brook such an unjust denial of his rights; and no sooner did he receive an unfavourable denial of his demands than he collected all the forces he could command, amounting to about ten thousand men, and with them he invaded the Earldom. He appears to have met with no resistance from the people of Ross; and he very soon obtained possession of the district; but on his arrival at Dingwall he was met by Angus Dubh Mackay, in command of a large body of men from Sutherland, who, after a fierce attack, were completely routed by the Lord of the Isles; and their leader, Angus Dubh, was taken prisoner. "Donald was now in complete possession of the Earldom, but his subsequent proceedings showed that the nominal object of his expedition was but a cover to ulterior designs; for, leaving the district of Ross, he swept through Moray, and penetrated into Aberdeenshire, at the head of his whole army. Here he was met at the village of Harlaw by the Earl of Mar, at the head of an inferior army in point of numbers, but composed of Lowland gentlemen, who were better armed and better disciplined than the Highland followers of Donald. It was on the 24th of July 1411 that the celebrated battle of Harlaw was fought, upon the issue of which seemed to depend the question of whether the Gaelic or Teutonic part of the population of Scotland were in future to have the supremacy, Of the battle the result was doubtful, as both parties claimed the victory; but in the case of the Highlanders, the absence of decided victory was equivalent to defeat in its effects, and Donald was in consequence obliged to retreat. The check which had been given to the Highland army was immediately followed by the Duke of Albany collecting additional forces, and march-

ing in person to Dingwall. But Donald avoided hazarding another encounter, and returned with his forces to the Isles, where he remained all winter, while Albany rapidly made himself master of the Earldom of Ross."*

Gregory says that the whole array of the Lordship of the Isles followed Donald of Harlaw on that occasion, and that consequently he was not weakened by any opposition such as might be expected on the part of his elder brothers or his descendants, though Ranald, "the youngest but most favoured son of the first marriage of the good John, was, as the seannachies tell us, 'old in the government of the Isles, at his father's death;'" and though he also acted as tutor or guardian to his younger brother Donald, Lord of the Isles, to whom, on attaining his majority, he delivered over the Lordship, in the presence of the vassals, "contrary to the opinion of the men of the Isles," who doubtless considered Godfrey, the eldest son of the first marriage, as their proper lord. If the opinion of the Islanders was at first in favour of Godfrey, the liberality and other distinguished characteristics of Donald seem in a very short time to have reconciled them to his rule, for "there is no trace after this time of any opposition among them to Donald or his descendants." And "as the claim of 'Donald of Harlaw' to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his wife, was after his death virtually admitted by King James I., and as Donald himself was actually in possession of that Earldom and acknowledged by the vassals in 1411, he may, without impropriety, be called the first Earl of Ross of his family."†

For a full and graphic account of the famous battle of Harlaw, and for the names of the leading men who fell in it, we refer the reader to pp. 122-125 *Celtic Magazine*, vol. iii. "In the fight," Buchanan says, "there fell so many eminent and noble personages as scarce ever perished in one battle, against a foreign enemy for many years before." We extract the following from Hugh Macdonald's MS.:—"This Alexander (Earl of Ross), who was married to the Duke of Albany's daughter, left no issue but one daughter, name Eupheme. She being very young, the Governor, her grandfather, took her to his own family, and having brought her up, they persuaded her by flattery and threats to resign her rights of the Earldom of Ross to John, his second son, Earl of Buchan, as it was given out, and that much against her will. But others were of opinion she did not resign her rights; but thereafter she was bereaved of her life, as most men thought, by the contrivance of the Governor. Donald, Lord of the Isles, claimed right to the Earldom of Ross, but could get no other hearing from the Governor but lofty menacing answers, neither could he get a sight of the rights which Lady Eupheme gave to his son John. The Governor thought that his own strength and sway could carry everything according to his pleasure in the kingdom, still hoping for the crown, the true heir thereof (James I., nephew to the Duke of Albany) being prisoner in England. He likewise was at enmity with the Lord of the Isles, because Sir Adam Moor's daughter‡ was his grandmother,

* The Highlanders of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 71-3.

† Western Highlands and Isles, pp. 31-32.

‡ The author of the "Macdonnells of Antrim" says, in a footnote, pp. 17-18, regarding this lady, who was the grandmother of both the claimants that:—Elizabeth More or Muir, was a lady of the well-known Rowallan family, in the parish of Kilmarnock, her

knowing full well that he would own the true heir's cause against him. The Lord of the Isles told the Governor he would either lose all he had or gain the Earldom of Ross, to which he had such a good title. The Duke replied—he wished Donald would be so forward as to stick to what he said. Donald immediately raised the best of his men, to the number of 10,000, and chose out of them 6600, turning the rest of them to their homes. They thought first they would fight near to Inverness; but, because the Duke and his army came not, Donald's army marched through Murray, and over the Spey. The Governor, Alexander Stewart, Earl of Murray, and John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, the Governor's son, having gathered an army of 9700 men, desired the Lord of the Isles to stay, and that they would meet him near Inverness and give him battle; but he would not leave his own men foraging in his own county of Ross. Therefore he marched forward, resolving to take his hazard near their doors, assuring himself of victory. Huntly, who was Macdonald's friend, sent him a private message, desiring him to commit no hostilities in his country, by the way of assuring him, he would not own the Governor's quarrels, and wishing Macdonald good success, and desiring him to be of good courage. The Lord of the Isles went forward till both armies met at Harlaw, a place in Garioch, in the Braes of Buchan. There came several in the Governor's army out of curiosity to see Macdonald and his Highlanders routed, as they imagined; others came to be rewarded by the Governor, as they did not expect to see any other king, in all appearance, but he and his offspring; others came through fear of the Duke's great authority. Macdonald set his men in order of battle as follows. He commanded himself the main battle, where he kept most of the Islanders, and with the Macleods, John of Harris and Roderick of the Lewis. He ordered the rest to the wings, the right commanded by Hector Roy Maclean, and the left by Callum Beg Mackintosh, who that day received from Macdonald a right of the lands of Glengarry in Lochaber, by way of pleasing him for yielding

father, Sir Adam Muir, being the fifth in descent from David de Moore, the founder of that house early in the thirteenth century. There had formerly existed considerable doubt as to the reality of the marriage between Robert II. and Elizabeth Muir, and all the earlier Scottish historians down even to Buchanan, supposed that their union had not been legalised by marriage. The author of the *Historie of James the Sexth*, however, after quoting from a pedigree of the Muirs of Rowallan, says that "Robert, great Steward of Scotland, having taken away the said Elizabeth, drew to Sir Adame, her father, ane instrument that he should take her to his lawful wyfe, which *myself hath seene*, said the collector (of the Pedigree, Mr John Lermouth), as also ane testimonie, written in Latine by Roger M'Adame, priest of our Ladie Marie's Chapell." A charter granted by Robert II., in 1364, proves that Elizabeth Muir was the *first* wife of that King, and refers to a dispensation granted by the Pope for the marriage. This charter was published in 1694, by one Mr Lewis Innes, Principal of the Scots' College at Paris. The dispensation from Rome referred to in the charter of 1364, was long sought for after the lady's death, and was not found until the year 1789, when it, and a dispensation for the King's marriage with Euphemia Ross, his last wife, were discovered together. There exists also another charter, by David II., "to Robert, great Steward of Scotland, of the lands of Kintyre; and to John Stewart his son, gotten betwixt him and Elizabeth Moore, daughter of Adam More, knight, and failzeing of him, to Walter, his second brother." Elizabeth Muir is said to have been a very beautiful woman, and to have captivated the High Steward during the unquiet times of Edward Baliol, when the former was often obliged to seek safety in concealment. It is supposed that Dundonald Castle was the "scene of King Robert's early attachment and nuptials with the fair Elizabeth." From this union are descended, through their daughter, Margaret Stewart, the Macdonnells of Antrim; and through their sons, not only the race of our British sovereigns, but also of several crowned heads in Europe. For an account of the Muirs of Rowallan, see Paterson's *Parishes and Families of Ayrshire*, vol. ii., pp. 182-194.

the right wing to Maclean, and to prevent any quarrel between him and Maclean. Mackintosh said he would take the lands, and make the left behave as well as the right. John More, Donald's brother, was placed with a detachment of the lightest and nimblest men as a reserve, either to assist the wings or main battle, as occasion required. To him was joined Mackenzie and Donald Cameron of Locheill. Alister Carrick was young, and therefore was much against his will set apart, lest the whole of the brothers should be hazarded at once. The Earls of Mar and Buchan ordered their men in a main battle and two small fronts; the right front was commanded by Lords Marishall and Erroll, the left by Sir Alexander Ogilvie, Sheriff of Angus. They encountered one another; their left wing was forced by Maclean, and the party on Macdonald's right was forced to give way. There was a great fold for keeping cattle behind them, into which they went. The Earl of Mar was forced to give ground, and that wing was quite defeated. Mar and Erroll posted to Aberdeen, the rest of Macdonald's men followed the chase. There were killed on the Governor's side 2550. The Lord Marishall was apprehended safe, and died in his confinement of mere grief and despair. Sir Alexander Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, was killed, with seven knights, and several other gentlemen. On Macdonald's side Maclean fell; he and Irvin of Drum fought together till the one killed the other. Drum's two brothers, with the principal men of that surname, were killed, so that a boy of that name, who herded the cattle, succeeded to the estate of Drum. Two or three gentlemen of the name of Munroe were slain, together with the son of Macquarry of Ulva, and two gentlemen of the name of Cameron. On Macdonald's side were lost in all 180. This battle was fought anno 1411. Macdonald had burnt Aberdeen had not Huntly dissuaded him from it, saying that by his victory, in all appearance, he gained his own, yet it was ridiculous in him to destroy the town, and that citizens would always join with him who had the upper hand. Now, to prove these fabulous and partial writers, particularly Buchanan, it is well known to several men of judgment and knowledge that Macdonald had the victory there, and gained the Earldom of Ross, for four or five generations thereafter, and that Mackintosh, whom they say was killed, lived twenty years thereafter, and was with the Earl of Mar when Alexander Macdonald, Lord of the Isles was captive at Tantallon, in the battle fought at Inverlochy against Donald Balloch, Alexander's cousin-german. This Donald Balloch was son to John More, brother to Donald of the Isles and Earl of Ross. Now, it happened that this same Callum Begg Mackintosh was with King James I. after his releasement from his captivity in England, in the same place where the battle was fought. The King asked him how far they followed the chase? Mackintosh replied that they followed it farther than his Majesty thought. So the King riding on a pretty pace, asked Mackintosh if they came that length? He answering, said, that, in his opinion, there was a heap of stones before them, and that he left there a mark to show that he followed the chase that length; and with that he brought a man's arm with its gauntlet out of the heap. The King, beholding it, desired him to be with him that night at Aberdeen. The King, upon his arrival there, going to his lodgings, Mackintosh said, in presence of the bystanders, that he had performed his word to the King, and now he would betake himself to his own lodgings; whereupon he immediately left the town,

for he dreaded that the King would apprehend him. Patrick, Earl of Tullibardin, said, as the other noblemen were talking of the battle of Harlaw, we know that Macdonald had the victory, *but the Governor had the printer.*"*

Summing up his description and the consequences of this famous engagement, Burton, who with his characteristic hatred of the Highlanders, must of course call the result of this battle a "defeat" for the Islanders, says —"So ended one of Scotland's most memorable battles. The contest between the Lowlanders and Donald's host was a contest between foes, of whom their contemporaries would have said that their ever being in harmony with each other, or having a feeling of common interests and common nationality, was not within the range of rational expectations. . . It will be difficult to make those not familiar with the tone of feeling in Lowland Scotland at that time believe that the defeat of Donald of the Isles was felt as a more memorable deliverance than even that of Bannockburn."†

According to the MS. History of the Mackintoshes quoted by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh in his "Invernessiana":—In this war Malcolm, or Callum Beg, Chief of Mackintosh, "lost many of his friends, particularly James Mackintosh (Shaw) of Rothiemurchus," who must have been confused with the Chief himself, though, in point of fact, he lived until about 1457. In 1412 the same author finds from "the accounts of the great chamberlain of Scotland" that "payment is made to Lord Alexander, Earl of Mar, for various labours and expenses incurred in the war against the Lord of the Isles for the utility of the whole kingdom of £122 7s 4d; and also to him for the construction of a fortalice at Inverness, for the utility of the kingdom, against said Lord of the Isles, £100; and for lime to Inverness for the construction of said fortalice, and for food and the carriage of wood, £32 10s 3d. In 1414 payment is made to Lord Alexander, Earl of Mar, in consideration of his divers labours and expenses about the castle of Inverness, of £52 11s 3d." About the year 1398 Charles Macgilleane, of the ancient house of Maclean of Mull, settled in the neighbourhood of Lochness, under the protection of Donald, Lord of the Isles, whose followers the Macleans were.

It has been generally supposed that the resignation of the Earldom of Ross by Euphemia the nun in favour of her grandfather, Robert, Duke of Albany, was the sole and immediate cause of the battle of Harlaw; but the actual date of the instrument of resignation is 1415—four years after the famous battle; and Skene thinks that the securing of the resignation of the earldom in his favour at that date was rather an attempt on the part of Albany to give a colour of justice to his retention of what he was, by the result of the battle of Harlaw, enabled to keep in his possession. There is no doubt whatever that a claim on the earldom was the ostensible cause of the invasion by the Lord of the Isles, but the readiness with which, in the following summer, that claim was given up by a treaty concluded with the Governor at Port-Gilp, in Argyleshire—when Donald not only gave up the earldom, but agreed to become a vassal of the Crown, and to deliver hostages for his future good behaviour, while he might easily have

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 300-2.
† Vol, iii., pp. 101-102.

kept possession of Ross—clearly indicate that the invasion was but a part of a much more extensive scheme for which the claim to the earldom served as a very good pretext, and that upon the failure of the more important scheme, the claim for the earldom was, with little ado, given up. This becomes the more apparent if we keep in mind the treaty between Donald and Henry IV. of England, dated 1408, and above referred to; and that no sooner was the civil war in Scotland concluded than a truce was entered into between England and Scotland for a period of six years. Gregory is of the same opinion, and says (p. 32)—"After the death of John, Lord of the Isles, we discover various indications of the intrigues of the English Court with the Scottish Islanders had been assumed; and it is not altogether improbable that it was a suspicion of these treasonable practices which caused the Regent, Robert of Albany, to oppose the pretensions of Donald, Lord of the Isles, to the Earldom of Ross. But although English emissaries were on various occasions dispatched, not only to the Lord of the Isles himself, but to his brothers Godfrey and John—and two of the brothers even appear to have visited the English Court—we cannot, at this distance of time, ascertain how far these intrigues were carried." The fatal policy of taking part with England instead of Scotland in the quarrels of those kingdoms was continued by Donald's successors until the power of the Lord of the Isles was finally broken up; and, as will be seen in the sequel, his grandson, by this unpatriotic means, brought on the downfall of his house sooner than it would otherwise have come to pass.

Donald of Harlaw, second Lord of the Isles, married Lady Mary Leslie (daughter of Sir Walter Leslie, by Euphemia, Countess of Ross, in favour of whose marriage there is a dispensation dated 1367), who became Countess of Ross when her neice resigned the earldom and became a nun. By this marriage the Lord of the Isles had issue—

1. *Alexander*, who succeeded him as Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross.
2. *Angus*, Bishop of the Isles.
3. *Mariot*, who married Alexander Sutherland, and to whom "her brother Alexander, in 1429, gave the lands of Duchall to her and her husband, Alexander Sutherland, as appears from the grant of the same in the possession of Sinclair of Roslin."*

He died, according to Findon's genealogy, in 1423; to Gregory, "circa 1420"; while Hugh Macdonald, the Seannachaidh, though not mentioning the year of his death, informs us that he "died at Ardhorinish, in Morvairn, in the forty-fifth year of his age, and was buried at Icolmkill, after the rites and ceremonies of his predecessors." He was succeeded in the Lordship of the Isles, and a few years later in the Earldom of Ross, by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

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* Douglas's Wood's Peerage.

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—Tennyson.

BOOK I.—"AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA."

Chapter VI.

Cupid is a knavish lad. —*Puck.*

Some nine leagues from Dunolly, between two ranges of barren mountains, lies the Vale of Hassendean, deriving its name from a tawny coloured brook, which, after descending rapidly from the sombre and lofty heights of Ben Ardoch, pursues its babbling course amidst a profusion of hazel bushes, patches of green pasture land, and groves of thickly foliaged trees. In the basin, formed by the circuit of hills at the mouth of this romantic vale, the gurgling rivulet empties its waters into a small but almost bottomless loch, which at noonday brilliantly reflects the radiance of the sun, and at midnight is black with the shadows of the surrounding mountains.

Looking out from the cluster of beech and pine trees on the hill-slope running along the southern bank of the stream, the crumbling ruins of a solitary dwelling, with chapel adjoining, might attract the attention of a curious traveller. History informs us that this rustic habitation belonged to a rollicking friar generally known in the district as "Good Father Dominick." He was originally a devotee of St Francis, but latterly became an adherent of one of the more privileged sects which sprung from the Franciscan order and became so numerous in the early part of the fourteenth century. Far from being a specimen of the ascetic hermit with sallow cheeks, sunken eyes, lank hair, and emaciated body, he had a jolly, red face, laughing eyes, a shapely nose, and strongly developed limbs, as well as a good round belly. His physical characteristics were probably the result of confinement in youth when possessed of a sanguine temperament and lusty constitution, and better fitted for a soldier than a monk; yet some irreverently hinted that he was rather fond of a haunch of venison, a flowing goblet, and a buxom wench. Frequently a visitor to the strongholds of the Isles, rumour would assert that John of Lorn, who was continually receiving his ghostly attentions, was a bigger sinner than the rest of the chieftains. Others persist in maintaining that the secret of Father Dominick's devotion to the service of Lorn consisted in the fact that the penitents were the fairest and most liberal in their contributions, the wine the strongest, and the good cheer the most plentiful. Without attaching any importance to vulgar gossip and popular scandal, however, our opinion is that Father Dominick was a jolly, pious, and kind-hearted mortal, whose easy conscience and abundance of good humour accounted for his full face and round belly. The sterner adherents to the order of St Francis, residing in the island solitude of the monastery of Iona, finding their revenues carefully collected, and the penitents within their jurisdiction duly shriven by a *landlouping* adventurer, exerted the influence of their churchly power for Father Dominick's excommunication and expulsion from the Western Isles. In this they failed, however, and

the ministrations of the merry friar were welcomed more heartily than those of his more ascetic brethren. The chapel was of an ordinary, rude construction, being totally deficient in ornament of any kind, but the relics which were sheltered within its hallowed walls, and the virtues of the holy fountain which trickled from the rocks rising immediately behind the building, attracted pilgrims from all quarters. The shrine was devoted to the celebrated St Fillan, who had died in the vicinity about the middle of the eighth century, and the luminous arm which, by the splendour of its beams, enabled the holy man to transcribe the Scriptures without the aid of candle-light, was carefully preserved by Father Dominick in a silver casket, and formed part of the decorations of the altar.

On no occasion had the services of the jolly friar been so much in request as when Lorn was about to set out on his expedition against Robert the Bruce. He arrived at Dunolly on the previous day, for the purpose of pronouncing a benediction and praying for the success of the enterprise. There was one, however, who seemed more in need of his holy services than all the bands of Highlanders combined, and Dominick was no time within the precincts of the castle walls when he received a summons from the fair Bertha, calling upon him for consultation and advice on a matter of immediate interest. Ascending to the small turret-chamber in the western wing of the building, he found her impatiently awaiting his arrival. Kate, her bower-maiden, a pretty, gossiping wench, had just completed the dressing of her mistress's long, silken locks, and taken her needlework in hand when Father Dominick entered. He had the shaven crown of his order, but his feet were enclosed in leathern sandals, being a grade more luxurious than the strict Franciscans who went bare-foot. He was dressed in the usual woollen frock with scourge and band attached, and as he crossed the threshold of the damsel's chamber, a smile of latent humour could not help mingling with the serious lines of his features.

"Pax Vobiscum!" he said, with his customary salutation.

"Amen!" said Bertha.

"You are well, I hope," said Dominick.

"Well?—yes," with some hesitation.

"Nay, I swear you are ill. Jesu Maria, how pale and lack-lustre you look. My fair dame, I'll warrant the gallant has jilted you, and in your grief you wish to become a daughter of the Church."

"Nay," interposed Bertha.

But the good friar was not to be outdone when an idea struck him.

"The objects of our earthly desires," he continued, "are as evanescent as the *mirage* of the barren desert, the offspring of a heated fancy, or the delusions of the devil. Happy are they whose thoughts turn Heavenward—from the corruptible to the incorruptible, from the temporal to the eternal——

"Nay, good father," said Bertha, interrupting him, "you misconstrue me entirely."

"Heaven forbid that I should be so uncharitable."

"You know my father, Sir David."

"My blessing on him. I do, sweet maid."

"I am anxious for his safety. He has got entangled in this rebellion, and Sir Guilbert informs me he has joined the ranks of the sacrilegious heretic."

"Jesu Maria!" said the friar, looking upwards and crossing himself. "An abettor of the rebel Bruce!"

"He is. To-morrow my uncle goes against him. There will be a great battle, and my father may be slain. I know he will be in the front ranks, for he is brave and fearless. Bruce is a gallant knight, but his love of adventure and a hopeless cause, will imperil the lives of many dauntless men. Moreover, if my uncle learns of my father's escapade, he may retain me as a hostage. For the matter of that, I am a prisoner already, and all my movements are religiously observed and reported on. You will have learned all about the scene in the feasting hall where young Dermond of Dunkerlyne wounded the great Macnab in a sword to sword encounter. My conduct on that occasion has called forth the utmost displeasure, and even cousin Nora is threatened by her father with confinement if she does not leave off thinking about the son of the brave old viking. Dermond, as you know, was thrown into prison. Thank God, he has since been liberated. My uncle is growing most cruel and tyrannical. He ordered me to be thrown into a dungeon as well, but Nora would not let him. I determined on going to my father's castle where I might be happier, but uncle refuses to give me a sufficient retinue for the journey. I want to tell my father of Lorn's tyranny, to warn him against risking his life in a mad enterprise, to exhort him to forsake the standard of the rebels, and to entreat him to come and save me from the clutches of John of Lorn."

"Ay," said the friar thoughtfully. "You have really set for yourself an extraordinary task. What if your uncle discover the plot? If he intercepts the letter, what become of the fair Bertha, her docile emissary, and her treasonable amanuensis?"

"Trust me," said Bertha eagerly, "the letter cannot miscarry. Write it, and all will be well."

"Ha! ha! A gallant in the case!" exclaimed the friar. "'Tis e'en as I thought. This is the key to all your rashness."

"Why, good father, you jest now. Do you wish me to swear for the faithfulness of the intended bearer?"

"Well, well, be it so; but burden not your soul with vows for the conduct of a gay young chieftain."

"Neither, good father, be so uncharitable as vow to the contrary, or raise doubts regarding the honour of a man you know naught of," said Bertha pouting.

"Now, by St Francis," replied the friar, "if I were young and a soldier, as I ought to have been, I'd go break the noddle of my audacious rival. But Heaven forgive the thought. Lend me the pen and parchment."

The merry friar soon wrote to the dictation of his fair confident, not, however, without a sigh, as he had a soft heart and could not help admiring her courage. Having finished the letter, he gave it to her with his blessing, resolving to pray for its safety, and urging the maiden not to be too precipitate in her confidences.

"St Francis speed the bearer," he said, "or I would not give a goose-quill for the security of his neck, or the living of the poor friar."

As he made to leave with a halting step, Bertha called him back, and a tear glistened in her dark blue eye. She then signed to her attendant

to approach, and as Kate threw aside her needlework and came tripping up, she said, "See that Olave is faithful." "Fear him not, dear madame," was Kate's reply, and here she would have launched forth a volume of assurances, but Bertha interrupted—"Few words and faithful deeds are all we want, sweet Kate. We can speak afterwards; meanwhile be wary; but how can you pass the small courtyard and the southern porch?"

"Duncan keeps watch at the porch," said Kate, "and I have served him with as much ale as will keep him sleeping for an hour yet. As for the courtyard I can manage it with ease."

And off she went with the letter carefully secured in her bosom. As soon as she had gone, Bertha called Dominick to take a seat beside her, and, during the interval of Kate's absence, she requested him to tell her all about the life of the old pirate and Cyril of Rathland. The friar eagerly complied, and gave her a full history of the origin of the keep of Dunkerlyne, and the vicissitudes of the singular race who had made it their abode.

Meanwhile Kate was accomplishing the behest of her mistress. At the foot of the spiral stair-case she easily passed an adherent of the house of Macneill, who had come from Loch Awe in the retinue of Sir David's daughter. Traversing the long, gloomy corridor leading to the southern wing, she had almost gained the porch overlooking the back courtyard, when a half-drunken porter sprung from his retreat, and clasping her in his arms said, "Hold, my pretty wench. No passage this way. You must have heard the night-bell toll." "Peace with you, Duncan," she replied, seizing him firmly by the beard. "Let me go, or I'll pull the beard off your face. I carry a message from my lady Bertha to the southern battlements." "Not till the night-bell toll again," he replied, kissing her as she escaped blushing from his arms, and adjusting her head-gear. As the sentinel who watched in the courtyard turned his back, she tripped nimbly across, and gained admittance to an unoccupied guard-house communicating with the southern battlements, but as she approached the far-end of the corridor she found the door securely fastened with lock and chain. Not to be outdone she untied her neckerchief and let it flutter through the elongated shot-hole that flanked the door-way. For a time the superstitious Norseman who paced the platform outside, avoided the mysterious apparition which disturbed his night-watch. Turning his eyes away he tried hard to convince himself that it was nothing. He had probably taken too much ale. As the strange object continued to flutter in the sea-breeze he involuntarily crossed himself, and repeated a pater-noster. Seeing it linger he gathered up courage, and drawing his sword, shouted, "By the soul of Odin and all the saints in Valhalla, I conjure you what would ye with me?" Kate seeing his embarrassment enjoyed the situation, and mischievously kept him in suspense.

"Come here, Olave," she at length ventured to say, "I have a message for your master."

"Not for me, fair Kate?" he replied, recognising the voice and bursting into a fit of laughter.

"For you too if you can be secret, but you must be silent and not alarm the garrison."

"Of a surety. I'm no vain coxcomb to boast of a night-interview with a fair maid."

"Well, I trust you," she whispered. "Your master, Dermond, has been released."

"Thank God for that."

"But he is almost a prisoner, so far as free intercourse with the rest of the chieftains is concerned, and John of Lorn has forbidden him from speaking with my lady Bertha. She has a letter for him, which is to be delivered safely and secretly to Sir David Macneill, who belongs to the ranks of the rebel. She did not know how to get it given to young Dermond without being observed, but of course I knew you could do it."

"I will, sweet Kate, and if Dermond fails to carry it to its destination, for your sake I'll undertake the task."

"The saints will reward you for your devotion to a damsel in distress. She, at least, wont forget you."

"And will you not remember me likewise?"

"Well, well, both of you be good and faithful knights. 'Tis a feat of chivalry worthy of two such gallants."

"Now, let's seal the contract," said he, grasping the little hand that thrust the letter through. "May the foul fiend brain the knave who locked this gate and built this wall between us."

He raised the little hand passionately to his lips, and bade farewell.

"Be brave and faithful in the battle to-morrow, and keep your head with a strong hand," said Kate, as she drew her hand away, and, turning on her heel, soon reached her lady's chamber to tell her of her success.

Chapter VII.

All day long the mountains thrilled with sounds of war.—*Anon.*

At grey dawn the men-at-arms were marshalled along the beach. In regular order each chieftain took possession of his galley, and a hundred and seventy vessels spread canvas to the wind. About forty years had elapsed since the Norsemen had been driven from the Western Highlands, but traces of their domination could be seen in the arms and armour of the Islesmen, whose well-appointed accoutrements contrasted strongly with the primitive dress and weapons of the men of the interior. The deck of Lorn's leading galley shone brilliantly with steel-clad warriors, the flower of Western chivalry. Bright in his glittering hauberk, among the chieftains more closely allied to Dunolly, was the noble Dermond. He stood leaning on his battle-axe, while his long sword hung from his chastely embroidered girdle. His plaid was bound across his breast, and secured with a finely ornamented silver clasp, while his broad and burnished shield hung on his well-formed shoulders. Though tall and manly in figure, his countenance was feminine and youthful, with the down of approaching manhood shading his ruddy cheek. His glossy raven locks curled on a shapely head, and escaped from beneath his shining helmet in graceful wavelets. The towers of Dunolly were crowded with spectators, and few commanded more attention among the fair ones of the West than the gallant young chief of Dunkerlyne. Bertha looked anxiously from the seaward window of her turret-chamber, and although no one else could have distinguished her, Dermond did not fail to mark her out from

amongst the bevy of beauties who crowded every coign of vantage, and he ordered his pennon to be lowered in token of his fealty to her behest. Olave had that morning safely delivered the packet for Sir David Macneill into Dermond's keeping, and the youth had sworn a knightly oath upon his sword to carry out the wish of his mistress or die in the endeavour.

The course was northwards for a time and then eastwards, the head of Loch Etive being reached before midday. Here a disembarkation took place, and scouts were sent out to ascertain the numbers, position, and whereabouts of the enemy. The afternoon was not far gone when the whole line was set in motion. The dark wilds of Glenorchy were penetrated, and the host of Lorn made for the rugged Grampians. On the vanguard reaching the tops of the lower ridges the little army of Bruce was descried, compactly arrayed in the plain beneath. The numbers appeared to be about five hundred, consisting, for the most part, of light-armed cavalry, but commanded by several of the sternest and most desperate characters of the time. The large number of ladies who had taken refuge in the Bruce's camp occupied a position with the baggage in the rear, protected by a very inadequate guard of squires and jackmen. Bruce himself, notwithstanding his resolution to fight in the front, had been prevailed upon to take up a position in the centre for the purpose of securing his person from the vengeance of the Highlanders.

As both parties came in sight of each other savage and clamorous shouts resounded against the rocks and cliffs. The Islesmen, heaving aloft their ponderous battle-axes, and raising their fearful "slogan," rushed down the mountain slopes, some of them in their martial determination tumbling over the stones and brushwood which blocked their passage, and sending large pieces of rock bounding into the plain beneath. As they gained the valley the gallant knights of Bruce charged "the undisciplined rabble," as a historian calls them, driving the Highlanders back into the glens and recesses of the Grampians. Dermond following on the vanguard with his small body of followers in fine order, advanced cautiously on the enemy as they were engaged in pursuing the first portion of the host of Lorn, and, by a series of skilful manœuvres, succeeded in breaking the line of cavalry and unseating a number of the horsemen. At this time an incident occurred which gave rise to a considerable amount of remark on both sides. The horse of the King, either by accident or at the instigation of the rider, rushed frantically into the midst of the melee, and Bruce, who had singled out Dermond as the object of his attack, was on the point of engaging in single combat, when he was surrounded by a number of his followers and driven back into a place of safety. The Scottish knights continued to fight with great valour, and reinforcements of Islesmen kept charging down the hillsides, but were as often repulsed and compelled to take refuge in their mountain retreats. Hopes of a complete victory now filled the minds of the Sassenach forces, but the appearance of the main body of Lorn's army on the heights discouraged the followers of Bruce, who had already been sorely pressed, and gave renewed confidence to the defeated masses who, dislodging themselves from their mountain retreats, raised a triumphant shout, and closed again in terrible and bloody conflict. Again they were driven back, and Dermond, who was in the front of the battle, had already sustained a slight flesh wound, which, however, did not interfere with his fighting powers.

The main host pouring through the gorges and mountain slopes ardently assailed the King's army in front and flank, and even threatened to carry the rear. The slaughter now became most fearful. The shouts of the victors, and the groans of the vanquished, re-echoed among the mountains. Knights were seen with startled horses, mad with wounds, careering wildly across the plain. The Islesmen were rushing boldly into the thickest of the fight, hewing about with their long Lochaber axes, and bringing down horses and men. Dermond's axe had been cut from his grasp as he attempted to engage Sir James Douglas, who was instantly unseated by Olave, who never left the side of his young chief. Douglas sprang to his feet, and crossed swords with Dermond, but weak with wounds and stunned with his fall, he immediately succumbed, and was borne senseless to the rear. The battle now raged fiercely and disorderly along the whole line, the Lord of Colonsay, and the Chieftains of Dunvegan, Duart, and Skye, fighting bravely in spite of their numerous wounds. Lorn had already engaged the redoubtable Kirkpatrick in a hand to hand contest, from which neither of the combatants seemed to suffer much. Sir Guilbert de la Hay, who had been pulled from his horse by the crook of a Lochaber axe characteristically wielded by a stalwart Highlander, kept fighting bravely on foot with sword in hand until he was struck down by the hand of Macnab. Bruce, who had been kept from mingling too much in the battle, now discarded every remonstrance, and collecting the remnant of his bravest followers in a body, he resolved upon a final and desperate charge. Heading the attack he rushed into the midst of the Islesmen, dealing destruction to all who came within the sweep of his weapon. His huge sword was seen flashing constantly in the sunlight, and sending forth gleams of fire, while his stalwart figure rose in stately strength above all surrounding him. Several of the chieftains essayed to engage the King, but they were borne back by the knights who protected him in his deadly course. Dermond, eager to distinguish himself by a deed of chivalrous daring, rushed forward, but failed to pierce the mass of devoted knights who defended the King, and he was almost borne down by a shower of blows which only a keenly tempered hauberk and helmet could have resisted. The whole host of Lorn yielded and swayed in face of the charge, and had the King been possessed of another force to follow it up, the Islesmen might have been put to total rout, but recovering from the shock they surrounded the handful of warriors, and after considerable slaughter compelled the Bruce and his followers to retreat. The scene now assumed an aspect of the utmost disorder, and the sun sinking behind the distant mountains gave a deeper tinge of red to the brooklets. The turf was torn, and gutted with crimson pools where wounded and dying men lay weltering in their blood. There was something like panic in the rear, where a strong body of Highlanders, led by the English envoy, Sir Guilbert de Valancymer, were advancing. For a moment it seemed as if the Bruce and his followers were about to be encompassed and slain, if not captured by the eager and numerous host of Lorn. Realizing his peril the King cut his way through a body of men who intervened between him and the rear, and arrived in time to repulse Sir Guilbert de Valancymer, who cast his glove in the teeth of the frantic King, and promised at a future time to retrieve his honour.

(To be Continued.)

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

V.

WHILE in the district of Glengarry I paid a visit to Cornwall, fourteen miles distant, a village of between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants, and the Capital of the three counties of Glengarry, Dundas, and Stormont. It is situated at the mouth of the Cornwall Canal—just where it enters the St Lawrence, and contains several large mills and factories, including one of the largest woollen factories in Canada, and extensive cotton mills. There are also two newspapers representing the two political parties; one, the *Reporter*, on the Conservative side, edited by an exceedingly genial and courteous Highlander named Macfarlane, while the *Freeholder*, on the Liberal side, is owned and conducted by H. Sansfield Macdonald, son of the late Premier of Canada, and one of the firm of Macdonald & Maclennan, barristers, the other member being a brother of A. B. Maclennan, Glen-Gordon, Glengarry, originally from Kintail. Macdonald I found at first somewhat distant and reserved, looking at me exactly as if he thought I was going to ask him to lend me a thousand dollars; but having told him that I wanted a little printing done, for which I suggested payment in advance, he became quite pleasant, referred me to his foreman in the printing-office, and was condescending enough to inform me that he took very little interest in the paper, and that he only kept it on for his own amusement, as he was perfectly independent of anything it might bring him in the way of income. I naturally envied his position, and congratulated him mentally on his good fortune in having had a father who was able to leave him in such happy affluence. I paid his foreman 10s 6d for a small printing job that I could have got at home, at most, for 4s; but my editorial confrère, originally so unbending, having discovered who I was, became in a very few minutes most agreeably gracious; and in his paper next morning he gave me a most flattering paragraph, so that the printing was cheap after all. Mr Macfarlane, on the other hand, at first refused to take anything for an advertisement which I requested him to insert; but having declined such favours from one whom I never had seen before, he finally accepted a dollar for space which in the regular way would have cost me three times that amount. I was informed that there were some real good Celts in Cornwall, and I had introductions to the Rev. Dr Macnish, and to Sheriff Macintyre, to the former from the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., Edinburgh, and to the latter from another mutual friend; but I missed them both. I intended to have gone back, but the place had such a depressing influence upon me that, though I passed it twice a few days after, I could not muster courage enough to pay a second visit to the only part of the whole Dominion where I thought the place and people—so far as I had seen them, except Mr Macfarlane—equally flat. For this I am most likely to blame, unless it be to some extent attributable to the fact that a brutal murderer, who had killed his father and an innocent little sister, was lodged in prison in the town, where he was executed a few days after; and this naturally, perhaps, induced a gloomy mental atmos-

phere in a town where no execution had taken place for forty years before. I also, as stated in my last, took a run from Glengarry to

OTTAWA,

the Capital of the Dominion, taking the Grand Trunk to Prescott, a distance of 58 miles, and from thence by the St Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, some 54 miles, to the Capital, where I arrived on 25th of October, at 4 P.M., after a run of five hours through a flat and uninteresting country. This short railway of 54 miles actually cuts all that is habitable of the vast Dominion of Canada, at this point, right across from south to north, the portion beyond being an endless mountainous and unreclaimable region, valuable, however, for its great forests, the proceeds of which find their way to Ottawa by the river of that name and the Gatineau. The character of the country here impressed me with the idea that Nature never intended North British America to be one vast country under one Government; and that ultimately, as the population increased, all below Ottawa and to the east would become one, if not several powerful nations; while that part of the Dominion to the west and north-west would form several great nations, each province becoming independent, possessing a Government of its own.

On my arrival in the Capital I found a gentleman with whom I had previous correspondence awaiting me at the station. Indeed were it not for him I would not have gone there at all; and I am under a debt of gratitude to him, which I shall never forget, for inducing me to visit a city which, if I could only know what I would have lost, I would not have passed upon any account. All I knew of him was his name, A. M. Burgess, and the position which he held in the Capital of Canada as the Official Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior. I soon discovered that he was a native of Strathspey, who had gone out to seek his fortune, like most of our countrymen, his capital consisting solely of perseverance, steady habits, and average natural ability. He at once insisted upon my becoming his guest. I soon found myself quite at home, and well entertained by his most intelligent and kindly better-half, whom I discovered to be the daughter of a newspaper proprietor in Portsoy, Banffshire; while his mother, who only some six or seven years ago left Strathspey to end her days with her dutiful son in the Far West, positively delighted me with her Inverness-shire Gaelic. Mr Burgess was originally on the staff of the *Globe* as its leading Parliamentary reporter in the Capital, after which he started and continued to publish the Canadian *Hansard*, and subsequently became the proprietor of the Ottawa *Free Press*. The latter did not prove successful; but being a strenuous supporter of the late Mackenzie Administration, Mr Burgess secured the appointment of Private Secretary to the Minister of the Interior, and was soon after promoted to the more responsible and permanent position of Official Secretary to the Department.

In the evening I met Mr Kinloch, Private Secretary to Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Premier of Canada, and several other gentlemen connected with the various Government departments, and with the press; as also Mr Rogers, of Rogers & Maclean, Government printers (originally from Dundee), who invited a few friends to meet us at dinner next evening. I afterwards met his partner Maclean, a native of Mull. Their fine printing establishment is quite abreast of the times, all the machinery and

plant being of the most modern description, with the latest improvements introduced into all the departments. Among other Highlanders which it was my agreeable lot to meet here was Mr Macleod Stewart, a wealthy barrister, and a warm-hearted Celt, descended from the Stewarts of Appin; and Mr Macdougall, Auditor-General for the Dominion. The Mayor of the city, who is also editor and proprietor of the leading Conservative paper, was a Borlum, or Holme Mackintosh (I forget which), and a near relative of our own popular M.P., Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond. Another leading Celt, holding a good position in local politics, with whom I had a chat, is Alderman Masson, a native of the Black Isle, Ross-shire, and a cousin of the Rev. Dr Masson, of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh. But really the Celt meets you everywhere in the Dominion, and the reader who has followed me in these sketches will not be surprised to find him at the very top of the political world of Canada.

The Marquis of Lorne, heir to the Dukedom of Argyll, is Governor-General, while Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., another distinguished Highlander, is Premier of the great Dominion. His Excellency having seen by the morning papers that I was the guest of Mr Burgess of the Interior Department, on Monday morning, sent several messages to the office before we arrived there, intimating his desire to see me at his residence, Rideau Hall (two miles out), and that he would be glad to receive me from twelve o'clock to two P.M. Just as we entered the office his official secretary, Mr Kidd, came in to make further enquiry, and I at once started, arriving there exactly at noon. In a few minutes I was ushered into the presence of vice-Royalty. A genuine hearty shake of the hand and a graceful, easy, unpretentious manner on the part of his Excellency at once placed me at perfect ease. All ceremony was set aside, and the Queen's son-in-law, the Governor-General of this vast territory, acted and spoke as if he were the humblest of her Majesty's subjects. Here was one who traces his descent through forty-eight generations to Constantine (who died early in the fifth century), and in whose veins circulates the blood of William the Conqueror and of the Bruce; whose consort is her Majesty's favourite daughter; and who governs the greatest of our British Colonies; sitting beside you—talking in the simplest manner—in the most gentle tone—without the slightest air of superiority, about his brother Highlanders at home—those who settled in the Dominion; but especially those who left his own property in Tiree and other parts of Argyleshire, and who emigrated and settled down in Canada, as if he were a mere ordinary subject of the Queen. I was never so much struck with the impassable gulf that exists, and must continue to exist, between the real gentleman, born and bred, and the snob who prides himself on his mere possession of filthy lucre. He talked freely about Canada and its magnificent prospects; the warm reception which the people accorded to himself and to his royal consort on their arrival; and at every place which they had since visited; the advantages of the Dominion as a field for emigration, especially for Highlanders, who, he said, he would be glad to welcome there as Governor-General of Canada, though as a Highlander he would be very sorry to part with them at home. I asked if it was not possible to extend any special encouragement to the Highlanders of Scotland such as the Government had already given to the Mennonites and Icelanders? I received pretty

much the answer which I expected: That that was entirely a question of Government policy carried on by responsible Ministers, and in which he, even were he disposed, as the representative of a constitutional Sovereign, could not interfere. He was good enough not only to give me all the information that I asked for, but offered me while in Ottawa the use of valuable papers and memoranda in connection with emigration which were prepared for his own special use, and of which I gladly availed myself. He also offered me letters of introduction to the leading men in Canada on either side of politics whom I might wish to see. I took advantage of this kind offer to some extent; but I felt that it would not suit me to go about with many introductions from his Excellency, or I might be considered a much more important personage than I really was, and my object in securing the class of information which I wanted might be defeated. I afterwards discovered that the honour conferred upon me was a very special one; for hundreds, I was told, attempted to secure an interview with his Lordship without the slightest chance, in most cases, of obtaining their object; while I, no doubt more as an humble representative of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* than on any personal grounds, had such a high, unexpected, and unsolicited honour forced upon me. I felt that I was occupying his valuable time too long, but was told repeatedly that he had arranged to place himself at my disposal from twelve to two o'clock, during most of which time our conversation never flagged, and I left with a very high opinion of our distinguished and exalted countryman. He expressed his great interest in some of his father's tenants who left Tiree several years ago, and settled down in the districts of Huron and Bruce, where they are very comfortable, and desired me to pay them a visit if I possibly could. And I regret much that, though I was afterwards very near them, at Kincardine, on Lake Huron, the time at my disposal did not admit of my paying the Tiree Settlement a visit. Though myself a Campbell on the mother side, I never was a great admirer of some of the leading members of the clan, but I must honestly admit that my interview with the future MacCailean Mor has very much raised his and my own mother's clan in my estimation. But, as I have already indicated, the Governor-General is not the only Highlander high up the political ladder in Canada. Next to him in position, and possessing infinitely more power and political influence, as in all limited monarchies, comes

Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Prime Minister of the whole Dominion, a thorough Highlander, born in the county of Sutherland, on the 11th January 1815, shortly after which his father, Hugh Macdonald, emigrated to Canada and settled in Kingston, Ontario, where the son was educated at the Royal Grammar School. He studied for the law, was called to the bar of Upper Canada in 1836, and became a Q.C. in 1846, by which time he had entered on the political career in which he has since so much distinguished himself. Returning from my interview with the Governor-General, I found a note awaiting me from the Private Secretary of the Premier, intimating that Sir John wished to see me at ten o'clock next morning, at his private residence. I called at the appointed time, and was received in the most gracious manner by our distinguished countryman, already busy among his despatches, and giving instructions to a couple of secretaries. We had a most agreeable conversation about Canada, emigration, the Highlanders at home, and his own extraordinary

career—the details and principal incidents of which he at my request agreed to supply me with, so as to enable me to prepare a sketch of him for my forthcoming "History of the Macdonalds." I at once discovered the secret of his marvellous success as a politician—his peculiarly agreeable and affable manner. Sir John is a man made to rule, and he does it, compelling even his most bitter opponents to admit that in twisting them round his fingers, he mystifies them in the most agreeable manner. As a Highlander I felt proud of the position occupied by my brother countryman—a position attained without any aristocratic or influential connections, and entirely due to his own native ability. But Sir John Macdonald is not the only humble Highlander who worked himself up to be Premier of Canada. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Logierait, Perthshire, and originally a stone mason, only retired from the Premiership less than two years ago; and apparently it matters not what party here is in power, a Highlander must occupy the highest place. The Premier must in either case be a Macdonald or a Mackenzie, representing here on a small scale the strifes and feuds of their respective clans in the past; with this difference, however, that in their ancient contentions the Mackenzies managed to get the better of their opponents by political shrewdness and far-seeing policy, while these qualities, so necessary to the successful politician in Canada as elsewhere, seem to be better understood and practised more in modern Canadian politics by the Macdonalds.

While in the Capital eight of us had a most agreeable drive for ten miles alongside the River Gatineau, until we almost touched the fringe of the endless wilderness which begins here and ends only at the North Pole. I extract the following description of the city and of the Houses of Parliament from one of my own letters to the Aberdeen *Free Press*, believing it will prove interesting to the reader:—"Ottawa is a small city, with, in 1871, a population of about 30,000, and that number, during the last few years, has been rapidly decreasing—as many, it is said, as 5000 in five years. To this number may be added, however, the population of Hull, a town on the opposite side of the river, connected by a suspension bridge and steam ferry-boat, containing about 10,000, and one or two suburban villages, with about a thousand souls each. The only business of importance carried on in the city and neghbourhood is lumbering, which is a great and important industry. There are several large firms, possessing very extensive saw-mills. It has been computed that for a few years prior to 1871, when the timber trade was in a prosperous state, over 80,000,000 cubic feet of timber have been cut down in the forests of Canada; that 16,000 men were employed cutting it in the forests; 10,000 men in the saw and planing mills; and 17,000 sailors employed in 1200 ships, carrying across the Atlantic a portion of this huge quantity to the United Kingdom; the productions of the forest thus affording employment to 50,000 men annually. A very large proportion of this production was in the neighbourhood and in the city of Ottawa; and, even now, when the trade is very depressed, you can see thousands upon thousands of piles in and about the city waiting for a market which it is difficult for the uninitiated to believe can ever be found for such an enormous quantity. There is, too, a pail factory, which turns out over 2000 pails, and 150 washing tubs per day; a match manufactory, the largest in Canada, turning out over 2000 boxes per day, and a few other minor factories. . . . . .

The surroundings are on the whole, excepting Cape Breton and the Bras D'or Lakes, the finest, and those which remind one of some of the most beautiful scenes in Scotland, which I have seen as yet on this Continent. There are some very respectable hills—here called mountains—an undulating, partly wooded country; and the rivers, though small for Canadian rivers, are in comparison to ours magnificent. The Ottawa is navigable by large steamers for about 150 miles above Montreal (where it joins the St Lawrence) to the city, except for a few miles where they have to pass through a canal to escape the rapids. At Ottawa there is a fine fall and some rapids; but after you pass these for a few miles by rail, the river is again navigable for over 200 miles, right into the centre of the country. The Parliamentary buildings, three large and fine looking blocks some distance apart, occupy a most prominent and commanding position on an elevated plateau overlooking the river on one side and the city on the other. They are seen for many miles before you reach the city, and are built on a scale of magnificence which to the visitor appears most extravagant, except on the assumption that this is, in the future, to be one of the greatest countries in the world. The style is Gothic; but though it looks very fine from without, it has the drawback of making the corridors and offices inside appear dull and badly lighted. Though on a smaller scale the buildings look, in consequence of the locality and surroundings, even more imposing than those at Westminster. I much prefer, however, the arrangements in our own Houses of Parliament—so much more substantial and comfortable, and at the same time more sumptuously and elegantly furnished, especially in our Upper House. The Supreme Court here, however, which is in the building, is a perfect gem of a place, and superior for comfort, elegance, and good taste to anything we can show at home; while the Library in quite unique, unlike anything of the kind in existence. The latter must be seen; no description can do it justice. The main building, in which the Houses of Parliament, the Supreme Court, and the Library are situated, covers an area of 82,666 superficial feet, is 472 feet in length, and 582 feet in depth from the front of the main tower to the rear of the Library. It is 40 feet high, with an imposing tower over the entrance, 180 feet high. The lobby is supported by massive pillars of native marble, beautifully polished, while the corridors around both Houses are ornamented with a complete set of fine paintings of the Speakers of both Houses, from the first Speaker of the Dominion Parliament, down to the present holder of that distinguished office. The buildings form three sides of a square, the one already described forming the centre. The eastern block contains the Governor's offices and those the Privy Council, Interior, Justice, Secretary of State, Finance, and Inland Revenue; while the western building contains the offices of Public Works, Railways and Canals, Post-Office, Customs, Military and Defence, and Agriculture and Emigration, forming a pile of buildings which seems altogether out of proportion to the present requirements of Canada, and erected in an out-of-the-way and inconvenient locality, in a city making no progress in population or in any other respect, and which from its position, depending almost entirely on the timber trade—which must ere long become exhausted—cannot be expected to make any great progress in the future. It seems a pity that such a magnificent pile of buildings was not erected in a central place, where it could be seen and admired by the

mass of the Canadian people, whose patriotism would necessarily be strengthened by such noble buildings, and by visitors who could not but admire the enterprise and trust in the future which raised such a splendid edifice." I met with the greatest civility in all the Government departments; but I am especially indebted to Colonel Dennis, Deputy-Minister of the Interior, and to Mr Lowe of the Emigration Department, for placing at my disposal all the information in their possession on the subjects in which I was more particularly interested. Having had lunch with his Worship the Mayor, on Tuesday, the 28th of October, I left on my way back to Glengarry, where I met the *Highlander*, as described in my previous letter. On Saturday following we left together for Kingston, the ancient capital of Upper Canada, 105 miles further west, to pay our respects to a Highlander who has distinguished himself in a very different field—the well-known Gaelic bard,

Evan Maccoll. Since I began to read, "Eoghainn MacColla" and his "Clarsach nam Beann" were names as familiar to me as "Uilliam Ros" and "Feasgar Luain," and to see the sweet bard of Lochfyne in the flesh, and in his own house, was the most central object in my Canadian tour. About five o'clock in the afternoon the train pulled up at Kingston station; and there he was waiting for us, a smartly habilitated, lively, nervous-looking Highlander of middle stature, in Glengarry bonnet. We could not mistake him, though we had never seen him. We involuntarily stepped forward to meet one another; and what a meeting and warm greeting. Knowing his age, sixty-seven, and his occupation, I expected to have met a portly, stiffish, and formal old man; but there he was, trim and sprightly as a mavis, and looking at least fifteen years younger than he really is. We are soon in his cosy habitation, warmly welcomed by his better-half—a superior woman, whose sole object in life seems to be the happiness and gratification of her husband; and her natural shrewdness has evidently taught her that the surest way of doing so was by giving full scope to her own inclinations in extending a hearty reception and genuine hospitality to his friends. Nothing was too good for us. The whole family had apparently but one object in view—to make us feel at home from home. Here I remained for three days—three of the happiest in my life—in the society of one who possessed the genuine poetic spark, and in a home where childhood's days were vividly brought back to my recollection, seeing the fine old Highland custom of family worship conducted and shared in by certain members of the family in a manner which I had not elsewhere seen and enjoyed since I had left the home of my parents many years ago in my native vale in Wester Ross.

I was grieved to find the bard almost struggling with existence. After a long period of service in the Customs, he was still working hard and constant for the small pittance of £150 a year. The Muse is apparently not appreciated in the Dominion so highly as one could wish, otherwise Evan MacColl would not have been neglected as he has hitherto been by those—his brother Celts—who have occupied place and power in Canada, and who, you would have thought, might be expected to appreciate literary and poetic talent in the person of a bard who, though hitherto neglected, will undoubtedly live in the memory and affection of future generations of his countrymen, when Premiers, and even Governor-

generals, shall have been forgotten. The neglect of such a man is a positive disgrace, especially to his own political friends, whom he served to a much greater extent than, in his case, they deserved. A few weeks after I left Kingston I learned that, to make his case even worse than ever, he had been superannuated, and his income very much reduced. I had meanwhile written to Sir John Macdonald, the present Premier, in his behalf, asking him to rise above mere politics and do something for the Celtic bard, who had been so shamefully neglected by his own political friends. I was, however, too late. The deed had been already done. MacColl was no longer in the Civil Service. But Sir John kindly offered his aid in getting up a public testimonial "to the Celtic Bard," if started by his friends. I feel sure the mere suggestion is sufficient. The ex-Premier, I know, will do his share, and so in part at least make up for having overlooked the claims of the bard when he was in a position to make some public acknowledgment of MacColl's claims as a warm, honest, and admiring supporter of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, the representative and able exponent of Canadian Liberalism. And what a gracious and appropriate act it would now be for the Governor-General—himself no mean votary of the Muse—to raise his own countryman, an Argyleshire man, a brother and more distinguished bard than himself, to be Poet Laureate of Canada. This would, I know, be greatly appreciated by MacColl, and at the same time some little compensation for past neglect of his claims.

I was glad to find that he was preparing a new edition of his poems, which is to include at least eighty pieces hitherto unpublished, and much superior in many respects to anything in his previous well-known and popular "Clarsach." I could devote a whole article to the Bard of Lochfyne, his family, and surroundings, with great pleasure to myself; and, I feel sure, no little gratification to many of my readers; but I hope to return to the subject in another form at no very distant day. Meanwhile I would direct attention to the noble and true description given of him—page 198 of this issue—by his talented daughter, Mary J. MacColl, in the dedicatory poem to her volume of sweet poemlets recently published, and which do credit even to the daughter of such a father. Since the above was written, a letter from the dear old bard reached me, which begins as follows, and the introduction to which I have no little pleasure to insert here :—

"Kingston, 12th January 1880.
"(New Year's Day, O.S.).

"Mhic Coinnich, Mhic Coinnich, mo bheannachd gu brach ort!
'S tu fein le d' pheann deas dh-fhag mo thaigh-sa gle straiceil;
Cha 'n ioghnadh gach neach a tha'n diugh ann fo m' churam
Bhi mar-rium a dian-ghuidhe 'Bliadhna mhath ur dhuit?'

"Seadh, Bliadhna mhath ur, le mor-chliu, mar is dligheach,
Dhuit fein 'us do d' cheile, mo laochan blath-chridheach!
Ma gheibh sibh mu 'n criochnaich i trian de na b'aill leam
Cha'n eil iad ach gann d' am buin roinn leth cho lanail.

"Air d' ais ort gun dail! Failte Thearlaich o d' shinnsir
'S leat cinnteach an ath-uair a thig thu do 'n tir so;

Nam faicinn thu d' shuidhe uair eile 'n am chuirt-sa
Gum bithinn cho storail ri coileach air dunan."

The bard continues—"My dear Mackenzie, I took up my pen with a view of inditing you a plain prose letter, when lo! will you—nil you—the muse would insist on my making a commencement in rhyme, hinting that at least the New Year's salutation, with which I intended to begin, ought to take a rhythmical shape," &c., &c.

While under the bard's roof I was honoured by a visit from another distinguished Highlander, Principal Grant, of Queen's College University, Kingston, whose parents emigrated from Balnellan, parish of Invernaven, Strathspey, where many of his relatives still reside. His mother was a Munro from Inverness. They went out to Pictou, in Nova Scotia, where the future Principal was born, on the East River, in 1837. He first attended the Pictou Academy, and afterwards the University of Glasgow, where he graduated in Arts, in 1857, with the highest honours in Logic and Mental Philosophy. Having been ordained by the Presbytery of that city, in 1860, he returned to Nova Scotia, where, after two years of successful missionary work in Prince Edward's Island, he was called to St Matthew's Church, Halifax, the oldest Presbyterian congregation in the city. Here he remained until 1877, when he was unanimously elected Principal of Kingston University and Primarius Professor of Divinity. In 1878 the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.D. He was not long in his new position when he discovered that new buildings and additional endowments were needed for the University, and in the summer of 1878 he appealed to the friends of the institution throughout the country, with the gratifying result that the large sum of £30,000 poured in upon him, more than nine-tenths of which, he informed me, with pardonable pride, was from his own fellow-countrymen and brother Scots. He was unfortunate enough to have lost his right arm, close to the shoulder, in early life; but this serious drawback seems only to have made him the more determined to push on and distinguish himself. He is a graceful writer, and he has written several contributions for *Good Words*. In 1872 he made a tour from Halifax to Vancouver Island—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and wrote an account of the Great Canadian North-West, entitled "From Ocean to Ocean," which has gone through several editions.

One of the most distinguished members of the University staff, indeed one of the most distinguished Highlanders in Canada, with whom I spent a most enjoyable hour, was Professor Mackerras, a native of Nairn, where he was born June 15th, 1832, and who, I grieve to say, has since I saw him passed over to the majority. His father became a schoolmaster in Cornwall, Ontario, where the son commenced his education, and the career which has been so brilliant throughout. He has been in failing health for some time back. A few years ago he visited his native land, for which he expressed the warmest affection. His conversation mainly turned upon it; and he talked of his early recollections of Scotland and the vivid impressions made upon his mind during his recent visit to his native land—where he has still many relatives—with genuine pleasure. I was particularly struck with his quiet gentleness, and extremely delicate appearance, so much so the latter that I expressed my fear on parting with him

to the bard that he would not live out the winter, a prediction which, alas! proved only too true. The Press of Canada is loud and unanimous in his praises. The Kingston *Whig* says that he was "a literary genius. He had a highly cultivated intellect, a polish of manner, and a winning disposition which made him a favourite in his chosen walk of life. He was possessed of tastes of rare refinement, and voice and pen were both advantageously employed by him in labours of a most important character. His mind was always active, and no one was more cheerfully disposed than he to contribute to the entertainment and elevation of his fellow men. He was a speaker whose thoughts were always delightfully expressed, and whose diction was rendered interesting and fascinating by the elocution of which he was such a master."

The Rev. Dr Jenkins, of St Paul's Church, Montreal, preaching the Sunday after his death, paid him the following tribute :—

"I cannot close these services without a passing reference to the loss which the Presbyterian Church in Canada has lately sustained in the death of the late Rev. John Hugh Mackerras, one of the Clerks of the General Assembly, and Professor of Classics in the University of Queen's College. To some of you he was personally known; to most of you he was known by reputation. A man of rare natural endowments, he was also a man of large culture. Learned was he and eloquent, an accomplished scholar, an able and persuasive preacher; while his legal acumen and attainments in the ecclesiastical sphere has perhaps never been surpassed. Certainly they have never been equalled. These are endowments that have loomed before the public eye, but they were insignificant compared with his qualities as a man and his excellence as a Christian. Singularly gentle by nature, he became by Divine grace the humble, simple-hearted Christian sitting at the feet of Jesus; and while learning from his words, drinking largely into his spirit. To those who knew him in private life, his grace and gentleness, his transparent honesty and truthfulness, his reverent spirit, his godly walk, were felt to give a charm and a brilliancy to his character which even his more public qualities failed to impart. His was indeed the path of the just. His religious character grew in Christian principle as he passed on in life and deepened within his great nature. On and on he went, walking in the light of Heaven while yet with us on earth. Such men rarely appear in the firmament of the Church. When they pass beyond to another sphere, a blank is left, which it takes generations to fill up. We shall never again hear his eloquent voice, never again shall we have the privilege of being guided by his wise counsels."

Such are a few specimens of the Celt which one meets in Canada.

The member for the city in the Dominion Parliament I found to be a successful Caithness Highlander, Alexander Gunn, who defeated even the great Sir John A. Macdonald himself, at the last general election, though the latter represented the city uninterruptedly for thirty-five years. Learning that we were in the city, he was good enough to invite MacColl, myself, and the *Highlander* to meet a few of the leading Celts of the place, around his hospitable table; among whom were a successful Macrae, from Strathpeffer, who served his apprenticeship to the grocery business with John Chisholm, Inverness; a Mr Fraser, from Dingwall, and several others whose names I did not carry away with me. The

Highlander was in his kilt; but Mrs Gunn, to my great gratification, placed him completely in the shade, by unexpectedly introducing her two handsome boys, both dressed in superb Highland costumes, with strappings, armour, and ornaments complete. I feel more indebted to her for this compliment than for the substantial fare which she was good enough to provide for our entertainment. While in Kingston snow fell to the depth of three or four inches, and I there saw sleighing for the first time in my life. I could say much more about this city and its kind and hospitable people; but this article has already reached such an inordinate length that I must pull up. In the next I shall introduce the reader to the Highlanders of Toronto, Woodville, and Beaverton. A. M.

A MACKINTOSH RAID INTO ABERDEENSHIRE IN 1382.

THE unearthing of old documents and the publication thereof by such bodies as the Spalding Club, have from time to time brought many curious facts within our reach, shed light on obscure and little understood points, and also enabled us occasionally to settle many difficult questions. We trust we shall soon see more of this good work, and that such as devote themselves to it may receive more encouragement.

In perusing lately the Register of the Bishoprick of Aberdeen, we were astonished to find that the Mackintoshes all the way from the wilds of Badenoch and the Monalia, or perhaps from the low-lying lands of Petty, or not at all unlikely from the Braes of Lochaber, did about the year 1382, make more than one descent into the parish of Birse in Aberdeen, under the leadership of a certain Farquhar Mackintosh. What brought them so far, and into so totally different a district, it is now impossible to say. Surely not the mere love of the foray, and certainly they do not appear to have had any claims upon the lands they seem to have so grievously and persistently vexed. The family historians are silent on the point, and all the information we can gather regarding the subject is contained in two documents, entitled, first—a precept of King Robert regarding Farquhar Mackintosh, dated under the secret seal at Methven, on the 7th day of June 1382, and second, though incorrectly so styled, a charter of the Earl of Carrick regarding the lands of Birse, dated at Perth, the 8th of June 1382, and both preserved for us in the Register above referred to. From the first of these we learn that Robert, by the grace of God, King of Scots, greets his beloved son, Alexander the Senescal, lord of Badenoch, and informs him that Adam, by the grace of God, Bishop of Aberdeen, came lately into the Royal presence, earnestly en-

treating that himself and his lands of Birse, with the inhabitants thereof, would be protected and secured from Farquhar Mackintosh and his followers. It is further stated that the Bishop offered to appear and abide the law whenever it might please the said Farquhar to proceed in a legal form with any claim he might have upon the lands, if any. The King therefore commands that so soon as his precept has been seen, Farquhar shall be called to the presence of the Senescal, and compelled by royal authority to give security that the Bishop, his lands and people, shall remain uninjured by him and his followers, unless he may perchance think fit to take the legal process suggested by the Bishop, and abide by the consequences.

From the second document we learn that John, Earl of Carrick, eldest son of the illustrious King of Scotland, and Senescal of Scotland, sends love and greeting to his dearest brother, Alexander the Senescal, lord of Badenoch, and to the Sheriff of Inverness, who may for the time be, and informs them that in a Council held at Perth on the 7th day of this present month of June, the venerable father in Christ, Adam, by the grace of God, Bishop of Aberdeen, had shown to the King and Council, with grave complaint, that Farquhar Mackintosh by himself and his followers had inflicted heavy losses on the church lands and inhabitants of Birse in time past, and that still he daily strikes these lands and people with such threats and terrors that the inhabitants cannot and dare not remain in their houses, cultivate the land, nor otherwise, as faithful subjects live in peace, nor through fear enjoy their possessions. And, further, that the Bishop offered himself in sight of the Council as ready, at a fit time and place to abide the law regarding any claim the said Farquhar might have upon said lands, if he would only prosecute it legitimately, and to find security so to do; therefore, he humbly entreated the King and Council, that himself and his lands of Birse would be protected and kept secure from Farquhar Mackintosh and his followers. John, Earl of Carrick, therefore entreats his dearest brother and the Sheriff of Inverness, who may for the time be, and enjoins and commands them that when and as often as they shall be required, so to do, by the Bishop of Aberdeen, they shall compel the said Farquhar to give sufficient security to them that the Bishop and his lands, with the inhabitants and their goods, shall be uninjured by him and his followers, and that he shall neither himself inflict loss upon them, or molest them, nor cause, against law, any others to do so, under the pain of loss of life, limbs, and all else; intimating however to the said Farquhar, that if he wish he may legally proceed against the Bishop, and that justice will be done.

Whatever Farquhar's claims might be, we hear no more of them or of him, but from the wail of the Bishop, we can gather easily that he endeavoured to assert his supposed rights in a severe and high-handed manner, as was the custom in old times, and especially so in the lawless days of the easy and peace-loving kings, Robert Second and Third. John, Earl of Carrick, above referred to, when he came to the throne, assumed the title of Robert III., because of the ill odour of the name John, both in England and Scotland.

ALEX. FRASER.

THE WISE LAIRD OF CULLODEN.

—o—

Once upon a time (as the story books say) there lived a laird of Culloden, who, on account of his sagacity and prudence, was called "An tighearna glic," or the wise laird. Being a peacefully disposed man, he never engaged in any of the frequent feuds of the different clans, but lived quietly with his family, and devoted his time to the breeding and rearing of an extensive stock of superior cattle. Many a time and oft had covetous looks been cast on the fine herd by different reivers, but Culloden was so inoffensive that he never gave any one an excuse to molest him, and he was careful to take every precaution to prevent his cattle from being "lifted," so that he had as yet escaped scathless. It happened on a certain occasion that an acquaintance of the laird, a Lochiel from Lochaber, and some of his people were returning from Falkirk market, and spent a night at Culloden house. In the course of conversation the laird expressed a fear that he should not be able to keep all his cattle for want of sufficient pasturage, and that he thought he should be obliged to sell some of them, though he was sorry to do so. This remark set the wily Cameron a-thinking, and he rapidly evolved a scheme for getting possession of a portion of the much-to-be-coveted herd, but was careful not to exhibit any sign of his feelings, merely saying that he was sorry the present state of his finances would not permit of his purchasing the cattle, as he should very much like to do, but suggested that as he had plenty of good pasture in Lochaber, Culloden should send part of his stock there, and he would take care of them and provide them provender for a fair consideration, adding that as he and his men were now on their way home, they could drive the cattle along and so save the laird the trouble of sending any of his own people. To this Culloden agreed, and arrangements were soon concluded.

Next morning saw Lochiel and his party depart, driving before them about a score of fine young heifers.

Having got possession of such a prize, Cameron had no intention of giving it up again, so after a few months had passed, he sent his cousin Rory, a fine, handsome young man who acted as his lieutenant, to Culloden with a specious story to the effect that a party of wild Macraes had come in the night and "lifted" all Lochiel's cattle, including those belonging to Culloden; that they had given chase to the reivers but had failed to overtake them; that Lochiel was deeply grieved at his friend's loss, but still more for his own, with various other excuses. At first the laird listened in blank dismay at this most unwelcome news, but not feeling quite sure of Lochiel's ingenuousness he questioned Rory farther as to the details, and noticing a slight hesitation in some of his answers, and also that Rory, though a frank open-faced looking man, seemed to avoid the direct glance of his eye, he began to think that all was not right and above board. Culloden was, however, too prudent to hint of his suspicions to Rory, but after expressing his regret at the mutual misfortune of himself and Lochiel, invited the young man to partake of his hospitality, and introduced him to his family, who, having received a hint from Culloden, vied with each other who would pay the most attention to their guest. The next day proving stormy, the laird insisted on Rory staying with them for another day or two. This was no hardship

to the Lochaber man, who was delighted with his new friends, particularly with the eldest daughter, Jessie, a blooming lass of eighteen, whose merry smile and bright blue eyes had already captivated the susceptible heart of the stalwart Highlander.

The storm continued and raged for two or three days, during which time Rory remained, nothing loth, a guest of Culloden. During the day time he lent his aid to the laird, and assisted him in the manifold duties which Culloden took upon himself, knowing, wise man that he was, "that if you want a thing done well you must do it yourself." The Highlander was much struck with the shrewd commonsense, foresight, and kindliness of disposition of his host, and listened with pleasure to his homely yet wise and thoughtful conversation. When the day's work was over, the whole family met, and spent the evening right merrily. Culloden produced his fiddle, on which he played reels and strathspeys, while the young folks danced and capered. Rory was a capital dancer, and always choosing Jessie for his partner, he had an opportunity of giving many a loving glance, and many a squeeze of the hand, which he would not otherwise have had. With all this Rory was ill at ease; he could not forget the injury done to this worthy family, to which he was being accessory, and it was with very mixed feelings that he bid them all adieu. Culloden accompanied him for a mile or two on his homeward journey, and charged him with the most friendly messages to Lochiel, expressing a hope that Rory would soon pay them another visit, and adding in a sort of half soliloquy, "I am vexed about the loss of the beasties too, especially as I had meant them for a tocher for Jessie, but now I shall not be able to give her anything, and I expect she will have to marry Bailie Cuthbert, the rich merchant in Inverness, who has long been seeking her for his wife. I aye thought him too old, but I expect now no suitable young gentleman will take her without a tocher."

After taking leave of the laird, Rory pursued his way very thoughtfully, pondering over what he had heard, his unspoken thoughts running in this strain —"What a fine fellow Culloden is, and so wise too. How bonnie Jessie is! I wonder what she thought of me? It would be a shame to let her marry an old man, a merchant, and living in a town! Faugh! but then the chief is my kinsman; I must do his bidding. They are fine beasties to be sure, but Jessie is a real handsome lass." Suddenly he appeared to have made up his mind to some definite object, and exclaiming aloud, "Yes, I'll do it," he cleared his brow and walked briskly forward.

Lochiel was waiting with some impatience the return of his messenger, whose first words on his arrival did not a little astonish the chieftain, "Lochiel, those cattle must be sent back to Culloden." "Sent back! must be! this to my face!" exclaimed the irate chief, "what do you mean?" Rory related the hospitable manner in which he had been received and treated by Culloden and his family, and vowed he would be no party to injure such an excellent man. Lochiel would not hear of such a thing, and was indignant at the presumption of the other in proposing it. But Rory was firm, the cattle should be sent back, or he would expose the whole transaction; on the other hand, if Lochiel would give up the cattle he would undertake to return them to Culloden without any reflection on the character of his chief. To these arguments Lochiel at last gave way, though not with the best grace.

In a few weeks Rory again appeared at Culloden house, driving before him all the cattle in splendid condition, and related a long story of how Lochiel had traced them, how he and his men had attacked and defeated the Macraes, and rescued the whole of the creach. To all which Culloden listened with commendable gravity, though his eyes twinkled with suppressed amusement.

Once more Rory was a welcome guest at the hospitable house of Culloden, and his mind being now free from self-reproach, he gave way to his natural vivacity of temperament, and became a greater favourite than ever.

He was not long in impressing upon Jessie how much more desirable it would be to marry a young man, and a Highland gentleman—like himself for instance—than an old man, a common trader! and a Saxon too, forsooth.

The blushing Jessie listened and smiled while her eager lover urged his suit, and at last coyly whispered that "he might speak to father."

Culloden was not a little surprised at being asked for his daughter's hand by one of whom he knew so little, and asked the young man what were his prospects, and how he was to keep a wife. Rory answered frankly enough that it was true he was poor, but he was a gentleman, a near kinsman of Lochiel. He had some little land and a few cows, but truth to say, he had never seen much after his property, having been principally engaged in fighting the battles of his chief.

The laird gravely replied that he should require something besides good birth and a ready sword in his daughter's husband; but noticing the gloom on Rory's face, he continued in a kinder tone, "You are both young and can afford to wait a little. Go you back to Lochaber, leave off fighting and quarrelling, settle down on your bit land, see after your herd, and if at the end of two years you can show me a score of prime cattle, I will give you another score as Jessie's tocher."

Rory could not but admit the prudence of this arrangement, and promised to do his best to fulfil his part. Two years would soon pass, and Jessie would then only be twenty, he reflected, so after pledging vows of undying attachment, he bade adieu to his beloved Jessie; returned home, and set manfully to work to render himself worthy of her.

Fortune favoured him, for before the two years had expired, a wealthy relative died, and leaving no son, Rory succeeded to the property as next heir.

It was a proud day for Jessie when her lover—no poor gentleman now, but the wealthy laird of a fine estate—came to lay his new honours at her feet. There was now no reason for delay, and the marriage took place at once, on a scale of profusion, and attended by such numbers of friends that the like was never before seen in the district, showing the high respect in which the "tighearna" was deservedly held. The most of the articles required for the wedding were purchased from Bailie Cuthbert, and the worthy trader solaced himself for the loss of his wished-for bride by the contemplation of the long bill of charges it gained to him.

Rory never forgot the experience he had gained by following the advice of Culloden, and exerted himself to improve the breed of cattle on his estates, and encouraged his tenants and dependants to pay more attention to the subject than they had done before. The beneficial effects

of this policy soon became apparent, and the whole country side had reason to bless the benign influence exerted by the wise laird of Culloden.

M. A. ROSE.

[We quote the following Dedication to her father from "Bide a Wee and other Poems," recently published by Mary J. MacColl, daughter of the well-known "Bard of Lochfyne"] :—

TO MY FATHER.

Dear, honored Father, who in childhood's years
Did'st fill to me the place of parents both
So faithful that scarce I felt that loss
Which naught of earth can fully compensate—
A mother's love and guidance—glad I tune
My harp to sound thy praise, nor could I choose
A nobler, fitter theme. An honest man,
God's noblest work, thou art. For Truth and Right
A champion undismayed, who ne'er at wrong
Or aught unjust hath winked, because, forsooth
The doers sat enthroned in places high.
One who disdained to cringe to any man
Although thereby he might have gotten gain
And won position, ease, and all the good
That baser minds would prize as far above
A conscience clean and void of all offence.
E'en in the vilest thy broad charity
Could clear discern the good—the spark divine—
Though latent, waiting but the quickening breath
Of noble influence, example pure,
To fan it into never-dying flame.
The lowest outcast was thy brother man;
No Levite thou, to take the other side;
A kindly, helping hand was ever stretched
To all in need, and from thy hard-won store
Thou gavest bountifully. None uncheered,
Unaided, left thy ever-open door.
No test of worthiness did'st thou require—
That miserable excuse for heartlessness;
The greater to be pitied, in thine eyes,
That wretch who knew that he himself had wrecked
His own and worse, it might be, other lives;
And bowed beneath the burden of Too Late.

A man thou art of simple, child-like faith,
Enduring patience, and undying hope,
In one grand word, thou art a Christ-like man.
I think with sad regret of all the years
Passed far from thee, for Providence decreed
That my life-path, when thy protecting love
I needed most, should far diverge from thine;
And I have missed thee sore a thousand times,
But ever by my side thy spirit seemed
To stand and counsel me to choose the good;
And sweeter praise on me was ne'er bestowed
Than this, "Thou'rt very like thy father, child."

Had I not lacked so oft thy sympathy,
Thy tender guidance, ever wise reproof,
My muse had taken loftier flights and thou
Had'st seen thy youth again renewed in me;
But having to forego so much, my strains,
E'en when I sing of thee, are faltering;
And yet a deep, unfathomable flood
Of fond affection surges in my soul.
In vain I strive to give it overflow
In voiceless music, and within my heart
It must remain a sweet, imprisoned song.

Correspondence.

MESSRS CHISHOLM AND ROSE ON THE QUIGRICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir,—The part of my article on the Quigrich, to which Mr Chisholm refers in the January number of your magazine is as follows:—"The Quigrich has been sometimes styled the Crozier of St Fillan as if the two words were the same. This is not the case. The one, as we have shown, is a crook, the other a cross, or 'crasc.' Besides they differ in that they respectively represent two churches and creeds, as widely different, as are the symbols by which they are respectively represented." Mr Chisholm heads his letter, "Pastoral Staff or Crozier of St Fillan;" and represents me as saying that these two expressions are not synonimous. I am not aware that I said so. On the contrary I agree with Mr Chisholm, that they may be synonimous. What I say is, that Quigrich and Crozier are not synonimous terms. Quigrich is a crook, Crozier a cross or "crasc." Either therefore may be a pastoral staff as the case may be. But as we find from the meaning of Quigrich, Bachull, Camabhata; the names given to the pastoral staff of the early Celtic Church, it was a crook, and not a cross or crozier. The difference between its creed, and that of churches whose pastoral staff is a cross, is a point, the discussion of which I shall not ventue upon in the pages of the *Celtic Magazine*—although I may be allowed the opinion, that they are not the same. My remarks went, or were meant to go, exclusively on antiquarian lines; apart altogether from ecclesiastical controversy.

Mrs Murray Aust's book, from which Mr Rose quotes, is to be found in some of our libraries, and occasionally at a book stall. It is interesting as the production of one of the earliest of our Highland tourists—but not always reliable, as we may see, if we compare her description of the relic, with the relic itself, deposited in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, where it may be at any time inspected by the curious. If so, it will be found that the silver case and the bronze which it encloses are quite distinct from each other; and separable. Possibly, therefore, the silver case only may have been shown to Mrs Murray Aust, or it may be she refers to it apart altogether from the bronze, as in her opinion the real Quigrich. In either case it may account for her description of it, as "hollow."—which, of course, is quite true of the silver case apart from the bronze. It is, I should think, scarcely probable that the bronze is an addition made to the relic since the beginning of this century. Mrs Murray Aust also says, it is of "wrought silver." So it is. But how are we to reconcile this with its being "gilt," as she affirms—"and the gilding mostly worn off." The relic as now on sight in the Antiquarian Museum, has no appearance of gilding so far as I could see; nor is it apparent what object could be served by gilding solid silver. There is therefore nothing improbable in the supposition, that the relic may have contracted some kind of rust in a damp climate, which Dewar took pains

to polish off before exhibiting it; and the remains of which Mrs Murray Aust may have supposed to be the remains of gilding. The stone at the end of the crook she describes, "as in colour like a ruby." Antiquarians are pretty much agreed that it is a Cairngorm. Cairngorms are of various colours. The colour of the Quigrich Cairngorm is that of an opaque crystal, with seams of a purplish hue—a colour combining red and blue, and which Mrs Murray Aust may have supposed to be that of a ruby. There is no engraving on the stone as she says. But the plate beneath it, at the end of the crook, has an engraving; a figure on a cross with a star on each side of it—meant no doubt to be a representation of the crucifixion. The figure which she says is engraved on the stone—supposed to represent the original owner, is on the silver immediately above it. It is not at all likely, considering the veneration in which the Quigrich has been held by the keepers of it, that they have in any way tampered with it. I am willing therefore to believe that Mrs Murray Aust may have unintentionally erred slightly in her description of it, rather than suppose that so interresting a relic differs in any respect, as now exhibited, from what it has always been during the ages of the past, along which it has been so carefully and even sacredly handed down to us.

KENMORE. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

NEW CELTIC WORK.—In our last issue a circular was issued giving a full description of the important work, "LEABHAR NAM FIOR GHAIDHEAL," or the "Book of the Club of True Highlanders," in course of preparation for the press, by Mr C. N. Macintyre North, architect, London, and Chief of the above-named Club. The work is to be published by subscription as soon as a sufficient number of names have been received to secure the author against loss. We are glad to find this will very soon be assured; for names are fast coming in. Hardly any one, we are told, who has seen the specimen plates, and who can afford the price—namely, £3 3s to subscribers—but have subscribed. The circular issued shows that of these fine plates (13½ by 17 inches), described as "admirable" by such a high authority as Sir Noel Paton, there shall be no less that fifty-nine in the work, as follows:—Club of True Highlanders—title page—portraits: Spalding, Menzies, Logan, 4; Stone and bronze implements—ancient Keltic town—Druid temples—battle and storming the forts, 4; Oghams—futhore—alphabets—agricultural implements—domestic duties, 3; Ancient ivory casket, 2; Highland and Lowland dress compared, 8; sporrans, ornaments, and brooches, 5; celebrated brooches, 4; Keltic swords, targets, and other weapons, 2; Two-handed swords, and targets—claymores, pistols, targets, &c.—mode of attack—Culloden, 9; Lochaber axes, dirks, chariots, and horse-trappings, 3; harps and harpers—bagpipes and pipers, 6; pipe music, dancing, dance music, songs, and mode of singing, 5; Camanachd, and other games and customs, 4. The Duke of Hamilton, Cluny, Lord Blantyre, Lord W. P. Lennox, as well as Sir Noel Paton, and Professor Stephen, the great Runic scholar, and a great many others, have spoken most flatteringly of the plates. So many notices of relics connected with Prince Charlie have been received by the author, that he intends to add another chapter and set of plates in addition to what is promised in the circular already issued. From the specimens, plates, and letter-press before us, we are satisfied that few if any such sumptuous works as that on which Mr Macintyre North is engaged have ever been published in connection with the Highlands. Names of intending subscribers will be received at this office, where specimens of the plates and of the letterpress may be seen; or we shall be glad to forward them by post to any intending subscriber who may desire to see them.

CALL FARAIS.

Dan ann an Da-dhuan-Dheug

LEIS AN ARD FHILIDH IAIN MILTON,

Air a thionndadh gu Gaëlic le Ailean Sinclair, M.A.

A CHEUD DUAN.

Mu pheacadh an duin' air tùs,
'S meas na craoibh' bu chiuirteich' blas,
Thug do'n t-shaoghal so am bàs,
Gach cràdh 'us dòlas air fad.
Cia mar chaill sinn sonas aigh
Edein ghraidh nan iomadh buadh ;
Gus an d'aisigeadh as ùr
Triomh ar n' Iuil an Slan'fhear mòr
A rìs air ais dhuinn ann an seilbh,
Ionad soirbh nan cliar ghlòir.

Can a Cheolraidh bhinn nan Aird',
Roimhe so bha thàmh air stuaidh
Shinai 's Horeb—'nochd gach càil
Do áodhair' àghmhor an t-shluaigh ;
A theagaisg do'n taghadh air tùs
Cia mar dhùisgeadh a mi-rian
An saoghal 's na neamhan shuas
Le neart buadhach Dhé nan gniomh.

Na ma's annsa Sion leat,
Na Siloa aig Teach Dhé ;
Uatha-san o guidheam ort
Gu'n abram ceart mo dhàn féin.
'G éiridh air sgiathan an àird
Thairis air gach dàn a bh'ànn
Fada osceann Aonain nam bàrd
'S na labhradh an ràdh na'n rànn.
'Thus' thair chach a Spioraid Dhé
A thug speis do chridhe glan,
Thairis air gach teach a th' ànn
Deonaich ceart mo rànn gu'n can.
Bha Thu ann bho chian nan cian,
Le d'sgiathan diomhair sint' mach,
'Gur air doimhneachd na mi-rian,
Mar chal'man toirt àlaich a mach.
Na nithe dhomhsa nach eòl
Foillsich, 'us seòl le d' chleas ;

Air m' anmhuinneachd mhòr dean foir,
Le d' neart còrr, ceart mar's leas.
Chum le tuigse ghéir 'o shuas,
Gu'n cnuasaich mi m' dhàn air chòir
S gu'n nochd mi freusdal 'n Dé bhuain
Ceartas a shligh' 's airde' ghlòir.

Aithris dhomh air tùs gu fòil,
Cha cheil Neamh bho d' eolas toirt,
Na dorchadas ifrinn shios ;—
Cha cheil seunadh air bith ort.
Abair ciod e 'n t-aobhar féin
Ghluais Adhamh' us Eubh air tùs,
Cho sona an gaol an Dé
'Thoil gu leir a chuir air chul.
Do 'n d' thug E'n saoghal 'sa làn
Ach amhain a'meas bha ciuirt'.
Co thug uapa an ceart chiall
Dhol an aghaidh Dhia nan dul ?

An nathair-nimh bho ifrinn shios,
Lan gamhlais 's dioghaltais claoin,
'S èsan troimh fharmad a mheall
Mathair aigh a chinne-daoin'.

Troimh 'ardan thil geadhe sios,
Bho fhàras shior 'n Dé is àird',
Mar ri cheannaircich gu leir,
A chaidh leis an stréup a bhlair.
Tre 'n gaisge ceannairceach doirbh
Shaoil leis seilbh fhaotainn air glòir
Fada thairis air Dia féin
'S flathaibh tréun na luchairt òir.
Shaoil leis gu 'm b' choimeas e 'n neart,
Do Dhia nam feart a tha shuas,
'S thairis airsan le euchd fheachd,
Gu'n coisneadh 'le' ghleachd a bhuaidh.
Mar so troimh ardan 's glòir-mhiann,
Rinn e cogadh fiar air neamh,
An aghaidh tighearnas Dhé,
Ach b' diamhain an ni dha è.
Troimh àrd chumhachd Dhé nan gniomh,
Thilgeadh sios e gu ro ghrad,
Car air char do 'n doimhne chiar,
E féin 'sa dhubh chliar air fad.
B' uamhor ri faicinn a bhinn
E'n coinneamh a chinn 'dol sios,
Mar shal'chair ronnaig nan spéur
A shiubhlas bho réul 'san iar.
Millte thuit san duibhre thiugh
An t-aigean dubh diol a mhiann.
Sud an gainntir e gu bràth

Fo gheimhle bàis is teinntich dath,
Chionn dubhlan gu'n d' thug do Dhia,
Ga bhrosnach' gun fhiamh chum cath.
Naoi laithean 'us naoi oidhch'
Gu h-an-aoibhneach le saoi fheachd,
Laidh 'san aibheis theinntich shios,
Lan imcheist 's fo thróm bheachd.
Claoidhte le smachdachadh géir,
An Dé Shiorruidh is mór neart.
Gidheadh neo-bhasmhor tha e,
Gu tuilleadh craidh 'dhol ma sgairt.

Fo aimheal ro mhór bha e,
A smuain' air an neamh a bhà,
An sonas a chaill e 'm feasd,
An t-amhghar nach teasd gu bràth.
A shuilean brònach do thog,
'Us sheall gun sog air gach taobh,
Cha 'n fhaicte ach dólas searbh,
Fiamh 'us uabhar 'us dubh chaoidh;
Fuath oilteil anns gach aon,
Do 'n Ti 's àirde 'sa reachd naomh.
Cho fada sa chi a shùil
Aon chuid dlù, na fada uaith,
Cha 'n fhaicear leis ach fàsach shior
Gainntir dhubh chianail nan uamh'
A lasadh mar amhuinn ghéir,
Gidheadh nach d' thoir leirsinn seach,
Ach dorchadas tiugh gu léir
A foillseachadh péin gach neach.
Ionad an amhghair 'sa chràidh
Frogan gràineil nam plaigh dubh.
Far nach comhnuich sìth gu bràth;
Fardach an-earbsa gun sgur.
An sud tha piantan gun chrioch
'G iathadh mar thonnan mu 'n cinn,
Tuiltean teinnteach nam fearg sior
Pronnasg laist 'gu cian nan linn.
So gnàth ionad nan dian fhearg,
Dh' ullaich ceartas dearbht 'gu bràth,
Do cheannaircich—duais an gniomh
Priosan dorcha nan dubh chràdh.
Bho Dhia 's bho shoills' tri chuairt fhad,
'S tha aiseal a chruinne-ché,
Bho mheadhoin gu iomal a mach,
'S tha mugha an staid d' a réir.

A chompanaich chunncas leis,
Bàit' an teas 's an tuiltean péin,
Iom' ghaothan doinneanach laist',
'Fadaidh gu goirt teas an cleibh,
Dlùth dha do chunncas leis aon,

'Ga aoirneagaich féin 'san teas,
Ti 'b' fhaisg' air an neart 'san giomh
Beëlsebub nam fiar chleas.
Risan thubhairt an t àrd nàmh,
Do'n goireir Sàtan air neamh,
'Se labhairt a'm briathran dàn
Bho bhalbh thosdachd na searbh sheamh.

An' tus' e, ars' èsan, 'n tu ?
O am mugh' th'ort seach mar bhà
'Nuair dh' àitich thu teach na soills',
Far 'n do bhoillsg' thair mhóran shàr,
Le drillseachd bar-mhaiseach glan,
Sgeudaicht' thair mhilltean do chach.
Ma 's tu e 'rinn nasgadh leum,
An ionnsuidh, an luim, 's an gleachd
An cunnart, an stríth nan lann
Sa chogadh a chlaoidh ar neart ?
A nise maraon tha sinn,
An leir-sgrios millt' 'sar feachd !
Faic an doimhneachd chianail mhòr
'Sa bheil sinn 'sar seòid fo phramh ;
An àirde bho 'n thuit sinn sios,
Gu cian ghainntir nan dubh chràdh.
Oirne 'sar feachd thugadh buaidh,
Le torunn uamhor a mhór neart,
Cha d' thuig sinn 'san am a chaidh,
Colg eug-samhluidh Dhé nam feart,
Gidheadh airson so gu léir
'S na 's urrainn a ghéur fhearg bhorb
A dhioladh orm do shearbh phéin
Cha 'n aithreach leum stréup nan colg.

An Ceannamhor.

HIGHLAND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

—o—

At a recent meeting of the Antiquarian Society, a notice of the Ancient Musical Instruments of Scotland, by Mr Robert Glen, musical instrument maker, was communicated by Mr George G. Cunninghame, advocate, F.S.A., Scot. The author began by noticing the musical instruments mentioned in the poem of "The Houlate," dating from the 15th century. Of all the instruments of music used by man, the horn or trumpet was

probably the most primitive. The discovery of a trumpet of bronze at Caprington, in Ayrshire, showed that metallic instruments of this kind had been in use in Scotland before the dawn of history. He next noticed the bagpipe, which had been styled the national instrument, but was not peculiar to Scotland, having been at one time popular in all parts of Europe. There was no evidence to show when the instrument was introduced into Scotland. The Exchequer Rolls record a payment to the King's pipers in 1362. Pipers formed part of the municipal institutions of every large town, and in some burghs, as Jedburgh for instance, the office was hereditary. But it was in the Highlands, among the Celtic population, that the pipes were most popular. The author possessed a set of Highland bagpipes (which were exhibited) bearing the exceedingly early date of 1409. This instrument possessed only two small drones and chanter, and previous to the beginning of last century bagpipes in this country had no large or bass drone. But if the Gael could not claim the merit of inventing the bagpipes, he could at least boast that he had made the instrument his own by inventing a style of execution which had turned its imperfections into beauties, and composed a rich and varied stock of music so specially adapted for it that it could not be properly rendered by any other instrument. The old name of the harp was the clarsach, and it appears frequently in Scottish documents. The last native harper in Scotland was Murdoch Macdonald, a retainer of Maclean of Coll, who died about 1739. The lute is familiar to all readers of Scottish poetry, from Davy Lindsay's mention of it, and other allusions of constant occurrence. It appears in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer 1474. Originally it had eight thin catgut strings arranged in four pairs, tuned in unison. In course of time more strings were added, and during the seventeenth century it had twenty-four strings. In conclusion, the author remarked that there had been great improvements in the construction of musical instruments in modern times, but it was questionable whether what had been gained in one respect had not been lost in another by lessening the individuality of the separate instruments. The paper was illustrated by a series of beautiful water-colour drawings of nearly 100 musical instruments by Mr Glen.

In reference to the Highland bagpipes the following letter appeared in a recent issue of the *Scotsman*:—

"Kinlochmoidart, Fort-William, February 13, 1880.

"Sir,—In your issue of the 10th inst., in reporting proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries, mention is made of a bagpipe bearing the date 1409. I have the chanter and blow pipe of one which I believe to be older. Its history is this:—It was given in the end of last century to my maternal uncle, Donald Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, Colonel of the Royals (who I now represent), by the M'Intyres, who were the hereditary pipers to the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds, as they were on the point of emigrating to America. They told him the Macdonalds had followed its inspiring strains into the battle of Bannockburn, and that it had never been played at any lost battle; that believing him to be the chief of the Macdonalds, they left it with him as the proper person to have it. The chanter is perfect, and the worn state of the holes shows it to have been much used.—I am, &c.,

"WM. ROBERTSON MACDONALD."

Literature.

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FLOWER LORE: THE TEACHINGS OF FLOWERS, HISTORICAL, LEGENDARY, POETICAL, AND SYMBOLICAL. Belfast: M'Caw, Stevenson, & Orr.

We cannot conceive any feasible reason why this book should have been published anonymously, for beyond question it is in its every aspect a piece of work that all concerned have the utmost reason to be proud of. To speak of it even as it appears to the eye of sense, the work is the very perfection of the compositor, the engraver, and the binder's art. The typography is antique, and ornate to a high degree. There are red and black letter titles alternately at the head of the pages, and large red letters at the commencement of each division, each new chapter being surmounted by admirably executed, quaint, old-fashioned-looking garden, rural, floral, and fairy scenes, all evidently prepared specially for this work. The illustrations proper of the work, on the other hand, consist of very superior representations of a large number of the principal flowers, shrubs, and trees, which come in for tender and tasteful dealing at the hands of the author.

In referring to the author's handiwork, we have to continue the same style of unqualified praise as in dealing with the other departments of the work. Perhaps the reader will save us the trouble of detailed criticism by anticipating what the merits of the work *should* be, when we mention what ought to be no secret, that the author is Mrs Paterson, daughter of the late lamented Dr Carruthers, editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and when we further observe that the book before us furnishes ample evidence that the succession to the accomplished father's rich and extensive heritage of culture, taste, and information, has not conformed to the salic law by confining itself to "heirs male of the body."

The work consists of nine divisions or chapters, each treating of flowers, trees, and plants, whether as objects of use, ornament, religious emblem, or heraldic badge; the nature and habits of plants, and, in fact, almost every conceivable purpose to which they have been devoted by the necessities or the fancies of man. Monkish legend, the store-houses of story, and the rich treasuries of poetry in every time and clime, have been put under tribute to complete the vast accumulation of "flower lore" which the gifted author has brought together, and all selected with the most admirable discrimination and taste. Nor is the tender and loving admiration of the subject which is necessary in a work of this kind to be met with merely in the numerous extracts from all the sources placed under contribution, but the author herself, if not in point of fact, a poet, is possessed of a very large share of the constituents from which poets are made, one of them being a large and loving admiration of the works of nature, with a sympathetic appreciation of all that is beautiful and elevating and good in the world around.

This work is certainly composed in the "language of flowers," not in the ordinary and arbitrary acceptation of that phrase; it is a faithful interpreter of the speech of the "tongues in trees" spoken of by the poet, as well as of the utterances of the "heart," which the fancy of the ancients put "in every stirring leaf."

The work is divided into nine sections. Chapters I. and VII. treat of sacred plants and flowers, and contain endless contributions, culled from all conceivable sources illustrative of the emblematic uses to which plants have been applied in all times, especially by the monks. Somewhat akin in subject is chapter III., which deals with "superstitions connected with trees, plants, and flowers," and is replete with interest. Perhaps the chapter to which the Celt would be expected to attach most importance is the one on the use of plants as heraldic symbols, and in particular the part of it referring to the Celts and their various badges of distinction. Mrs Paterson furnishes a complete list of the various clans and families of the Highlands, and under the name of each, gives the badge which distinguished it from its neighbour. Every clansman, however, worthy of the name, knows not only his own decorations, but also something of those of the other clans; it is therefore unnecessary to quote the author's very useful table. Chapters V. and VI. are of a more scientific character, being devoted to the habits of plants. They evince a minute acquaintance with the nature of plants and flowers; the various insects that frequent them; the order in which they come into bloom; and a thousand other useful and entertaining facts connected with the subject. The following is from page 104 on the "Sensibility of Plants:"—"The irritability of the sun-dew and of Venus' fly-trap resides in the hairs which spring from the discs of their lobes. No sooner does a fly or other insect touch the hairs than the two lobes of which the leaf consists collapse and entrap the hapless intruder, retaining it there until its body becomes decomposed and absorbed, when the leaf reopens to perform a similar function."

Apropos of this carnivorous propensity of the class of plants referred to, the author gives the following bit of humorous rhyme from "Scribner's":—

What's this I hear,
My Molly dear,
About the new Carnivora?
Can little plants
Eat bugs and ants
And gnats and flies?
Who is this wise,
Who is the great "diskiverer?"

Not Darwin, love,
For that would prove
A sort of retrograding;
Surely the fare
Of flowers is air
Or sunshine sweet;
They should not eat
Or do aught so degrading.

Alas 't would be
Sad news to me
To hear your own dear Fido pet
Had lost his breath
In cruel death,
Because one day,
In thoughtless play,
He went too near a violet.

O! horror! what
If, heeding not,
Some cruel plant carnivorous
We ventured near—
Yes, we, my dear—
And swallowed were
With no one there
To succour or deliver us?

And yet, to die
By blossoms, I
Would call a doom chromatic
For one might wait
A harder fate
Than have a rose
End all his woes
In pain called aromatic.

Ah! science knows
Each flower that blows,
And all its wicked habits,
'Tis not for us
To make a fuss;
For aught we know,
The lilies grow
From dining on Welsh rabbits.

A work on flower lore would be incomplete without a chapter on the "Language of Flowers." It need not be said that in the work before us there is a whole section devoted to the subject, where the language of

flowers is, of course, taken down from their own lips! The book closes appropriately with a chapter on "funeral trees."

We conclude by again reiterating our unqualified testimony to the excellence of the gifted author's labours, and the great beauty of the book as a work of art. We have never seen a more successful attempt at "holding the mirror up to Nature."

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

THE MACRAES.—In reply to "Garbhag an t' Sleibhe," who writes from South Australia:—

1. The Macraes are one of the most ancient clans in the North. They were formerly very numerous in Kintail, where many still remain. A large number have, however, emigrated. The old 78th Regiment of Highlanders was very largely composed of Macraes, and the splendid stature and physique of the men from this clan are still remembered. The grenadier company was at first composed of Macraes, every one six feet or more in height.

Their chiefs were the Macraes of Inverinate, on Loch Duich. This family is undoubtedly of very ancient origin. The tradition of the country says they were descended from Fingal, and that this is the origin of the name Mac Ra—sons of Ra Mòr. It is certain that many of the ancestors of the present family were buried at Iona. The Macraes of Inverinate possessed these lands, with many others, on both sides of Loch Duich for about 400 years, but the estates were sold by the grand uncle of the present chief, who is Mr Colin Macrae of Wellbank, Forfarshire, presently residing in Edinburgh.

2. The arms of the clan are—Argent, a Fesse Azure, between two Mullets in chief, and a lion Rampant in base-gules. The chief also has two Highlanders as supporters. The crest is a hand holding a sword. Motto, *Fortitudine.* The badge is the Fir Club Moss.

3. The Macraes have a distinct and very beautiful tartan, not unlike that of the Clan Fraser, although distinctly different. The late Mr Kenneth Macleay, who painted a selection of some of the Highland clans, always regretted that he was not authorised to paint a Macrae, as he said their tartan was, in his opinion, the most beautiful of all the Clans. It is to be found in the best works on Clan Tartans, although not always correctly given, and is well known. MACRAE.

A HISTORY OF THE HOUSE AND CLAN OF MACKINTOSH, by Alexander Mackintosh Shaw, author of "The Clan Battle of Perth," and of "The Highland Family of Shaw," we are glad to find, is to be published this year by subscription. Separate accounts will be given of the other families of Clan Chattan, such as the Macphersons, Macgillivrays, Macbeans, Macqueens, Macphails, Shaws, Farquharsons, and others. The readers of the *Celtic Magazine* will remember Mr Mackintosh Shaw as the author of the excellently written and valuable articles published by us a few years ago on "Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum." His claims to do justice to this work may be judged by the sketch of the Clan Chattan in Fullarton's "Highland Clans;" for we are informed by the editor in his preface that the narrative of the Clan in that work "owes its value almost entirely to his (Mackintosh Shaw's) kindness," "who," we are told at p. 197, "has revised the whole." Mr Mackintosh Shaw is engaged in excellent work, and we heartily wish him the success he so well deserves. We are apparently on the way for having a complete series of Clan Histories worthy of our ancestors.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

VI.

IX. Alexander, third Lord of the Isles, and after the death of his mother, Countess of Ross in her own right, he became Earl of Ross, which title was in 1429 or 1430 acknowledged by the Crown, notwithstanding that his father had given up all claims to it by the treaty of Port-Gilp noticed in the previous number. It may be questioned, however, whether Donald of Harlaw was entitled to style himself Earl of Ross, though he undoubtedly possessed, in right of his wife, the territory comprising the Earldom, and notwithstanding that Skene is of opinion that Donald may fairly be considered the first Earl of Ross of the race of Somerled; but be that as it may, there is no doubt whatever that Alexander was not only styled Earl of Ross, but was acknowledged as such by the Government and the Crown, by right of descent through his mother.

This Lord of the Isles was a man of great spirit and distinguished ability, and, like his father and grandfather, was ambitious to found a Celtic kingdom of the Isles, the sovereignty of which should be in his own family. At this period, however, Scotland was ruled by James I., a man who was exhibiting kingly talents of a high order, and a resolution to bring his rebellious vassals, however powerful, to submission. In this he was ultimately successful, even in the case of the great Lord of the Isles, though, at first, more by strategy than by actual force of arms. The King, who possessed a remarkable energy, great decision of character, and personal bravery unsurpassed, determined to break down the independence and power of the turbulent Island Lords, and, collecting a large force, in 1427 he marched, accompanied by his principal nobles, to the town of Inverness with an army which made any resistance on the part of the Highlanders quite unavailing. Here he summoned his barons, including the Highland chiefs, to attend a parliament. Even the Lord of the Isles, seeing the power and splendour of the King, thought it prudent to obey; and, with most of the Northern barons, he proceeded to meet King James at Inverness. As they entered the hall in which the parlia-

ment was assembled, each of these haughty nobles was immediately arrested, and placed in irons in different parts of the building, not one of them being permitted to communicate with any of the others. Among the prisoners were Alexander of the Isles; his mother, the Countess of Ross; Alexander of Garmoran, and several of the most powerful chiefs in the Highlands. It is said that the King exhibited marks of great joy as he saw those powerful Highland Lords marching into the toils which he had so treacherously prepared for them. Alexander of Garmoran, as well as several others, was tried, convicted, and adjudged to be decapitated on the spot, and his whole possessions forfeited to the crown, while most of the others were sent to different castles and strongholds throughout the kingdom, until the majority of them were afterwards condemned to various kinds of death; while a few were set at liberty after various terms of imprisonment. Among the latter was Alexander of the Isles. No one can defend this mean act of treachery by the King, however brave or otherwise distinguished, though Hill Burton tries to excuse him; but while telling us that "It is useless to denounce such acts," he makes the admission, which is not altogether inapplicable even to the present day, namely:—That at that time "there was no more notion of keeping faith with the 'Irishry,' whether of Ireland or Scotland, than with the beast of prey lured to his trap;" after which he proceeds to say that those whom it was deemed fitting to get rid of were put to death, and that nothing remains to show that there was even the ceremonial of a trial.*

The Earldom of Ross, which had been procured by Robert, Duke of Albany, for his son, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, on its resignation at Port-Gilp by Donald of Harlaw, fell to the Crown by the death, in 1424, of the Earl of Buchan, who was killed in that year at the battle of Verneuil in France; whereupon the King at once restored it to the heiress of line, the mother of Alexander of the Isles. In 1425 Alexander of the Isles and "Master of the Earldom of Ross," sat upon the jury which condemned to death the enemy of his family, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, his two sons, and the Earl of Lennox, for the murder of young Rothesay. He does not, however, seem from the above to have long continued in favour at Court, and it may be interesting to have Gregory's views of the reasons and influences which led Alexander at that time into opposition to the King. It has been mentioned, he says, that Godfrey, Lord of Uist, on the death of his younger brother, Ranald, asserted successfully his claim to the North Isles and Garmoran, from which he had been unjustly excluded by his father. Both Godfrey and Ranald left male issue who must naturally have been opposed to each other, like their fathers; but the meagre notices we possess of the domestic feuds in the Highlands and Isles at this period, do not enable us to trace the progress of these dissensions. It may be readily conceived, however, that where such a prize was in dispute, much blood would be shed and many atrocities committed. The issue of Godfrey, or the Siol Gorrie, as they were called, must for a time have acquired a superiority over the Clanranald or the descendants of Ranald; for in the year 1427 we find mention made by a contemporary writer of an Alexander MacGorrie of Garmoran, then described as a leader of two thousand men. In addition to the disturbances

* History of Scotland, vol. ii., 402; Blackwood & Sons, 1876.

sure to arise out of the rival claims of two such powerful families, closely connected with the Lord of the Isles, there were other circumstances, in addition to these, which tended to involve his Lordship in feuds which his natural disposition inclined him to settle more with the sword than by an appeal to the laws. There was a certain John MacArthur, of the family of Campbell, and a leader of some note in the Highlands, who appears to have revived about this period a claim which one of his ancestors had acquired over a portion of Garmoran and the North Isles, and it can easily be conjectured what reception the assertions of such pretensions would receive from Alexander of the Isles and his warlike relatives. There is a charter of the lands of Moydert, &c., by Christina, daughter of Allan MacRuari, in favour of Arthur, son of Sir Arthur Campbell, knight, early in the fourteenth century, which is found, quoted for the names of the witnesses, in a MS. history of the Macnaughtans, in the Advocates' Library. The event, however, which appears to have had most effect in throwing the Highlands and Islands into confusion at this time was the murder of John, Lord of Isla and Kintyre, uncle to the Lord of the Isles, by a man, James Campbell, who is said to have received a commission from the King to apprehend John of Isla, but who exceeded his instructions by putting him to death. When it is considered in what lawless state even the more accessible portions of the kingdom were found on his accession by James I., owing to the incapacity and the weakness of the regent, Murdoch, Duke of Albany, it can easily be conceived how the murder of the uncle of Alexander of the Isles, and the leader of a powerful branch of the Macdonalds, should have raised disturbances in the Western Highlands and Isles which required all the energy and personal bravery of the King to suppress.* Among the most prominent of those executed at Inverness in 1427 was the above-named John MacArthur, and James Campbell, hanged for the murder of John of Isla, as if to show the supposed impartiality of the treacherous proceedings of the King and his parliament on that occasion. Hugh Macdonald informs us that while the Lord of the Isles was confined in Tantallon Castle, the King sent this John Campbell to know "if John More of Kintyre, Macdonald's uncle, would take all his nephew's land; but it was a trap laid to weaken them that they might be the more easily conquered. James Campbell sent a man with a message to John of Kintyre, desiring him to meet him at a point called Ard-Du, with some prudent gentlemen, and that he had matters of consequence from the King to be imparted to him. John came to the place appointed with a small retinue, but James Campbell with a very great train, and told (him) of the King's intention of granting him all the lands possessed by Macdonald, conditionally he would hold of him and serve him. John said he did not know wherein his nephew wronged the King, and that his nephew was as deserving of his rights as he could be, and that he would not accept of those lands, nor serve for them, till his nephew would be set at liberty; and that his nephew himself was as nearly related to the King as he could be. James Campbell, hearing the answer, said that he (John of Isla) was the King's prisoner. John made all the resistance he could, till, overpowered by numbers, he was killed. His death made a great noise through the king-

* Gregory's Western Highlands and Isles, pp. 34-35.

dom, particularly among the faction in opposition to the King, viz., the Hamiltons, Douglasses, and Lindsays. The King at last being ashamed of what had happened, he pursued James Campbell as the murderer; and although Campbell protested he had the King's authority for so doing, yet the King denied having given any other orders than that of apprehending him, if he would not come into the terms proposed to him; and because Campbell had no written order from the King to produce in his defence, he was taken and beheaded, which shows the dangerous consequences of undertaking such a service without due circumspection."*

The young Lord of the Isles was sent south, some say to Edinburgh, and others to Perth, where he was kept in captivity for a short time, and then liberated. His conduct immediately after his release shows that he felt the indignity of his capture and imprisonment very deeply. According to Gregory, his mother, the Countess of Ross, had meanwhile died, though Bower states that in 1429 she was charged with encouraging her son in his violent proceedings, and was arrested and confined at Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth, where she is said to have remained fourteen months after, a prisoner. But Gregory points out that this is hardly reconcilable with a charter, dated 24th October 1429, in which her son styles himself *Earl* instead of *Master* of Ross. We do not think the simple change from the title of *Master* to that of *Earl* at all unlikely during her life, when all the circumstances are taken into account—his mother, who quite possibly may have even resigned in his favour, being a state prisoner; and the necessity that he should use every influence, which the assumption of the title was calculated to strengthen, to raise the vassals of the Earldom for his projected raid on the Lowlands.

He raised a force of about ten thousand men in Ross and the Isles, with whom he marched to Inverness, where he wasted the Crown lands and burnt the town to ashes, in revenge for the treacherous treatment there extended to him two years before by the King. His followers, according to the MS. History of the Mackintoshes, quoted in "Invernessiana," "were a band of men accustomed to live by rapine, who fell upon Inverness, pillaged and burnt the houses, and then besieged the fort itself. But in vain, for it was gallantly defended by the bravery and vigour of the Governor, and Alexander, understanding that an assault was meditated upon him, retired precipitately towards Lochaber." The King, hearing of the burning of Inverness, prepared at once to vindicate his insulted authority, and with great promptitude collected a large force, which he commanded in person, and marched them into Lochaber, where he came upon the Island Chief quite unexpectedly. On the appearance of the Royal forces the Clan Chattan and the Camerons, who had hitherto followed the banner of the Lord of the Isles, deserted him and went over to the King, who immediately attacked the Islanders, routed them, and pursued them so closely that their chief was obliged to sue for peace. This the King sternly refused on any other terms than an absolute and unconditional surrender, which the haughty Lord of the Isles declined to make, whereupon the King returned home, leaving strict orders with his commanders to make every effort to capture the Earl, who found it necessary to flee for shelter, leaving his army to take care of itself as best it

* Collectanea De Rebus Albanicis, p. 308.

could. He was ultimately driven to despair by the energy and vigilance of his pursuers, and determined to throw himself on the mercy of the King, which he did by presenting himself before him, his Queen, and Court, while assembled, on Easter Sunday, at a solemn festival in the Church of Holyrood, engaged in their devotions before the High Altar. The haughty chief, with bonnet in hand, his legs and arms quite bare, his body covered only with a plaid, in his shirt and drawers, with a naked sword in his hand held by the point, which, in token of submission, he offered to the King on bended knees, imploring his forgiveness. "His appearance, with the solicitations of the affected Queen and all the nobles, made such an impression on his majesty that he completely submitted to the promptings of his heart, against the wiser and more prudent dictates of his better judgment. He accepted the sword offered to him, and spared the life of his captive, but immediately committed him to Tantallon Castle, under the charge of William Douglas, Earl of Angus. The spirit of his followers, however, could not brook this mortal offence, and the whole strength of the Clan was mustered under Donald Balloch, a cousin of the Lord of the Isles. They were led to Lochaber, where they met the King's forces, under the Earls of Mar and Caithness, killed the latter, gained a complete victory over the Royal forces, and returned to the Isles in triumph with a great quantity of spoil. James again came north in person as far as Dunstaffnage; Donald Balloch fled to Ireland; and after several encounters with the Highlanders, the King received the submission of most of the chiefs who were engaged in the rebellion; others were apprehended and executed, to the number of about three hundred, after which he released the Earl from Tantallon Castle, and granted him a free pardon for all his rebellious acts, confirmed him in all his titles and possessions, and conferred upon him the Lordship of Lochaber, which had previously, on its forfeiture, been granted to the Earl of Mar."*

Skene has been led into the error of saying that Donald Balloch was the son of Reginald, and the Chief of Clanranald; whereas he was the son of John Mor Tannister, elder brother of Donald of Harlaw, and ancestor of the Macdonnells and Earls of Antrim. He also fell into the mistake of believing in the ruse played upon the King, when a head, said to be that of Donald Balloch, was sent to him by Conn O'Neil, an Irish chief; for he informs us that King James, seeing that the absence of their chief, so far from rendering the Clan more disposed to become amenable to his will, rather roused them to acts of rebellion and revenge, and that it was better to have at their head a chief who had become bound to him from acts of clemency, than to expose them to the influences of the other branches of the family, who were now irritated by the indignity offered to their legitimate chief; he therefore proceeded in person to the north, for the purpose of quelling the remains of the rebellion. His expedition was attended with his usual success by the submission of all the chiefs who had been engaged in it. "Donald Balloch was soon after this betrayed, and his head sent to the King, upon which he at once restored the Lord of the Isles to liberty, granted him a free pardon for all the various acts of rebellion he had been guilty of, and also confirmed him not only all his titles and possessions, but even granted him the Lordship

* History and Genealogies of the Clan Mackenzie, by the same author, 1879, pp. 49-50.

of Lochaber, which had been forfeited from his cousin Alexander, and given to the Earl of Mar."* The prudence of this policy on the part of the King was soon apparent, for although the Island Chief was naturally more disposed to take up an antagonistic position to the Crown, and went the length of even entering into a treasonable league with the Earls of Crawford and Douglas, who at the time led the opposition to the King, he did not again disturb the peace of the nation as long as he lived. Donald Balloch inherited through his mother, Margery Bisset, the district of the Glens in Ireland, whither he had betaken himself after the dispersion of his army, and after he had ravaged and spoiled the territories of the Clan Chattan and the Camerons, who had left him and gone over to the King. Most of the subordinate insurgent leaders submitted to the dreaded James, and tried to avoid punishment by throwing the whole blame of the insurrection on Donald Balloch, whose power, they declared, they dared not resist. Regarding Donald and his reputed decapitation, Gregory says that "on the return of James to Edinburgh, a head, said to be that of Donald Balloch, was sent to him by Hugh Buy O'Neill, an Irish chief of Ulster; and it was generally believed at the Scottish Court that the ringleader of the late insurrection was now no more. But as Donald Balloch certainly survived King James many years, it is obvious that the sending of the head to Edinburgh was a stratagem devised by the crafty Islander in order to check further pursuit."†

The date of this battle, according to Hill Burton and Gregory, was 1431. The former tells that an extraordinary tax was granted on the occasion of it "for the resistance of the King's rebellers of the north," which was to be such that "in all in lands of the realm where the yield of twa pennies was raiset, there be now ten pennies raiset." [Vol. ii., p. 403]. After describing the battle of Inverlochy, the author of "The Macdonnells of Antrim" informs us that the Lowland knights, who were very numerous in the Royal army, plumed themselves on the superior armour and discipline of their men, but soon found that even this was of no avail against the furious onset of their Highland foes, who wielded their broadswords and Lochaber-axes with all the ferocity of Northern warfare. According to him, at least one thousand of the King's army were slain, among whom were the Earl of Caithness, and sixteen of his personal retinue, together with several knights and barons from the southern counties of Scotland, after which the Highland host dispersed itself into marauding parties, spoiled the county, and then returned to their native fastnesses, having only lost some fifty of their comrades in arms on the battlefield. "Donald Balloch, and several other leaders, having had their revenge, steered their galleys across the channel, and sought rest and security, which they very much needed, in the woody glens of Antrim. They were soon followed by a despatch from the Scottish King to O'Neill, requesting the latter to seize and send back Donald Balloch alive or dead. O'Neill, who had previously entered into a treaty with James I. of mutual assistance against England, sent the latter a human head, which was joyously accepted as that of Donald Balloch by the Scottish Court then at Perth. But Donald Balloch retained possession of his own head, and at the time of this other head's transmission

* The Highlanders of Scotland, pp. 78-79.
† Highlands and Isles, pp. 38-39.

to Scotland he was actually paying his addresses to O'Neill's daughter, whom he soon afterwards married, and through whose powerful connections he was restored without much delay to his estates in Isla and Cantire." This lady was the daughter of Conn O'Neill (son of Hugh Buy O'Neill), who resided at a place called Edenduffcarrick, and now known as Shane's Castle, in Ireland, where he died in the year 1482.

Following up his account of the execution of James Campbell at Inverness in 1427 for the murder of John Mor Tannister, father of Donald Balloch, Hugh Macdonnld proceeds to describe the incidents which led up to the battle of Inverlochy, the battle itself, and the events which followed upon it, in a manner so detailed and interesting that, even at the risk of some little repetition, we shall place it before the reader, slightly modernising the phraseology. He says :—All those about the King wished to impair Macdonald's estate and diminish his grandeur, to which the King himself was not very averse. They now thought it a convenient time for their purpose, the Lord of the Isles being in prison (in Tantallon Castle) and his uncle, John Mor, dead, to seize on the lands of Lochaber, whereupon, Alexander, Earl of Mar, who had received a grant of these lands from the King, levied a great army by his Majesty's directions, namely, the followers of Huntly; Allan, Lord of Caithness; Fraser of Lovat, Mackintosh, Mackay of Strathnaver, Grant, and the Chief of the Camerons, who enticed some of Macdonald's vassals, by making them great promises, to join with them, and that the rights they formerly held of Macdonald would be confirmed to them by the King. The vassals and the freeholders, considering that Macdonald's power was entirely gone and ruined, and believing they would never again see him installed in his possessions, through greed and covetousness they joined the King's party. So, coming to Lochaber, they pitched their tents near the Castle of Inverlochy. Fraser of Lovat * was sent to harass Sunart and Ardnamurchan with 3000 men, to secure provisions for the army and the camp. Macdonald obtaining information of these proceedings, and finding an opportunity, sent a message from his prison of Tantallon to the Highlands desiring those whom he trusted most to face the enemy, though they might never again get a sight of him. So Donald Balloch, his cousin-german (John Mor's son, at the time only 18 years of age, and who was fostered by Maclean), gathered all those who faithfully adhered to Macdonald's interest, and came to Carna, an island in Loch Sunart, where, meeting with the Laird of Ardnamurchan; Allan, son of Allan of Moydart; and his brother, Ranald Bàn (for these were the principal men of the name who were with him). He picked out the best of their men to the number of 600, most of whom were gentlemen and freeholders, and all of whom came in their galleys to Inverskippinish, two miles south of Inverlochy. Now Alastair Carrach, Macdonald's younger uncle, who held the lands of Lochaber east of Lochy, and whose posterity are yet there, took possession of the hill above the enemy with 220 archers, being unable by the smallness of their number to face the enemy, and expecting that some of his friends would at last come to his relief. Upon seeing his nephew, Donald Balloch, he was, however, much animated. As Donald Balloch drew near the Royal forces, Huntly stepped into the Earl

* This was Hugh Fraser, created Lord Lovat by James I. in the same year, 1431. His second son, Hugh, succeeded to the title.

of Mar's tent, where he and Mackintosh were playing at cards. Huntly suggested to them to give up their play as the enemy were close at hand. They (the card-players) asked if the enemy were in great force, when Huntly replied that they were not very numerous, but he could see that they were determined to fight. "Well," said Mackintosh, "we'll play this game, and dispute with these fellows afterwards." Huntly again looked out, when he saw the enemy driving on furiously towards them; he goes a second time to the tent, saying, "Gentlemen, fight stoutly, or render yourselves to your enemies." Mackintosh replied that they "would play that game, and would do with the enemy what they pleased afterwards, and that he knew very well the doings of the big-bellied carles of the Isles." "Whatever they be," replied Huntly, "they will fight like men this day," when Mackintosh retorted that "though he himself (Huntly) should assist them, their (Mackintosh's) party would defeat them both." Whereupon Huntly went out of the tent in a rage, saying that he would fight none against the Highlanders that day. He then drew his men aside, and "was more of a spectator than of either party." "Then joining battle, Donald Balloch made a main battle, and a front of his men." The front was commanded by MacIan of Ardnamurchan, and John Maclean of Coll; the main battle by Ranald Bàn, son of John Mòr, murdered by James Campbell (and a natural brother of Donald Balloch, who became progenitor of the family of Lairgy), and Allan, son of Allan, Laird of Moidart (of whom descended the family of Knoydart), and MacDuffie of Colonsay, MacQuarrie of Ulva, and MacGee of the Rinds of Isla. As the combatants faced one another, Alastair Carrach and his 220 archers poured down the brae of the hill on which they had planted themselves, and shot their arrows so thick, on the flank of the Royal army, as to compel them to give way. Allan, Lord of Caithness; a son of Lovat; and 990 were killed. Hugh Mackay of Strathnaver was taken prisoner, and he married a daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, "of whom descended the race of Mackays called Slioc Ean Abrich." Donald Balloch lost only 27 men. The Earl of Mar was wounded in the thigh by an arrow, and was in the hills for two nights accompanied only by his servant, in a starving condition, for they had no provisions. At last he fell in with some women tending their cattle, who happened to have a little barley meal for their own use, and with which they relieved the Earl and his servant, mixing it with a little water in the heel of the Earl's own shoe. The Earl, after he and his servant had satisfied their hunger, composed the following lines in Gaelic:—

'S math an cocaire an t acras,
'S mairg 'ni tailleas air biadh,
Fuarag eorn' a sail mo bhroige
Biadh is fhearr a fhuair mi riamh.

The Earl left his clothes with the woman that he might disguise himself, and he travelled all night until he came to a small house, on a spot of land called Beggich, belonging to an Irishman named O'Birrin. He told this man that he was one of the Earl of Mar's followers, and that necessity obliged him to disguise himself for fear of being discovered. The man was going to slaughter a cow as the Earl came to his place, and he desired the stranger to hold her. "The Earl was more willing to obey his landlord's orders than skillful to act as butcher." The Irishman, dis-

satisfied with the awkward manner in which he was assisted by the Earl, "cursed those who took such a blockhead abroad to be a soldier. At last he cuts some collops which he gave to the Earl to dress for himself, which he could not very well do, until his landlord did it for him, by roasting them upon the coals. At going to bed he washed the Earl's feet in warm water, cleaned and washed his wound. When the Earl laid himself down, he could not sleep with cold, being very scarce of bed-clothes. O'Birrin got up, took the cow's hide, and warming it to the fire, wrapped it about the Earl, which warmed him so much that he perspired during the whole night. In the morning, after such refreshments as they had, the Earl said he would go to Badenoch." He informed his host that he did not know the way thither, but would do his best to find it, whereupon the Irishman made him fill his pockets with the flesh of the cow, and then convoyed him three or four miles on his way. When they parted company the stranger told him if he should ever find himself in tightened circumstances, to go to Kildrummie, the seat of the Earl of Mar, and ask there for Alexander Stewart, who would cause the Earl to reward him for his present kindness to himself. Some time after the Irishman did as he was told, and arriving at Kildrummie, asked for Alexander Stewart, when the porter told him that "he was a fool, for there was no such man there," but the Irishman continued to knock until the Earl himself at last heard him, and, calling for the porter, he asked him who was knocking at the gate. The latter replied that "he was some fool enquiring for Alexander Stewart." The Earl soon recognised the "fool" as his old friend the Irishman, ordered the gate be opened to him, and kindly embraced him. The Earl then addressed him in the following lines:—

Oidhche dhomh a bhi ann an tigh air moran bidh 's air bheag aodaich,
Fhuaras agh' mor do dh' fheoil air dhroch bhruich bho O'Birrin 's a Bhaggach.

His Lordship sent for a tailor, and ordered him at once to make a suit of clothes for O'Birrin, whom he requested to bring his wife and son to Kildrummie, but this the Irishman declined, saying that his wife was old, and would not leave her native country. After entertaining him for some time, the Earl sent O'Birrin home with sixty milch cows, enjoining him to send his son to Kildrummie. The son came "some time thereafter, and was made a laird of a small estate, which has since fallen to a gentleman of the name of Forbes, whereby it may be seen, that a good turn to a generous or noble person is not always lost."*

In the minority of James II. the Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles held the important office of "Justiciar of Scotland north of the Forth," a position which Gregory thinks he probably obtained from Archibald, Earl of Douglas and Duke of Touraine, then Lieutenant-General of Scotland. There is no account extant from which it can be ascertained in what manner the Earl exercised the duties of his high office; but it is supposed that it was under colour of it that he inflicted his vengeance on the Chief of the Camerons about this time for deserting him and going over to the Royal standard, in Lochaber, and in consequence of which Lochiel was forced to fly to Ireland, where he remained for several years;

* Transactions of the Iona Club, pp. 308-312.

and in his absence his lands were bestowed by the Earl of Ross upon Johne Garve Maclean, ancestor and founder of the family of Coll.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Seton, Lord of Gordon and Huntly, and by her had issue—

1. *John*, his successor.

2. *Celestine*, variously styled Archibald, and its Gaelic equivalent, Gillespic, Lord of Lochalsh and Lochcarron. He married Finvola, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Duart, with issue—Sir Alexander Macdonald of Lochalsh (Alastair MacGillespic) who afterwards, in 1488 fought the famous battle of Park with the Mackenzies, and of whom hereafter.

3. *Hugh*, often called "Austin" and "Augustine," being a corruption of the Gaelic equivalent of Hugh, *i.e.*, *Huistean* or *Uistean*. He was styled Lord of Sleat, and married, first, Finvola, daughter of MacIan of Ardnamurchan, by whom he had John, his heir, who died without issue. He married, secondly, a lady of the Clan Gunn in Caithness, by whom he had issue, who carried on the succession, and whose descendants are now held, by general concurrence, to represent, as heirs male, John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, forfeited in these honours, respectively, in 1475 and 1494. A question has been raised about the legitimacy of Celestine and Hugh, as well as of Hugh's descendants, especially Donald Gallach, from whom is descended the present Lord Macdonald of the Isles. Respecting Hugh, after describing the results of a successful raid under him to Orkney, Hugh Macdonald says, that "Having routed the enemy, Austin (Hugh) and his party began to ravage the country, that being the only reward they had for their pains and fatigue, with which, having loaded their galleys, they returned home. Austine having halted at Caithness, he got a son by the Crowner of Caithness's daughter, of the name of Gun, which at that time was a very flourishing name there, descended of the Danes. This son was called Donald Gallich, being brought up in that county in his younger years; for the ancient Scots, until this day, call the county of Caithness Gallibh." Referring to the two families of John, first Lord of the Isles, Skene says [vol. ii., p. 95] that the representation of his children by his second marriage, with the daughter of Robert II. "clearly devolved upon the Macdonalds of Sleat, who were descended of Hugh, brother of John, the last Lord of the Isles," and at page 96 he says that "it is fully admitted that the family of Sleat are the undoubted representatives of the last Lord of the Isles." Smibert calls Hugh of Sleat a "full brother" of John, Lord of the Isles, and says that "he left a line which indubitably had the clearest direct claims, as legitimate descendants, to the family honours and inheritance." Gregory, who says that it is uncertain whether they are by the same mother as John or not, is more learned, and in a footnote, p. 41, writes:—"I call these sons legitimate notwithstanding that Celestine is called 'filius *naturalis*' by Earl Alexander (charter in charter chest of Mackintosh 1447), and 'frater *carnalis*' by Earl John (Reg. of Great Seal, vi., 116, 1463), and that Hugh is likewise called 'frater *carnalis*' by Earl John (charter in Westfield Writs, in the possession of Alex. Dunbar, Esq. of Scrabster, 1470). They are, however, both called 'frater,' without any qualification, by Earl John (Reg. of Great Seal, vi., 116, xiii., 186). The history of Celestine and Hugh and their descend-

ants, as given in the present work (Highlands and Isles), sufficiently shows that they were considered legitimate, and that, consequently, the words 'naturalis' and 'carnalis,' taken by themselves, and without the adjunct 'bastardus,' do not necessarily imply bastardy. It is probable that they were used to designate the issue of those handfast, or left-handed marriages, which appear to have been so common in the Highlands and Isles. Both *naturalis* and *carnalis* are occasionally applied to individuals known to be legitimate in the strictest sense of the term." This important question will be more fully discussed when we come to consider the respective claims to the Chiefship of the race of Macdonald, and of its various branches.

Alexander of the Isles had also several daughters, one of whom

4. *Margaret*, married the Earl of Sutherland, and another

5. *Florence*, who married Duncan Mackintosh, IX. of Mackintosh, with issue.

He died, at his Castle of Dingwall, on the 8th of May 1448, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

MAIGHDEAN LOCH-NAN-EALA.

'S AN tiom a dh' fhalbh, bha aon do Thighearnan Loch-nan-Eala aig an robh nighean mhaiseach, eireachdail, a thug gaol do Thighearn òg a chloinn Dhomhnuill. 'S an am sin bha an dà fhine thar a cheile—na Caimbeulaich 's na Domhnullaich; is cha leigeadh a h'athair leatha a phosadh. Bha e na chleachdadh aice bhi dol gu ròinn na Garbhaird, is a bhi cuir litrichean ann an soitheach éigin a bha an sruth aig am sonraicht a giulan a dh' ionnsaidh an taobh eile far an robh esan g 'am faighinn. Mu dheireadh, ann an oidhirpeachadh teicheadh, chaidh a bathadh air a Chonthuil.

Tha Loch-nan-Eala brònach
Tha 'n Domhnullach fo ghruaim,
Tha a Chonathuil ri cronan
'S tha h' eoin ri guileadh thruagh;
Tha Maighdean an fhuilt or-bhuidhe
An seòmar nan tonn uain',
'S tha 'n fheamuinn ruadh a comhdach
An oigh is aillidh snuadh.

Oir thug i gaol a h oige
Do Dhomhnull og nan Gleann,—
Fleasgach, maiseach, ordhearc,
A' choimeas cha robh ann;

'S mnr bitheadh a h' athair iargalt,
A fiarach gràdh a cri',
Cha robh i 'n diugh ra h'ianaidh
Measg iasg na fairge li'.

'S ann thug e dhi teann ordugh
A cul chuir ris gu brath ;
No fear do fhuil chloinn Dhomhnuill
Nach glacadh i air laimh ;
Ach là air falbh dha sealgach
'S a Gharbhaird air son fhiadh,
Ghreas ise thar na Chonathuil,
A choinneachadh fear a miann.

Nuair leum i anns a bhàta
'S a ghlac i 'n ràmh na dorn,
A sealladh bha gun ardan—
A gruaidhean bla' le deoir—
A broilleach geal a' g' eiridh
Le mheud s a bha do stri
Sa chridhe bha ga leireadh
Le eibhle na h-as-sith.

Bh'on chladach nuair a ghluais i
'S a theann i suas do'n Phleoid,*
An sruth le béuc an uamhais
Fo bhuaireas air a toir.
Mo chreach ! mo leir ! mo thruaighe !
Tha chuartag ud fo sroin
S mar chuibhle sneachd sa chuairt-ghaoith
'S an uair tha i gun treoir.

Mo neart tha nis ga'm threigsinn
'S mo leirsinn a fas dall :
Tha scread a glaodh am éisdeachd
'S gun aon thoirt fuasgladh ann ;
Tha *Loch-nan-Eala* deurach
Tha eigheach feadh na'n gleann,
Ach O ! cha till an reult ud
'S na creagan geur fo ceann.

Sa nis air roinn na Garbhaird
'S an anmoch cha bhi i,
Is litrichean am balgan
Cha 'n fhaicear falbh le sgriob ;
Is thusa mhac Mhic Dhomhnuill,
Air muir cha bhi do shuil
'S i nochd na luidhe iosal
'S an robh do chri' s do dhuil.

Ledaig. JOHN CAMPBELL.

* A small creek at the opening of the falls.

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—*Tennyson.*

BOOK I.—"AMONG THE ISLES OF THE WESTERN SEA."

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Chapter VII.—*(Continued.)*

"My noble lords and gallant knights," said Bruce, perceiving the critical nature of the situation, "it were vain to charge again. We can only reap destruction from our wasted efforts. Rally round the ladies, and let us force a passage through yonder glen. Get ye first and charge bravely as ye have already done. Scotland will yet be proud of your services, and while ye charge avenge the wounds of Sir James Douglas and Sir Guilbert de la Hay. Drive the enemy fearlessly before you. I myself will guard the rear, and let no man on pain of death come within the reach of my battle-axe."

The words of the King were received with a general murmur of approbation, and the remnants of his noble, little army were marshalled in proper order for forcing a passage through the glen. A thrilling shout rose from the men of Lorn on perceiving that the Bruce intended to forsake the field; and a strong body of Highlanders, under the banner of Sir Guilbert de Valancymer, moved down on the advancing column. Macnab, supported by a number of the more subordinate chieftains, was prepared to follow up the attack of the English Envoy by an assault on rear and flank. Dermond, whose gallantry during the progress of the battle had evoked the admiration of his liege lord and the envy of many a youth and veteran, was detailed off to defend the pass at all hazards. The shouting on both sides died away before the commencement of the deadly struggle, and the portentous clink of glittering steel, the rattle of bridles, and the thud of the horses hoofs, mingling with the tramp of armed men, echoed among the mountains. Squadron after squadron assailed the retreating column, but in vain. It broke right through the mass of Islesmen, and carried the mouth of the glen where Dermond was beaten back from his post, to the chagrin of the Lord of Lorn, who swore that the crest of Macneill, who led the van of the enemy, had softened the heart of the young chieftain. Bruce kept fighting in the rear, and as man after man fell before the sweep of his powerful arm and deadly weapon, Lorn grew more enraged, and cursed his followers as weaklings and cowards. Dermond, eager to free the house of Dunkerlyne from the imputation of cowardice, resolved upon engaging the King in single combat, but Olave and several of his most devoted followers held him back, while the two sons of Gylen Durwarth, who were reckoned among the strongest and bravest men of the Isles, sprung from the ranks determined on bringing down the Bruce. The road was very narrow and difficult to traverse, being blocked up with stones, and bushes, and fallen trees, and the King was managing his horse at considerable disadvantage. The first Durwarth, leaping forward, caught the reins before the King could use his

sword. The second Durwarth caught hold of Bruce's leg, and attempted to pull him from his horse. Bruce struck the arm from the body of the Durwarth who held the reins, and spurring his horse forward at the same time, the hand of the other Durwarth slid down between the foot and the stirrip, and he was dragged along the ground. Gylen perceiving the position of his sons, uttered a cry, rushed from the lines and gained the hillside, from which he made a spring on to the King's horse, and seized the royal mantle. Bruce loosend his silver broach, letting the mantle go; and as Gylen rolled from the horse his head was cloven in two by a blow which broke the King's sword. The Durwarth who held on by the stirrup rose as the horse stopped, and Bruce, having thrown away his shattered weapon, seized the axe which hung at his saddle bow, and struck the rising Durwarth to the earth. After performing this extraordinary feat, the King rode on flourishing his battle-axe in triumph. The death of the three Durwarths smote the Islesmen with terror, and Dermond, who stood an anxious spectator of the fight, held back from joining in the encounter by several of his most attached followers, could not help giving expression to his admiration for the prowess of the Bruce.

"By my faith," he exclaimed, "but yonder is the strongest wight I've ever seen or heard of. Neither saga nor romance can tell us of deeds so wonderful. Within the space of a few moments he has stricken down three men of muckle strength and pride, and in the face of a conquering army he manages his noble horse with the most singular grace and coolness; yet no man dare assault him."

"It seems to give thee pleasure, fair sir," said Lorn, glaring angrily at the youth, "that yonder he slays our men."

"With due deterence, my lord," retorted Dermond, "I know and regret that he is our enemy, but, whether he be friend or foe who bears himself with strength and grace in battle or tournay, it becometh us to speak thereof with truth and gentleness; and, of a certy, I've never heard of man in song or story show such doughty deeds of chivalry."

"A murrain on such babbling foolishness," shouted the enraged Macdougall. "Canst thou perceive, shuffling coward? Yonder is the rebel and heretic. Lead off, false chief, or your head shall answer for your perfidy. To the onslaught, and down with the regicide and usurper!"

At these words several of the chieftains, after collecting their forces, dashed down the pass in pursuit of the disappearing enemy.

"Farewell, my liege," said Dermond, "you have called me coward. I have been bold enough to provoke you so far. You shall never, I hope, be justified in repeating the imputation. Come, my gallants of Dunkerlyne, follow me!"

Dermond and his followers left the ranks and ardently joined in the chase, but Bruce, favoured by the gathering darkness of the night, was soon beyond the reach or ken of his pursuers. After beating the brushwood and exploring every glen and crevice, most of the Highlanders abandoned the search as hopeless; but Dermond pushed on with all his youthful ardour. His commission from the fair Bertha to deliver the packet to her father, Sir David, had not escaped his memory, and he had secretly resolved to make an effort to convey the message to its destination, even at the risk of provoking the dreaded enmity of John of Lorn. All day long in the midst of the battle he had brooded over the import-

ance of Bertha's behest and the obstacles which lay in the way of accomplishing it. He had almost resolved upon forsaking the standard of his liege lord and joining the Bruce; indeed his vow in the dungeon had bound him to such a course. Reconsideration, however, prevailed against the audacity of such a move; there was first of all the dangers to which he would expose Brian, his father, as the sworn vassal of a cruel and unscrupulous tyrant, there was his oath of allegiance, and above all what good could arise to a faithful son of the Church in uniting his fortunes with the excommunicated Bruce, who was both accursed by God and man, and a fugitive among the mountains. He had flourished his impious battle-axe in the face of true soldiers and Christians after laying low three of the most powerful men in the Highlands. What would Brian, the bold viking, say to the son who failed to revenge the death of the three Durwarths? Harrassed with these reflections Dermond dashed on determined at least on finding where the Bruce had fixed on spending the night. He thrust his hand into his bosom and found the packet safely nestling near his heart. Some ten of his men-at-arms kept up the chase with much difficulty, Olave following close at the heels of the young chieftain, and attempting to persuade him against going any further. All the others had returned to represent to John of Lorn the hopeless nature of the pursuit, and that irritable chieftain grew more enraged than ever, and denounced his vassals with great vehemence.

"What of that young varlet, Dermond," he inquired. "Has he not come back with the same tale?"

"I fear me," said Macnab, "that Dermond of Dunkerlyne will not come back to tell any tale."

"D——d be your cowardly fears," exclaimed the infuriated Lorn. "Dermond of Dunkerlyne is braver than all of you."

"Ha! ha! my lord," laughed Macnab. "What! have you forgotten that he was your prisoner and hostage retained until the capture of Cyril of Rathland? He is free now, and will of a certainty continue to be so."

"Villain and coward, is it now you tell me this? If you suspected he would fail to return, why did you not secure him?"

"Secure him! What! When you commanded him to lead off or forfeit his head? Nay: but since you know not whom to trust, this is the last time a Macnab shall bow at the beck of a Macdougall. Good e'en, my lord; we shall meet again."

Calling his followers together, Macnab gave orders to abandon the standard of John of Lorn.

"What mean you?" exclaimed Lorn. "Is it traitor you have become?"

"Thou shalt soon enough learn," retorted Macnab, shaking his weapon defiantly.

"Bind me the treacherous scullion! Seize him, ye cowards! Charge me the traitors!"

He looked around, but none moved at his command.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Dermond kept on the track of the retreating Bruce, who was descried disappearing down the glen of Balquhidder, accompanied by a number of jackmen.

"Follow me, my gallants," exclaimed the youth, "and you shall share the glory and the guerdon."

As he uttered these words a band of about sixty men sprung from the copse.

"Yield rebels, or die," shouted the leader.

"Not to the followers of a heretic," said Dermond. "So Heaven and the right."

The resistance offered, however, was useless, as in the space of a few moments the followers of the young chieftain were either slain or compelled to surrender. Dermond, who placed his back against a rock, remained on his defence, and kept the whole party at bay until he was stricken down by a blow from a jackman's axe, which severed his helmet and rendered him insensible. When he recovered consciousness he found himself suffering severely from the loss of blood, and shackled to the faithful Olave. Both were mounted on horseback with their feet secured under the animal's belly, and were following in the rear of Bruce's little army under a strong guard.

Chapter VIII.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treachorie.

Macpherson's Farewell—Burns.

On the day after the battle of Dalry Lorn had not recovered from his irritable humour. He kept his chamber and meditated on the disasters that had overtaken him. Bruce had been driven from the battlefield, but the victory was equivalent to, if not worse than defeat. Moreover, the men of the Isles had returned discontented; and Macnab, in concord with several of the inland chieftains, had broken his oath of allegiance, and was no longer an obedient vassal to the House of Macdougall.

The morning had dawned fair and pleasant, with the rays of the rising sun dancing brilliantly over the broad expanse of blue waters, and lighting up the dark recesses of the mountains. All, however, was dull and disagreeable to the baffled chieftain. Even the splendours of the advancing day had no visible effect upon his spirits. He sat blankly staring out of the window, with his arm resting on the rudely carved oaken table, which formed one of the principal parts of ornamental furniture in his sulking room. His big hand crossed his brow, or played at intervals with his curling front locks. His features were naturally dark and gloomy, but now they seemed more sombre and oppressed with disappointment and melancholy.

Strict orders had been issued against the admittance of visitors, and he had resolved to see no one for that day, but the arrival of a mysterious messenger in a strange disguise, imperiously demanding an interview, had awakened Macdougall's curiosity, and the request for a private audience was granted.

"Who can this be, or what, in Heaven's name, can he want!" was the internal exclamation of his Lordship, as a singular-looking individual, enveloped in a Spanish cloak, was ushered into his presence. The keen

eye of Lorn, however, quickly discerned the crest of Dunkerlyne on his Norwegian cap.

"By your crest you come from Dunkerlyne," said Lorn.

"As you say," returned the stranger.

"And in name of Brian the Viking."

"Nay, my lord, I come not in the name of a traitor."

"By the soul of Comyn, I could have sworn't," exclaimed the chieftain as the full force of the answer flashed across his mind. "'Tis well you have freed yourself from a nest of rebels, for, look you, he and his hirelings shall taste of my authority. What may be your name, fair sir?"

"Cormac Doil."

"Ha, then I have heard of you."

"Methinks you should remember me."

"I do now, when I think. You told me of Cyril of Rathland having found shelter in the castle of his nephew."

"Of a certy, and you would not believe my words. Clement, his son, was washed ashore from the wreck, and is now well and safely lodged with his father under the roof of the Viking."

"Two of the varlets! Now, may the foul fiend devour the knave. I'll make a dunghill of his castle for his bones to bleach on. What, ho! without there! Equip my two galleys, and send up my armourer."

"Patience, my lord," said Cormac Doil, "I have something more to tell."

"Out with it, knave."

"He has already determined to resist."

"A murrain on his resistance."

"He even garrisons with his galley slaves," continued the informer, "and is busy strengthening the defences. I'll be on the watch to-night, as it darkens, at the outer porch, just before the keys are carried up. I've the confidence of the galley-slaves, who will rebel and aid you in gaining possession of the narrow passage. After that there is no fear; the gate and tower can easily be stormed. I shall further the design before night, and Dunkerlyne will be captured and subdued with little difficulty."

"As you say then. 'Tis well. See that you be true to your promise. If this be a scheme to betray me, I'll hang you by the heels from the highest battlement after roasting you on a gridiron," returned the chieftain with a scowl that made Cormac Doil shake in his boots. "Get you to your duty, and remember my words."

. . . . . .

Let us now return to Dunkerlyne. The noise of Brian's fall attracted several attendants to the place, who carried the chieftain to his bedchamber, where he lay in trance-like silence till next day. Everyone was anxious to know what had happened, but Brian refused to say. In the morning he manned his galley as usual, and set out to scour the seas. In the evening he returned, after a very successful expedition, in a fit of boisterous merriment, and held a great feast at Dunkerlyne. The ale was sent round the board again and again; the hall fire blazed cheerily; the song rose mirthfully; and laughter resounded against the oaken rafters.

In the midst of the revelry, however, a somewhat different tone was given to the proceedings by the arrival from Dalry of one of Dermond's followers who related the incidents of the fight—the defeat and escape of Bruce, the wrath of Lorn, the disaffection of Macnab and the other chieftains, the death of the three Durwarths, and the conduct of the young chief, who had gone in pursuit of the King's army and never returned.

"He must undoubtedly have fallen into the hands of Bruce," suggested Cyril.

"He has at least escaped from the hands of Lorn," said Brian, "and will, of a certy, continue at liberty."

"What if he has been slain in the battle?" enquired young Clement.

"Ay, but that's what troubles me," said Brian. "I fear he may have fallen by the hand of the great Bruce."

"If he has," said Jarloff, "he has fallen by the hand of a worthy knight. 'Tis no craven feat to venture within the reach of Bruce's sword or battle-axe. But, have no fear; my son, Olave, was with him, and a more faithful and gallant follower he could not have."

"As you say, good Jarloff," said Brian, evidently somewhat relieved, "Olave is valiant and devoted, and Dermond is skilled and daring in the use of every weapon. Both may now be with the Bruce as prisoners. What think you if we send to ascertain? If they should perchance escape, let them not walk with open eyes into the dungeons of Dunolly. Let's send some one in search bidding them fight for the noble king."

"What, good nephew, if we leave this accursed place and join the Bruce in a body?" asked Cyril.

This was received with shouts of assent, in which Clement heartily joined.

"Wait yet a little, my noble kinsman," said Brian, "till the good father Dominick comes. He'll be here to-night, and his advice is worth the waiting for. Besides he may have news of Dermond."

"A health to the merry friar," rose from almost every lip at the mention of his name.

"Come, send the goblet round," said Brian.

This was answered with acclamation, the health of Dominick being pledged with round after round.

"Confound the Lord of Lorn and all his tyrannies," said Brian when the ale began to take effect. "He is a coward—a miserable, prating, skulking coward. Let him come to Dunkerlyne, and woe betide his haughty head."

"He come to Dunkerlyne!" said Donald. "He dare not."

"'Tis as well," chuckled the treacherous Cormac Doil, half-audibly as he shouldered his pick, and hastened from the hall to the outer portal, his appointed place of watch.

"A murrain on the knave, but I like not his chuckling," exclaimed the Viking. "Call him back."

As Jarloff and several others made to hail him, Brian, on second thoughts, said "Nay; let him go. 'Tis his way."

"A singular way, indeed," said one.

"Shame on you for a slanderous knave. He is most excellent, cunning, wise, and worthy of all honour," said another.

"Indeed, good friend," was the answer. "Then evil must, of a surety, be in the clouds when such as you take to prating of honour."

"Silence, brawling knaves!" shouted the chieftain. "No bandying of quarrelsome words in my presence. Let your companion pass until some base deed attests his villany. Hitherto he has been faithful. Methinks that should satisfy you. Come, let's be merry. What, ho! Jarloff! get your harp in tune; and sing us a saga of the days of old. Drink to the death of Lorn. Round with the goblet. Let each son of Dunkerlyne drink down to his peg."

The ale circulated, and Jarloff had just attuned his harp to a thrilling fragment of Norwegian minstrelsy, when friar Dominick was ushered in.

"*Jesu Maria!*" was his first exclamation as he piously crossed himself. "Save us from the lures of Satan. By the soul of St Francis the arm of the Church must bear on the receivers of heretics. Hear me, sir Chief; silence this singing Pagan or tremble at my words."

"Be patient, good father," said Brian. "Something must ail you tonight. Are your revenues unprosperous? If so I'll supply the deficiency. If it be merely melancholy that oppresses you, I have ale enow to exorcise a hundred sable devils. Come, sit you down and be merry. The saga is interesting, and Jarloff is well skilled in the gentle art of the minstrel."

The harper, who had stopped the tale at the first interruption, resumed the song, when the friar indignantly exclaimed, "Silence, paynim wretch, or hell shall yawn for you. Put up your instrument of Lucifer, or beshrew me but I'll break every string it possesses."

"Peace with you, canting monk, or by the soul of Odin I'll warm your hide with a cudgelling," shouted the old man in a fit of rage, as he approached the friar in a threatening attitude.

Clement, overcome with pious horror, started from his seat, and held back the Norseman. The friar, with uplifted hands, stood aghast in astonishment. Some of the men were shocked, but the most of them, exhilarated with repeated draughts of ale, looked on and laughed.

"Nest of unholy heretics——" began Dominick, but Brian interposed, "Peace with you, good father! You are in a most execrable humour. Take your seat and be merry."

"Farewell, ye renegades. I would not——" continued Dominick.

Here Brian sprung from his seat and thrust himself betwixt the friar and the door. "Hold, good father Dominick," he said, "you shall not budge until you have shriven and absolved each one of us."

Dominick halted, swithering whether he should submit or enforce his exit with the terror of the Church. He knew too well, however, how thoughtless and violent the pirate might become, half intoxicated as he was.

"I have much reason," said Dominick, "to bring down the curse of Rome upon you, but I forbear. Send this paynim dog away and all will yet be well; otherwise, I must depart and leave you to reap the whirlwind which ye have sown."

Brian signed to Jarloff, who retired with a look of rage and disappointment stamped on his aged features. The friar, somewhat despoiled of the ease and dignity which characterised his first entry, and conscious that he had been vilely insulted, took his seat among the desperate crew.

After a while, however, his embarrassment forsook him, and he joined most heartily in the revel. The ale continued to circulate, and all grew louder and merrier.

"To-night let us forget," said Brian; "to-morrow rise to action and repentance. Father Dominick will remain until the morning for the execution of his holy office. Round with the goblet. What say you if we join the Bruce to-morrow?"

The last sentence was addressed to the friar, who said, "Nothing could be better; for though the curse of Rome has been pronounced against the noble knight of Carrick, he is brave in conduct, and of goodly presence, and many in the Church pray fervently for the success of his enterprise against the tyranny of Edward. Dermond has not returned from the pursuit, and I could almost venture to predict that he will be found following the King's standard."

"'Tis well," said Cyril. "To-morrow we shall leave this place. Alas, what noise is that? 'Tis most unseemly."

The alarm of Cyril was well founded, for a dreadful scream rose from without, and there was a strange rumbling as of distant muttering thunder.

"A goblet for Robert the Bruce," said Brian. "Death to King Edward and all his adherents."

Another ominous sound almost silenced the shouting of the revellers.

"What means that noise?" enquired Dominick.

"Some of these quarrelsome knaves afighting," said Brian. "Let them brawl. We'll see them to-morrow. Round with the goblet. Death to Edward the usurper."

The tumult increased without, and a startled expression overspread the faces of all present. The bell was violently tolled, and Jarloff rushed in exclaiming, "Treachery! treachery! you are all undone!"

Donald rushed in afterwards, excitedly shouting, "Two galleys belonging to John of Lorn have entered the creek unchallenged. No alarm has been given. A landing has been obtained. The outer portal has been passed, and the narrow passage is being carried by storm."

The chieftain listened in agony for a moment, as a crowd of incidents in connection with the suspected Cormac Doil rushed across his memory. But arousing himself, his corrugated features assumed an expression of great fierceness, his nostrils became dilated, he gnawed his lip, and his eyes flashed fire. He burst into a paroxysm of rage. Seizing his battle-axe, he exclaimed, "To arms! to arms! my gallant men! Quick, to the battlements. Make good the gates with bolts and barricades. Defend Dunkerlyne for your lives. Heat hot the lead; scald the pate of haughty Lorn. Spare the traitor, Cormac Doil; his fate shall be reserved. Vengeance, ye sons of the Viking! Rouse the whole garrison! Fight like demons! Hurl the stones from the battlements!"

"Hold, my good son," said Dominick entreatingly. "Beware of what ye do."

"Peace, prattling knave! 'Tis soldiers and not monks we want in the hour of battle. Obey all or perish," shouted the chieftain in his fury.

The noise of assault and defence now shook the air in reality. Torches glared and arms gleamed. The hoarse shouts of the men rose louder and more desperate as the assailants forced the narrow passage. Weapons

clashed with shield and corslet. Heavy feet rattled on the pavements. Masses of rock were hurled from the heights and walls. The ruins of the castle supplied an abundance of missiles, and stone succeeded stone, and rock followed rock down the passage.

"Forward to the gate! Down with the rebels!" became louder as the storming party neared the front.

On they came. The defenders retreated, driven back by the stream of assailing soldiery. A dreadful encounter took place in front of the gate. The platform was crowded with fierce pirates and Islesmen fighting to desperation. Shouts, shrieks, and curses rent the air as the defenders on the platform fought on the very edge of the precipice, for the parapet had been cleared away when hurling stones down the narrow passage. Many of the defenders were thrown over, and many a groan rose from beneath. The axes fell heavily on the gate. Lead, stones, and inflammables were poured on the heads of the assailants, but crowds of fresh jackmen swarmed to the assault. The blows followed in quick succession, and rang throughout the whole castle.

"Down with Lorn and his hirelings!" resounded from the battlements, as shower succeeded shower of missiles and burning lead.

"Down with the gate!" and "Down with Brian and his plundering crew!" rose from the assailants as they continued to thunder on the gate. The shouting grew louder as the bolt-studded doorway swung on its hinges. A few additional blows and it gave way with a crash. Over it rushed the men of Lorn. Met by the small garrison in the courtyard, a desperate struggle ensued, but the superior numbers and equipments of Lorn's soldiery placed the defenders at a disadvantage, and they were soon driven to death or submission.

Brian and his friends took refuge in the tower, which was the only strengthened place remaining. The axes soon thundered on the strong door, which did not long resist. The soldiers rushed tumultuously over it, but the worst part of the storming had still to be accomplished. Only one man could ascend the narrow turret stair at a time, and the followers of the Viking had resolved upon an obstinate defence.

"Fire the tower!" shouted some. "Roast the pirate in his lair. Bring forward a flambeau."

"Silence!" shouted Lorn. "The rebel must be taken alive. We shall roast him at leisure. First let me see him. Storm the stair! The man who flinches dies."

The assailants fell one by one before the defenders, till the stair was almost choked with dead. The assault continued. Man after man attempted to force the passage in vain. The defenders held out stoutly, but their number gradually decreased, until only one or two remained. A few more sacrifices and the tower would be in the hands of Lorn. The voice of Brian was heard urging his followers in the defence. In his frenzy he shouted down curses on the head of Lorn, and at times he wished to descend and annihilate the assailants, but he was borne back by Cyril and Clement.

The stair was at length mounted, and stoving in the hall door, the soldiers filled the apartment, where a few hours before the revel was interrupted at its height. A scene of the direst confusion met their eyes. The benches were overturned, and the ale drenched the table and floor.

All resistance was soon quelled, and the torches which had been flung down by the affrighted attendants, left the hall in almost total darkness.

"Bring forward a flambeau," shouted Lorn.

When the glare lighted up the apartment, Brian was seen standing at the further end of the hall clutching his battle-axe with both hands, and an expression of wild desperation on his features. Cyril and Clement were holding him back, and Dominick, clutching his girdle, pleaded that resistance was in vain.

"Yield, rebel, and your charge!" said Lorn. "Surrender Dunkerlyne or die."

"Let Lorn and his slave horde be d——d," was the answer of the chieftain, as he struggled to be free. "Off with your hands. Approach me not, foul tyrant, if you would live to exult o'er your conquest."

"Clamour no more, drunken fool," said Lorn. "Submit, or die the death. Seize upon the villains. Bind me each one of them."

"Not so easily done, my lord," exclaimed Brian, breaking away, and heaving his axe aloft. "My weapon must first drink blood. Tyrant be wary."

So saying, he delivered a desperate blow, but Lorn parried it swiftly. Swinging his axe round again, Lorn struck fearfully at the chieftain. Brian was equal in dexterity, however, and putting the return blow aside, he whirled his ponderous weapon with fatal desperation to all who came within its compass. One or two of the jackmen who had rushed to the assistance of Lorn were felled to the floor.

"Stand back!" shouted Lorn. "Leave the old wolf to me."

Obeying the command, all stood by watching the fight with the intensest interest. Fire flashed from the steel, and pieces of armour were splintered by the hacking blows.

The combat was continued with great fierceness. Blinded with the blood that ran into his eyes, Brian received a fearful cut. The axe of Lorn went crashing through the helmet, Brian swung on his feet and staggered back with a vain attempt to throw aside his clotted locks. Another blow laid the old man prostrate. As he fell he was heard to mutter something faintly about Dermond and revenge. The good friar ran forward and unhelmed him. He pressed the emblem of salvation to his lifeless lips. The features gave some nervous twitches, and the blood flowed from a horrid gash; the eyes became fixed and glazed; and the countenance became calm and composed, as the muscles and wrinkles relaxed, giving an air of peace and innocence in death to a man who in life was terrible and violent.

[End of Book I.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"Old Celtic Romances," translated from the Gaelic by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A.; C. Kegan Paul & Co., London. "History of Ireland," vol. ii., by Standish O'Grady; Samson Low & Co., London. "Poems and Songs," Gaelic and English, by Mrs Mary Mackellar; Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh. "The Image of the Cross," Hunter, Rose, & Co., Toronto; and "The Dominion Annual Register, 1878," Dawson Brothers, Montreal. We understand the volume for 1879 is in the press, and will soon be issued. Most of these works we shall hereafter notice in the usual way.

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

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VI.

Mr Murdoch having left Kingston early on Tuesday, I had the bard all to myself that day until 4 p.m., when we started together for the station on my way to Toronto. The train being late, I here got into conversation with the Hon. Sir Richard J. Cartwright, Finance Minister in the late Mackenzie administration. He was also waiting the train, and I was introduced to him by Maccoll. I at once turned the conversation to my grievance about the Canadian treatment of Highland emigrants, so shabby as compared with the facilities and encouragement which have been extended to the Mennonites and Icelanders, and what I considered the suicidal policy of only encouraging men with money to the Dominion. Sir Richard was against me. I stated my opinion firmly and in such a manner as probably justified this able but self-opinionative Canadian knight to part from me with the idea that I did not pay that deference to his opinions and policy which they deserved. The train, however, rushed along the platform before I had an opportunity of doing the amiable; and probably both of us went our respective ways fully convinced that the other was more dogmatical in his assertions and opinions than either our knowledge or experience justified. For that, however, the arrival of the Grand Trunk train in the middle of our interesting discussion must be held responsible.

I soon found myself rushing along through a very fine country, with Lake Ontario a considerable distance on the left, until, after passing Belleville, Cobourg, and Port Hope, we skirt almost along its banks, through some of the best and most productive land in Canada. This district is celebrated as the greatest barley producing country in the Dominion. About 11.30 p.m. we arrived at

Toronto,

a distance of over 160 miles, and I made for the "Walker House," a capitally conducted hotel, kept by a native of Glasgow, who arrived in the Dominion with only a capital of £3, but who is now proprietor of this fine establishment and other property in Toronto. His house, in which you are only charged 8s a day for everything, is the common rendezvous of Scotsmen, not only in Toronto and neighbourhood, but of those who visit the city from all parts of Canada, the United States and Scotland.

Next morning I had a walk through the principal parts of the city, the streets of which, in consequence of the recent fall of snow, were very slushy. There are some very fine buildings in the commercial part of the town, but I saw the place for the first time under such serious disadvantages that I was not so favourably impressed with it as I would no doubt otherwise have been. Toronto is the capital of Ontario, the most important province of the Canadian Dominion. It is situated on a beautiful circular bay on the north-west shore of Lake Ontario, 333 miles west

from Montreal, having a fine harbour formed by a peninsula called Gibraltar Point which separates it from the Lake, shelters the inner bay, which is six miles long by one and a-half wide, and makes it a very safe harbour for shipping. The city lies low, but rises gently from the water's edge, until, at the Observatory buildings, it reaches a point 108 feet above the level of the sea. It is mainly built of stone and brick, and has a number of very fine streets crossing each other at right angles, and containing several very fine public buildings, warehouses, and private residences. The city is the seat of the Provincial Government of Ontario and of the Law Courts. The Government buildings make a very poor appearance in comparison with others in the city, but they are about to be pulled down, and new buildings, in keeping with the importance and requirements of the Government, are to be erected in their place. Osgoode Hall, where all the Law Courts are held under one roof, is a fine classic structure, and the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor and the University are noble buildings—the latter considered to be one of the finest on the American continent. The public park is a very fine one, and the wide avenue leading to it, ornamented with stately trees, must be a magnificent sight in summer. The city contains no end of thriving factories and foundries, breweries and distilleries, and the largest cabinet factory in Canada, while between forty and fifty newspapers and periodicals are published in it, including the *Globe*, admitted on all hands to be the most influential paper in the whole Dominion. Its founder and principal proprietor is

The Hon. George Brown, Senator of the Dominion, quite a self-made man, and whose mother was a Mackenzie from the Island of Lews. His influence among Liberal politicians, derived no doubt largely from that of the *Globe*, is unequalled, and indeed more potent than some of the ostensible leaders of the party are willing to admit. No Liberal Government can ignore his opinions, and usually declining to accept office, it is most difficult—indeed, sometimes impossible to keep him under party control. In Nova Scotia I was told that "the people of Ontario believed more in the gospel of George Brown than in that of the New Testament," and in Toronto I found the *Globe* described among its opponents as the "Scotsman's Bible." While this is no doubt a libel on the orthodoxy of our countrymen, it gives no bad idea of their faith in the leading Canadian journal. The *Toronto Mail* has been started a few years ago in the interest of the Conservative party. It is capitally written, and conducted with great vigour, and, I was told, no small amount of success. I found the Hon. George a most agreeable and chatty fellow, but his herculean frame and firm, determined-looking visage at once convinced me that, apart altogether from the power of the *Globe*, it would be the better part of valour to keep on friendly terms with him. I had been told that

The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Premier of the Dominion, resided in Toronto, where he held the post of Chairman of the Isolated Risk Insurance Company. I called and sent in my card, whereupon he walked out of his sanctum, invited me in, and introduced me to one of his brothers, who was at the time with him in the office, and, after a most pleasant chat, invited me to dine with him that evening. I did so, and enjoyed a most agreeable evening listening to the pleasant and unpretentious chat of the distinguished statesman, and that of his amiable and

much esteemed lady, like himself a native of the county of Perth. As already stated in a previous article, Mr Mackenzie is a native of Logierait, where he was born on the 22d of January 1822, so that he is now in the 58th year of his age. I have not been able to find out what particular family of the clan the ex-Premier is descended from, but his ancestors lived in Strathtummel for several generations. The whole family emigrated to Canada, where the sons, seven in number, were all successful men, and remarkable for their natural ability and great force of character. One of them, the late Hope F. Mackenzie, was successively and for several years M.P. for Lambton and for North Oxford, and was well known as a man of marked ability, of earnestness, and honesty of purpose.

The Hon. Alexander was educated at the public schools of Moulin, Dunkeld, and Perth, and his father having died when the future Premier was very young, he had at the age of fourteen to push his own way in the world. He was apprenticed to a stone mason, and became a thorough master of his trade. He had early evinced a taste for literature, and continued a persevering student through life. He now possesses not only a very extensive acquaintance with general literature, but has few equals in his accurate and wide knowledge of political, constitutional, and social history, as well as the present condition and general history of the leading nations of the earth. He has thus a great advantage over most of the politicians of Canada, his ready command of the facts thus acquired enabling him to illustrate his eloquent public orations with telling effect. In 1842, when only 20 years of age, he emigrated and settled down in Sarnia, then a thriving and rising village, where he commenced business as a contractor. He took a keen interest in all public questions, and became a contributor to the press. He was soon acknowledged as a very useful, and ultimately as a most prominent member of the Liberal party. In all the most exciting political events of the period, from 1850 to 1864, he was a most active and earnest participator. His excellent and powerful speeches, as well as his able contributions to the press during that eventful period of Canadian history, strongly aided in bringing about the great results achieved by the party of which he was now fast becoming the natural leader. He continued earnestly to advocate with great power, firmness, and fearlessness, the introduction of popular reform. He became the editor of a Liberal newspaper, which, by the force and ability of his contributions, and the sound common sense and patriotism which pervaded its columns, soon became a power in the State, and commanded general attention. He naturally became associated with the leading constitutional and administrative reformers in Parliament. In 1861 he was returned to the Legislature for the county of Lambton, in which Sarnia is situated, and of which it is now the capital town, and from that day to this he held one of the most prominent and influential positions, both as a speaker and as a legislator, in the Dominion Parliament. When the Hon. George Brown left the Coalition Cabinet of 1864-5, Mr Mackenzie was offered the Presidency of the Council, but declined it on the ground that the concessions offered to the United States for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty were unwise; and that he could not become a member of a Government who would be held responsible for such concessions. In 1871 he was prevailed upon to contest West Middlesex for the local Parliament of Ontario. In this he succeeded against a strong opponent.

On the meeting of the Legislature shortly after, he rendered great service in the debate which resulted in what is described as "the memorable and victorious attack" upon the then existing Government. In the new Government he was made Provincial Secretary, and afterwards he accepted the office of Treasurer or Finance Minister, the duties of which his great and intimate knowledge of the resources of the Province enabled him to conduct with vigour and success, his budget speech in 1872 being described as "a masterly exposition of Provincial finance." Hitherto representatives could sit as members of the Dominion and of the local Legislatures at the same time, but in 1872 an act was passed which disqualified members from sitting in both, whereupon Mr Mackenzie resigned his seat and office in the local Legislature, to devote himself exclusively to the more important sphere of Federal politics at Ottawa, in the Dominion Parliament. His great ability and industry soon made themselves felt here. He was soon, by common consent, first, leader of the Ontario section of the Liberals in the House of Commons; then tacitly, and afterwards by formal election, he became the leader of the whole Liberal party of the Dominion. When, in 1873, the downfall of Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government occurred, "there was no one," according to the *Globe*, "justly to deny Mr Mackenzie's title to the Premiership of British North America, by virtue of the position he already held in the House of Commons, his capacity as a statesman, his ability as a speaker, his wide and accurate knowledge of public affairs, his ardent devotion to the interests of his adopted country, his genial love of the Old Sod and all its belongings, his unspotted personal character, his intense love of right and hatred of wrong, and the enviable place he has won for himself in the confidence and respect of his fellow countrymen."

The Mackenzie Administration has left its impress on the political history and the statute book of Canada, and Mr Mackenzie, its chief and most distinguished member may be fairly credited with most of the reforms—administrative and departmental—which his Government were able to carry out. In 1875 he paid a visit to his native country with a view of securing some repose from his arduous duties, and at the same time to see his native land, which he continues to love with genuine affection. The reception accorded to him on that occasion is in the recollection of the reader, and need not here be enlarged upon. He was received by her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Every rank of his countrymen welcomed him with marks of distinction and genuine cordiality. Dundee and Perth conferred upon him the freedom of their respective burghs, while his reception at Dunkeld, Logierait, Greenock, and other places throughout the north, were honours of which any statesman, however eminent, might feel proud. All throughout his political career, and during his agreeable tour in his native land, he bore himself with a characteristic modesty and dignity, while all his utterances were universally held to partake of great common sense and refined taste. Those who know him say that he is of the most kindly disposition, without the slightest ostentation or assumption, a thoroughly upright man, a firm friend, a pleasant companion, and full of fun, anecdote, and pleasant banter, when he unbends at his own fireside or at that of a friend. In religion he is a Baptist, and while he holds to his own religious opinions conscientiously and firmly, he has never shown the slightest tinge of bigotry or uncharitableness towards those who differ from him.

Such is a brief sketch of the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, with whom I had the honour of spending a most agreeable evening. At first he does not impress you as being possessed of any extraordinary gifts, but as the conversation proceeds a countenance, by no means indicative of great power and force of character, gradually brightens up, the purest English, with an unmistakeable Perthshire accent, flows easily and fluently from his tongue. You are impressed with his genuine honesty and want of reserve, and you cannot help thinking that these qualities must be a great obstacle to his success as a Canadian politician, when pitted against such an able tactician and Disraelian imitator as Sir John A. Macdonald. I was, in short, in the company of a man of great natural ability and culture, who talked freely and fluently on the various questions introduced by me; and I was particularly pleased to find him admitting that the policy of giving the cold-shoulder to Highland immigrants was a great mistake; and promising that if he ever again got into power, the policy of the present Government on that particular question would be entirely reversed. In the morning of the same day I called, at Government House, upon

The Hon. Donald Alexander Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, with a letter of introduction from his Excellency the Marquis of Lorn. I found him exceedingly pleasant and affable, and quite able and willing to converse with me in Gaelic as well as in English. He was having a party of the leading politicians of the Province to dine with him the same evening, and kindly invited me to join them. Having, however, already engaged to dine with the ex-Premier, I was most reluctantly obliged to decline his proferred hospitality, but had to promise him that I should accept of it on my return to Toronto from Beaverton about the middle of the following week. The grandfather of the Lieutenant-Governor emigrated from Knoydart, on the west coast of Inverness-shire, in 1786, and settled in Glengarry, Canada. One of the sons, Alexander, succeeded his father in the farm at Sandfield Corner, close to St Raphael's Church, in Glengarry, and had a family of sons brought up there which turned out to be one of the most influential and distinguished in the great Dominion. One of these, the late John Sandfield Macdonald, was for many years one of the leading politicians of Canada, and ultimately became Premier. Another son, A. F. Macdonald, represented Cornwall for many years in the House of Commons, and this distinguished Highland family represented almost without any interruption the county of Glengarry in Parliament since the Union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, in which year John Sandfield was first elected for the county. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario was born on the farm, at Sandfield, in 1817, so that he is now in his 63d year. He was educated at a neighbouring institution, presided over by the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonnell, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Kingston. He devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, and became a successful contractor, in which capacity he constructed several railways and canals. In course of time he became President of the Montreal and Ottawa City Junction Railway, and one of the Directors of the Bank of Ontario. In 1870 he retired from business, and since that time devoted himself almost exclusively to public affairs. He was returned to Parliament in 1857. In 1871 he declined the Treasurership of Ontario. On the defeat of the Government

of Sir John A. Macdonald in 1873, he became Postmaster-General in the Mackenzie Administration, and in the space of two years carried out great reforms in his department, among which were the establishment of direct mail communication between Canada and Europe, the reduction of postal rates across the Atlantic, and the establishment of a system of uniformity, free postal delivery in the principal cities of the Dominion, prepayment of the postage on letters and newspapers, and a Postal Convention with the United States, which resulted in the reduction of postage each way by about fifty per cent., and the extension of reciprocity to the money order system of the country. His public speeches were always short, but at the same time distinguished by pleasant and graceful thought and utterance. Naturally of a conciliatory disposition, he was able to overcome difficulties that his predecessors in office were unable to surmount. He had always taken a keen interest in the military affairs of the country, and for many years held the honourable position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Glengarry Reserve Militia, a body of men possessing the military ardour and heroic spirit which in all ages distinguished their Highland ancestors, and which still animates the inhabitants of Glengarry County. It was only natural that when Mr Mackenzie found himself in a position to fill up the vacancy in the high office of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario, he should have conferred it upon his able Lieutenant, the Postmaster-General; and it was universally admitted by politicians on both sides that no more fitting appointment could be made, and that no member of the Liberal party deserved the honourable distinction more than Mr Macdonald, who had continued throughout all his public career to retain the esteem and respect of friends and foes alike. A general chorus of approval from all parties followed upon the appointment, and it is admitted on all hands that "nothing occurred since his elevation to mar this feeling of satisfaction. Punctual and earnest in the discharge of his public duties, Mr Macdonald, in his no less important social capacity, retains and continues to display the same valuable qualities which have long made him a favourite with all who knew him, dispensing the hospitalities of Government House with as little ostentation as possible, but with as much kindness and liberality as could be desired." He is a tall, good-looking man, with a fine open countenance, most unassuming, and agreeable in manner; a Catholic in faith, but full of charity and good feeling towards those who differ from him in religion. He is highly popular with all the members of the Liberal party, and devotedly fond of his native Glengarry and its people, while he still has a warm corner in his heart for "Tir nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan gaisgeach." While in the city I had a most agreeable interview with the Hon. S. C. Wood, Treasurer and Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Ontario, who supplied me with information bearing upon emigration, and expressed his views freely on that and such other questions as I introduced and discussed with him. His deputy, Mr Spence, Secretary of the Emigration Department, I found equally pleasant and obliging, and most anxious to place any information in his possession at my disposal. And now that I am taking leave, for the present at least, of Canadian officials, it is only right to say that whether they agreed or differed with me, I found them, without exception, from the highest to the lowest, perfect gentlemen, most

agreeable, civil, and obliging, with no offensive airs of superiority, and most anxious to supply any information in their power, whether it was connected with their own special departments or not.

The reader is no doubt aware that in Toronto resides Patrick Macgregor, M.A., barrister, better known from his connection with Celtic literature, more particularly as the author of "The Genuine Remains of Ossian, literally translated, with a preliminary Dissertation," published by him in 1841, under the patronuge of the Highland Society of London. Mr Macgregor was educated in the University of Edinburgh, and has several relations in this country, in Badenoch and Paisley, the well-known P. Comyn Macgregor of the latter place being his cousin-german. In the course of a most interesting chat, I learned with pleasure that Mr Macgregor had a new edition, improved, with extensive notes, of his now rare work, ready for the press. One of the judges is Kenneth Mackenzie, but though I called twice I found him on the bench, and I was unable to procure an interview or find out what branch of the Mackenzies he originally sprang from. "But perhaps the best known (to quote from my letters in the *Free Press*) and most genuinely warm-hearted Highlander in Toronto is Hugh Miller, a wholesale chemist, who learned his business in Church Street, Inverness. He came to Toronto in 1842, when it had only a population of between thirteen and fourteen thousand, the inhabitants of the city having thus increased six times in 37 years, during which period Mr Miller has been one of its most prominent and upright citizens. Finding him so popular among his fellow countrymen, I jocularly remarked that it was a pity our friend had so nearly outlived the Clan Miller, or he would no doubt have been appointed Chief by acclamation. 'Ah,' answered one, 'he holds a far more important position here; he is Chief of all the Clans in Toronto.'" Indeed I found that he was known and spoken of over the whole of Upper Canada as one of the very best in all respects of his race in the wide Dominion. He has long ago occupied all the positions of honour at the disposal of the St Andrew and Caledonian Societies. He is a Justice of the Peace, and a leading reformer, and his eldest son and partner in business holds the honourable position among his countrymen of Secretary to the St Andrew Society. No deserving Scot in distress is turned away from Hugh Miller's; but in spite of all his liberality and kindness, which are proverbial, he possesses, in addition to a lucrative and extensive business, some valuable land and house property in and around the City of Toronto. There were numberless good Highlanders in the city whom I desired to see; but the limited time at my disposal did not admit of my staying long enough in the place. Among others I met Mr Neil Bain, a very fine fellow, a native of Dingwall, and a partner in a large safe manufacturing concern in the city. James Bain & Son is a most respectable firm of booksellers of long standing, doing a very prosperous business, and also originally from Dingwall. One of the sons is a partner in the London publishing firm of Nimmo & Bain. The leading publishers in the city are Campbell & Son and Maclear & Co., and genuine Highlanders to boot. I was also pleased to meet with two young Invernessians—one, a son of the late respected Bailie Alexander Macbean, who holds a respectable position in the Goods Department of the Grand Trunk Railway; and Angus Macbean, a son of Lewis Macbean, also occupying a respectable position which I was in-

formed he is steadfastly improving in a manner which his good conduct and steady habits fully deserve. The mercantile houses exhibit Gordons, Mackays, Campbells, Macdonalds, Mackenzies, Mathesons, and other such Highland names without number on their signboards, making you feel quite at home as you pass along the principal streets of the city. While here I took a run out to

Beaverton and Woodville

by the Toronto and Nippising narrow gauge railway, the manager of which was good enough to send me a return pass over his line to and from Woodville where I had to change and travel some eight miles on another line to Beaverton. At the Midland junction, about 100 miles due north from Toronto, I had to wait for more than an hour the arrival of the train, which was just an hour behind time. The officials showed the most delightful unconcern as to its appearance; and, making inquiry, I was told by one of them that the trains were almost invariably equally late and was "not once in a fortnight up to time," the delay generally taking place at Lindsay.

My principal object in going to this district was to see the Rev. David Watson, M.A., one of the earliest subscribers to the *Celtic Magazine* in that quarter—a genuine Highlander, whose father at one time occupied the farm of Knocknageal, near Inverness. He was in the village to meet and drive me to the manse, about a mile further on, where, on arriving, I received a warm Highland greeting from his wife and family. I soon discovered that Beaverton, situated on Lake Simcoe, a magnificent sheet of water, was almost entirely populated by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, those from Islay and Kintail forming the great majority. I much desired to see them, but my kind host stuck to me so closely and attentively that I could not leave him to go among the people, without a seeming rudeness and ingratitude which I naturally felt most anxious to avoid. However, on Sunday morning, finding that I could not have my desires satisfied as to the living, I went to the churchyard, and wandered and mused among the tombs of the dead, until it was time to enter the church to hear my eloquent friend preaching to his devoted Highland flock. Here, among the tombs, I enjoyed a sermon in stones which surpassed in interest to me any that I had ever heard preached from living lips. There I found from the inscriptions and sculpture which abounded that vast numbers of my expatriated countrymen lay under a strange sod thousands of miles away from their native land, waiting for the great day when the earth and sea shall give forth their dead. Hardly a monument or head-stone but proclaimed that he or she over whom it was placed was "a native of Scotland"—Campbells and Mackays "from Islay," Camerons "from Lochaber," Macraes "from Ross-shire" or "from Kintail," Gordons and Murrays "from Sutherlandshire," Macewens "from Perthsire," and so on from all the Highland counties. The whole surroundings and the thoughts to which they gave rise were touching beyond description, and made an impression upon my mind which I shall never forget. The harsh cruelty or callous indifference on the part of the Highland Chiefs, who must be held principally responsible for the expatriation of their noble countrymen, was recalled and presented in vivid colours before the mind's eye. The ties of affection for fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, for country

and kin, so remorselessly torn asunder by the natural protectors of their people and dependants were recalled, and the feeling produced was one of subdued sorrow mixed with no small amount of hatred and contempt for the memory of the authors of Highland evictions and other less glaring and offensive, but equally cruel forms of expatriation and transportation of a past generation. One could not help feeling the great value and interest which would have attached to such a record, as was here given, of the early migration westward from Europe to the British Isles of the early Celtic races. Though thousands have found a last resting-place in this city of the dead, the first burial took place in it so recently as 1834, a few years after the first tree was cut in the then trackless and endless forest. The inscription, which shows a poor acquaintance on the part of the composer with Highland geography—for he places Inverness-shire in the Isle of Skye—is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of Ann M'Ginnis, wife of Donald Cameron, a native of the Parish of Strath, Inverness-shire, Isle of Skye, Scotland, died May 14th, 1834, aged 48 years. Deceased was the first intered (*sic*) in this yard." Another inscription, on a very fine monument, is "In memory of Colonel Kenneth Cameron, formerly in Her Majesty's 79th or Cameron Highlanders, who died June 20th 1872, aged 84 years," Colonel Cameron joined the famous 79th, I was told, as ensign about 1802. In the same enclosure is another monument to Robt. Bethune, youngest son of the late Rev. John Bethune, D.D., of the parish of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire, who died in 1864, aged 67 years, and whose widow, a sister of Colonel Cameron, survives him, and is perhaps the most respected lady now living in the Township of Thorah. On a fine marble column we are told that, "Here moulders the ashes of Robert Mactaggart. . . . He was born in Islay, served under Admiral Nelson, fought in the memorable battle of the Nile, departed this life on the 6th of September 1858, at the good old age of 88."

But perhaps the most peculiar, and those which best illustrate the love of home and the pride of ancestry, are the following:—"In memory of Donald Macrae, born 29 June 1786, died 30 Nov. 1870. Emigrated to Canada 1821. Was one of the first pioneers of the Township of Thorah. He was son of Donald Macrae, who was (son) of Christopher Roy, (son) of John Donald, (son) of Alexander, (son) of Christopher. His first wife, Mary Macrae, was daughter of John [Brec], (son) of Donald, (son) of Donald, (son) of Alexander (son) of Christopher." From this it appears that this couple were cousins six times removed from Christopher, their common ancestor. Two of their sons, John and Donald, are in excellent circumstances, worth about £4000 each, and I was determined to see them. I found them such genuine Highlanders as I expected the commemorators of their ancestors in such an inscription would be; and it is quite unneccessary to say that they still take a warm and most lively interest in the Scottish Highlands. John was born in Kintail, but left with his father quite young; but Donald was born in Canada. Their great-grandmother was a daughter of the Macrae of Ardintoul of the day.

Alongside the above unique inscription was one "In memory of Isabella Macrae, relict of Donald Macrae. Born at Kintail, Ross-shire, Scotland, in 1783; died at Thorah, July 17, 1872. Daughter of John and Margaret Macrae, who were descendants of the Reverends Farquhar Macrae and Donald Macrae, ministers of the Church of Scotland, A.D. 1744, in Kintail."

. These inscriptions, as I have already indicated, gave rise to feelings and emotions not easily suppressed, and some of which I communicated to my reverend friend before he entered the pulpit; and during the most eloquent and impressive discourse which he afterwards delivered, he made such telling references thereto as visibly affected many of his hearers. Mr Watson is deservedly highly popular with the people, among whom he has laboured for so many years. He is one of the small number of ministers who opposed the Union, recently entered into by all the Presbyterian Churches of Canada, and his congregation to a man adhered to him, though every one of them were quite willing to join if their pastor did so. Some of them, however, asked themselves the question, Whether it was best to go over and part with their minister, or adhere to a pastor whom they almost adored, as a godly, earnest, and hard-working man, to whom they looked up as their natural father and protector when any troubles or trials overtook them? The question of Union or not was put to them from the pulpit, their minister asking all those who were in favour of Union with the other churches to stand up. Not one responded. He then asked those who desired to continue as they were to show their wishes in the same manner, when every soul in the building sprang to their feet. The church in which they had been hitherto worshipping was antiquated and too small for the growing requirements of an increasing congregation; and to show their confidence in their minister, and to encourage him still further, the time was considered appropriate to set on foot a subscription for the building of a new church. In a very short time a sum of £3500 was subscribed solely among his Highland friends, and all within the township. A handsome building, large enough to seat 900 persons, was contracted for, and was ready to receive the congregation the Sunday after my visit, on which day it was to be formally opened. It is a pretty, neat structure, and every farthing of its cost was subscribed before the building contract was entered into, a fact which I am afraid cannot be recorded of many, if any, churches in our Highland districts at home. It will thus be seen that Mr Watson is happy in his people and surroundings, and he is equally so in his own family. His sons and daughters are educated under the domestic roof by their father, who in the most systematic manner devotes so many hours a-day to these paternal duties. The ladies' performances on the piano were really remarkable, when the difficulties of the situation are taken into account; and they sang Scotch and Highland airs with the natural simplicity and sweetness of the mavis, one of them especially possessing a compass and command of voice which, under professional training, would soon enable her to make her mark among the most accomplished vocalists of our time.

Mr Watson is, in many respects, quite a character. He is entirely devoid of any ecclesiastical starch, but wholly devoted to benefiting physically as well as morally and religiously, his fellow creatures; and notwithstanding his genuine respect and love for the Old Church, he is thoroughly catholic in his views, and on the most friendly terms with his neighbours—Catholic as well as Presbyterian. His popularity among his neighbours was strongly evidenced by an intimation in the other Presbyterian churches of the district that there would be no services held in them on the occasion of the opening, on the following Sunday, of Mr Watson's new church, so that all the neighbouring ministers and people might be able

to join in the opening celebration services. I was particularly struck with his nervous restlessness, and with the peculiar naturalness and simplicity of his eloquence and action in and out of the pulpit. He possesses a magnificent library, and is a great student and master of botany, ornithology, astronomy, geology, and many of the other sciences—a very prodigy of learning, in an out-of-the-way region, where only his natural love of knowledge could ever have induced him to devote himself so much to study as he does. And he is not a mere bookworm, but makes good use of his researches by occasionally delivering free lectures to the people on the elements of the various sciences. Mr Murdoch, with whom I parted in Kingston a fortnight previously, was to lecture in Woodville on "The Heroes of Ossian," on Monday evening, and I decided upon being present on the occasion. My reverend friend would insist upon driving me in his own machine, though the train was leaving Beaverton at the same time; and I parted with his family, and later on with himself at Woodville, much regretting that I had so little time at my disposal to spend among such a fine, warm-hearted people as the Highlanders of Thorah.

Woodville is a thoroughly Highland settlement of about 600 inhabitants, most of whom are from the Island of Islay, and nearly all Gaelic-speaking people. They turned out well to hear Mr Murdoch's lecture, after which I had the pleasure of addressing them briefly in Gaelic. The Rev. Mr Mactavish, now of Inverness, has been there for several years, and he is still remembered and spoken of with the highest respect by every one with whom I came in contact during my short stay in the place. Among those whom I had the pleasure of meeting there was Dr Mackay, who is married to a daughter of Mr Mactavish; Duncan Campbell, of the Post Office; and the Rev. Mr Ross, the present settled Gaelic minister in the village, and a native of Easter Ross. I intended to have visited the churchyard there as I had done at Beaverton, but next day turning out very wet, I started on my way, and had the pleasure of the Rev. Mr Ross's company all the way back to Toronto. In my next I shall introduce the reader to the Highlanders of Guelph, Lucknow, and Kincardine.

A.M.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letter and enclosure received from Mr John Macdonald, secretary, Gaelic Society, Sydney, N.S.W. Please arrange with Messrs Gordon & Gotch of your city, as you propose. Mag. can be supplied through their Melbourne branch, our Australian agents.——Malcolm Robertson, Sefton, New Zealand.—Letter and enclosure received. Neither the Gaelic nor English words are given with Captain Fraser of Knockie's Highland music.——Alexander Cameron, Coburg, Melbourne.—Many thanks for letter and enclosure; but especially for your valuable service in making known the *Celtic Magazine* in the colony.——Dr MacCrimmon, Lucknow, Ontario.—Order received, and books forwarded to your address. We shall be glad to hear from you after your return from Dacotah and Manitoba.——William Fraser, Elgin, Illinois.—Thanks. We have conveyed your messages to Maclachlan & Stewart and to the *Highlander*.——Myles Campbell, White Rock, N.Z.—Many thanks. Your kind order booked, but the work will not appear for some time.

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Literature.

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TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS, Vol. VIII., 1878-9; ***Printed for the Society.***

Looking over this goodly volume, the first contribution that meets one is the address of the Chief, John Mackay, Swansea, delivered at the Seventh Annual Assembly of the Society on the 11th of July 1878. In it he deals earnestly and eloquently with some of the good work which had hitherto been performed by the Society. To the influence created and fanned by it he gives credit for the bringing into existence of the *Highlander*, of the *Celtic Magazine*, and of the Celtic Chair, and no doubt this is to some extent true. It is, however, equally true that the proprietors and editors of these publications were respectively the mover and seconder of the motion that the Gaelic Society itself be formed. Considering the interest which has been taken in the case of the Highland crofter for the last few years, we are pleased to quote what such an authority was good enough to say of our own share in, and responsibility for, directing attention to his unfortunate lot. After referring to the *Highlander*, the Chief continued:—"We were not long exulting in the conduct of this champion when another made his appearance upon the scene, visiting our houses every month, with ever new and varied refreshments of the daintiest kind—History, Folklore, Legends, Poetry, and Music. He, too, has a strong cudgel in his hand, which he wields like a master, and surprised many by boldly asserting, without fear of contradiction, that the 'Highland Crofter' was the most depressed, oppressed, and repressed member of the great British nation; that there was neither 'Poetry nor Prose' in his lot, that the time had come either to ameliorate his condition or banish him for ever to the backwoods of America, to add to the strength and power of Brother Jonathan, or to assist Miss Columbia in her onward progress, and wipe away the stigma ever exposed to view on the bonnie braes and hill-sides of *Gaeldom*. The refrain of this 'ditty' has been taken up and echoed from Land's End to John O'Groats, from the *Scotsman* in Edinburgh to the *Echo* in London town, with a bewildering, though diversifying, unanimity. The grievances complained of were admitted to be of long standing, known to all, patent to all, acknowledged to be undeserved—mildly, and sometimes unmurmuringly, borne, and above all, however much might may have overborne right, powder and shot were never thought of as a means of redress, nor as instruments of revenge. All honour to the brave population who know how to endure without disgracing their bright escutcheon! The time is at hand when their case will have consideration. 'The darkness of to-day will issue in a brighter to-morrow.'" At the annual dinner, held in the following January, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Baronet, who presided, devoted an excellent speech to the same subject, and among the results of the Society's influence was, he said, "that a new magazine devoted to Highland literature and Highland interests has been established by your former

excellent Secretary, and though it is in no way under our control, it very efficiently promotes some of the objects we have set before us." He then congratulates the Society on the prominent part which it had taken in promoting the Federation of Celtic Societies, and on the many valuable papers which were printed in the "Transactions," and continues:—"The *Celtic Magazine*, to which I have alluded, is now in its fourth year, and is, I hope and believe, an assured success. It concluded its second volume with an essay on 'The Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft,' which attracted so much observation that our leading Scottish journal thought the public sufficiently interested to make it worth sending a special commissioner to the West Highlands, to report on this abnormal element of society—the West Coast crofter. The Commissioner's letters were of course widely read, and intended to extend the area of discussion. The *Scotsman* itself could see in the croft system only an unmitigated evil; others (like the *Highlander* in this town), could see in it nothing but good; while a third party, admitting the misery spoken to by the *Celtic Magazine* and the *Scotsman's* commissioner, thought that by legislation (of a character which I fear they did not clearly define to themselves), the crofter's position might be brought back to that of an ideal past, in which I have no doubt they firmly believed." Sir Kenneth then goes on to give his own opinion, and states that it is absolutely certain that, despite the hardships with which the crofter has to contend, "not one crofter in ten desires to change his condition by removing with his family to some other part of the country where he could have regular employment." The reason why the poor crofter is apparently so thoroughly satisfied with his lot is then given, and Sir Kenneth holds that "this must be accepted as a fact, that for no increase of material plenty, which is within his reach, will he give up his present surroundings, and surely he knows better than his critics what tends most to his own happiness." This by no means follows. We have seen with our own eyes some twenty-five years ago, parents on the Gairloch property weeping and crying loudly because they were obliged to send their children to school by the estate regulations, the reasons given being that if they were taught to read and write, they would leave the country, as the writer of this notice and other members of the same family did, and were in the habit of doing. Will it be maintained that these parents were the best judges of what tended most to their welfare and happiness! We think not; and the same is equally true of the great majority of the Highland crofters. They are ignorant of how easily they could benefit themselves and their families in Canada and other British colonies. They do not know how thickly populated these places are, especially the Dominion, with their own countrymen, and the comparative comfort and affluence enjoyed by them, or they would not stop a single day longer than they were obliged to do in their present positions. The remainder of the Baronet's speech is devoted to showing that the Highlanders of to-day are in many repects better off than those of the last century; and in this he is quite successful.

The Rev. Alexander Macgregor has two interesting Gaelic speeches in the volume, one of which he concludes, amidst great applause, by desiring that Sir Kenneth should soon occupy a seat in the British Parliament, where he could attend effectually to the interests of the Gaelic race:—"Ach cluinnibh mi," he says, "ann an aon fhocal eile m'an co'-dhuin

mi; agus 'se sin, gu'm bheil mi'n dochas gu'n d' thig an la anns am bi ar caraid uasal, ionmhuinn, cinneadoil fein, an Ridir Coinneach Ghearrloch, (a tha aig ceann a' bhuird an nochd) 'na Bhall ann am Parlamaid na Rioghachd air son cearnaidh air chor-eigin 'nar tir! Ochan 'se dheanadh an gaire-mor ri sin an *Ceilteach*, seadh, agos an *t-Ard-Albannach* mar an ceudna, ged nach ann de shliochd 'nan cabar e:—ach dheanamaid uile e, oir c'ait am bheil uasal ni's airidh na esan air urram, agus ni's freagarraiche na e, chum dleas'-nais na dreuchda sin a cho'-lionadh?" Is it possible that our Reverend friend may after all, and in spite of modern scepticism as regards all prophecy, possess that ancient gift?

There is a most interesting paper by Mr James Barron, of the *Inverness Courier*, on "The Celtic Province of Moray," in which he treats learnedly of its ancient Maormorships, and informs us that the town of Inverness had a fortified place on the Castle Hill in the reign of Malcolm Ceannmore, and that soon after his day the Castle was the most important stronghold in the northern part of the kingdom. The town became a Royal burgh in the twelfth century, but it was previously mentioned by David I. as one of the local capitals of the realm. After describing the fierce battles which were fought between King Duncan, Macbeth, and the powerful Norse Earl, Thorfinn, Mr Barron goes on to propound the theory that Macbeth, who first took the side of the King, deserted Duncan and joined his enemy, Thorfinn. Macbeth wanted to make peace with the powerful Norseman, and "what more acceptable gift could he bring (him) than the head of King Duncan? . . . . . Macbeth had no wish to be subordinate to the King of Scotia. He held that he was himself an independent prince; and here was a good opportunity once for all to destroy Scottish pretensions, or perhaps, if Thorfinn was favourable, to seize upon the Scottish throne. His wife, desirous to avenge her kinsman, doubtless encouraged such projects. Thus influenced, it is reasonable to suppose that Macbeth slew Duncan after the battle, and threw in his lot with Thorfinn. Their combined forces ravaged the country east and south, and a partition of the kingdom appears to have followed. The rule of Thorfinn was acknowledged throughout the district north of the Grampians, while Macbeth ruled over the central territory. . . . The reign of Macbeth extended to seventeen years, and was comparatively peaceful and prosperous. The power of Thorfinn helped to render his throne secure; but something must also have been due to the Conservative elements still existing in the Scottish kingdom. The innovations which had been previously introduced could not have failed to create a certain measure of discontent. The old Pictish law of succession through the female line had been abandoned; the law of Tanistry had next been undermined by Teutonic influences; and to the southern Celts it may have been satisfactory to obtain a Gaelic king like Macbeth, especially as he was connected by his wife with their own royal family. Macbeth was in reality the last truly Celtic king of Scotland. By the oldest writers he is represented as a liberal and popular sovereign. He and his queen twice gave grants of land to the Culdees of Loch-Leven, and Macbeth and Thorfinn appear to have visited Rome in 1050, where the Scottish king freely distributed silver to the poor. Several attempts were made to dethrone him, but until 1057 without success. In that year Malcolm Canmore, advancing from Northumberland, attacked him with a powerful

force. Macbeth was driven across the Mounth, and slain at Lumphanan in Marr, where there is still a large cairn known as Cairnbeth.

The paper entitled "The Cosmos of the Ancient Gaels" has been referred to in a different form in the February number. Such a paper should never have been admitted into the Transactions of a Society whose objects are so entirely at variance with those of the writer of that paper. The objects of the Society, as printed in the volume before us, "are the perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands," &c. The object of Mr Donald Ross, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, is to crush, if he can, everything Celtic. He adopts, with evident satisfaction, the opinions of writers who have described our language as "a fitting article for savage imagery and crude conglomerate thinking," and who say that our "poetry is stolen or appropriated from more fertile fields whenever it happens to rise above the dignity of scurrilous twaddle." Our music is sneered at and caricatured; and the very men who brought the Society itself into existence, and whose active support has made it the power for good it now is, are, figuratively, spat upon and designated a nuisance by this modest Celtic *savant*, while in the matter of "culture and criticism," he modestly designates himself "the heir of all the ages," whatever that may mean. In our notice of the last volume issued by the Society, we protested against non-members—in which category Mr Ross was at that time—being allowed to abuse the race and all the inheritance we as Highlanders value most, in our own Transactions. He has since qualified to abuse us with a vengeance at our own expense. But the pill has been found too strong, and his connection with the Society has been dissolved in a manner which it is not our intention to notice here beyond saying that it unmistakably marks the manner in which his services to the Society have been appreciated by the members.

There are two chapters of "Leaves from my Celtic Portfolio," by the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, which by themselves are worth double the small sum of five shillings paid for ordinary membership of the Society. Nearly one third of the volume is taken up with a full and most interesting history of "Mackay's Regiment," by Mr John Mackay of Ben Reay, which is an exceedingly valuable contribution to Highland military history, and for which not only the Mackays, but all who take an interest in such subjects, are placed under a debt of gratitude to the author. The paper on "Iona," by Mr Colin Chisholm is of so interesting a nature as to dispose us to place it before the reader in an early issue; and we trust at no distant date to be in a position to treat in like manner the very learned and valuable paper on "Celtic Etymologies," by Mr C. S. Jerram, M.A. (Oxon.), an English scholar who has paid great attention to the subject—extending even to the length of having acquired the Gaelic language; and who is not unknown to the readers of the earlier volumes of the *Celtic Magazine*.

The Gaelic Society continues to do real substantial service, and the volume before us, excellently printed by the proprietors of the *Free Press*, is worthy of its predecessors and of the Society.

BIDE A WEE, AND OTHER POEMS. By MARY J. MACCOLL.
Buffalo: Peter Paul & Brother. 1880.

THIS unpretentious, beautifully printed little book will find a hearty welcome in many a household on both sides of the Atlantic. Miss MacColl has evidently inherited no small share of the divine afflatus from her father, the well known bard of Loch Fyne. From him she may have got the lively fancy, the graceful flow of language, the slight dash of satire at the passing follies of the day; but the true womanly feeling, the tender maternal instinct, the essentially feminine sweetness, evinced in this book are all her own.

"One Less To-Night" is a pathetic picture of a bereaved mother's chastened sorrow for the loved little one so early lost. "Fallen Stars" is a sweet poem, full of large-hearted charity and tender sympathy for the human "wandering stars," and has the true ring in its piety. In "My Love," with its smoothly flowing measure, musical cadence, and glowing imagery, we recognise the work of a true poet; but in "Good-By" there is poetry and more—there we have depicted human nature in one of its best aspects, a woman's love, trusting, dependant, clinging to the hero of her heart like the ivy round the sturdy oak. Strong-minded ladies full of "woman's rights" will sneer at the picture here given; ambitious, cold-hearted beauties will not understand it; but all leal-hearted women will both understand and admire it. We would fain give it in full, but the first and three last verses will give an idea of the whole:

Good-by! I cannot speak it, love, to thee,
That saddest of all words; my quick tears flow
At thought of parting; life would sunless be
Without thee; nay I cannot bid thee go.

. . . . . .

I could not climb life's rugged mountain side
Without thy strong right arm to lean upon;
I could not stem the waves of sorrow's tide
Without thy voice and smile to cheer me on.

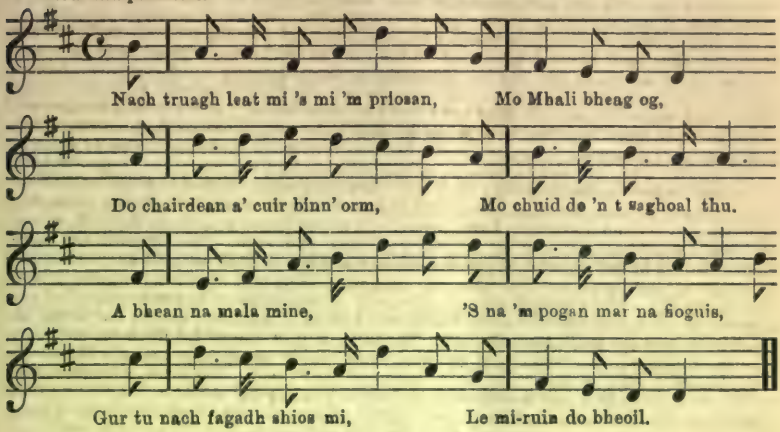
O, what is gold, or rank, or power to me?
They will not satisfy an aching heart:
And wanting love how cold the world would be,
How desolate—with all its show and art.

I love thee, darling, more than I can tell,
All else I could yield up; but thee, ah, no,
Not e'en when dying shall I say farewell,
Sweetheart, sweetheart, I cannot bid thee go.

There are six or seven lighter pieces, written in quite a different key to the rest; some of these strike at the foibles of the hour, and are not destitute of humour. "Johnny's Letter" is charming in its simplicity and drollness.

The book is very neatly got up, and we trust it will meet with the success it so well deserves, so that Miss MacColl may be encouraged to the still greater efforts of which this volume, described even by Longfellow as "full of poetic beauty and deep feeling," can only be the harbinger.

MO MHAILI BHEAG OG.

Slow and plaintive.

.l	s .,s : m .s	d' : s .f	m : r .d	d : -.			
.s	d' .,d' : r' .d'	t : l .s	l .,t : l .,s	s : -.			
.m	r .,m : s .,l	d' : r' .d'	d' .,t : l .s	s : l.			
.t	d' .,t : l .,s	d' : s .f	m : r .d	d : -.	‖		

Di-dombnaich anns a' ghleann duinn,
Mo Mhali bheag og
'Nuair thoisich mi ri caiunt riut ;
Mo chuid de 'n t-shaogal mhor.
'Nuair dh 'fhosgail mi mo shuilean,
'S a sheall mi air mo chul-thaobh ;
Bha marcach an eich chruthaich,
Tigh'nn dlu air mo lorg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuaireadh,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
'Nuair 'thain' an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn
Mo ribhinn ghlan ur ;
'S truagh nach ann san uair ud,
A thuit mo lamh o m' ghualainn,
Mu'n dh' amais mi do bhualadh,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

Gur boiche leam a dh'fhas thu,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Na'n lili ann san fhasach,
Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin :
Mar aiteal caoin na grein'
Ann am maduinn chiuin ag eirigh,
Bu sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S mise a thug an goal
Dha mo Mhali bhig oig,
Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,
Mo nighean bhoidheach thu.

Tha t-fhalt air dhreach nan teudan,
Do ghruaidhean mar na coaran ;
Do shuilean, flathail, aobhach,
'S do bheul-labhairt siuin.

Shiubhlainn leat an saoghal,
Mo Mhali bheag og ;
Cho fad a's cul na greine
A gheug a's ailli' gnuis
Ruithinn agus leumainn,
Mar fhiadh air bharr nan sleibhtean,
Air ghaol 's gu'm bithinn reidh 's tu,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S truagh a rinn do chairdean,
Mo Mhali bheag og !
'Nuair thoirmisg iad do ghradh dhomh,
Mo chuid de 'n t saoghal thu :
Nan tugadh iad do lamh dhomh,
Cha bhithinn-'s ann san am so,
Fo' bhinn air son mo ghraidh dhut,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

Ge d' bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,
Mo Mhali bheag og.
Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dalach,
Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin :
B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhagail,
'S gu'm faicinn t-aodann ghradhach ;
Gu'n chuimhn' bhi air an la sin,
'S na dh'fhag mi thu ciuirt'.

JOHN MACKENZIE, in "The Beauties," from which we copy the words, adds the following note :—"The above beautiful song was composed by a young Highland officer,

who had served under King William on the continent soon after the Revolution. His history, which elucidates the song, was thus:—He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire, and while a youth, cherished a desperate passion for a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Their love was reciprocal—but such was the disparity of their circumstances that the obstacles to their union were regarded even by themselves as insuperable. To mend matters, the gallant young Highlander enlisted, and being a brave soldier and a young man of excellent conduct and character, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. After several years' absence, and when, at the end of a campaign, the army had taken up their winter quarters, he came home to see her friends—to try whether his newly acquired status might not remove the objections of her friends to their union. She was still unmarried, and if possible more beautiful than when he left her—every feature had assumed the highly finished character of womanhood—her beauty was the universal theme of admiration. Othello like, the gallant young officer told her of 'hair-breadth 'scapes by land and flood,' and so enraptured the young lady that she readily agreed to elope with him. Having matured their arrangements, they fled on a Saturday night—probably under the belief that the non-appearance of the young lady at her father's table on Sabbath morning, would excite no surmises in the hurry of going to church. She, indeed, had complained to her father of some slight headache when she retired to rest, and instructed her maid to say next morning that she was better, but not disposed to appear at the breakfast table. Not satisfied with the servant's prevarication, who was cognizant of the elopement, the father hurried to his daughter's bedroom, and, not finding her there, he forcibly elicited the facts from the girl. He immediately assembled his men, and pursued the fugitive lovers with speed and eagerness. After many miles pursuit, they overtook them in a solitary glen where they had sat down to rest. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress; and being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to resent any attack made upon him. When the pursuers came up, and while he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel apple (*ubhal a' chlaidheimh*), she ran for protection behind him. In preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow, that she instantly fell and expired at his feet! Upon seeing this, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, 'That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone!' He was instantly carried to jail, where he composed this heart-melting song a few days before his execution. Our neighbours, the Irish, claim this air as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland, but falls into a mistake in making an inn the scene of the melancholy catastrophe of the lady's death. The song itself substantiates our version of it. The second stanza was never printed till given by us—the whole is now printed correctly for the first time. It is one of the most plaintive and mellow in the Gaelic language—full of pathos and melancholy feeling. The distracted lover addresses his deceased mistress, as if she were still living—a circumstance that puts the pathetic character of the song beyond comparison, and amply illustrates the distraction of his own mind—a state of mental confusion, and wild melancholy, verging on madness."

W. M'K.

IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

—o—

Now the last flake of amber is subdued
By twilight, and the fainting crimsons fly
From the quiet spaces of the western sky;
The rook is winging homewards with his food;
Down in the cosy sedge the curlew's brood
Have hushed themselves to silence suddenly,
As if afraid to startle with their cry
The stretch of listening moorland and still wood.
Day is reluctant to resign this hour,
And night scarce dares to take it till the shell
Of the high moon casts forth her miracle
Of perfect silver, and resumes her power
Over the wind, the sea-wave, and the flower
That folds against the night its weary bell.

W. A. SIM.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

—o—

VII.

X. John, Fourth and Last Lord of the Isles of the family of Macdonald, who was as strenuous an opponent of the King's party as his father had been, began to rule at a critical period in the history of his family. The treasonable league which his father, Alexander, had entered into with William, 8th Earl Douglas, and the Earl of Crawford, has been already referred to, and though no action was taken upon it during the life of the last Lord, after his death the parties to it broke out into open rebellion, and John of the Isles took an active part in the insurrection, collected a large force of the Islanders, seized the royal castles of Inverness, Urquhart, and Ruthven, and declared his independence of the Scottish King. The Castle of Ruthven he at once demolished to the ground. Urquhart Castle was placed under the command of his father in-law, Sir James Livingston, who on hearing of the insurrection of the Island lord left the Court and escaped to the Highlands; while the stronghold at Inverness was carefully garrisoned and supplied with a large quantity of military stores. It is asserted that it was the King himself who caused the Lord of the Isles to marry the daughter of Sir James Livingston, promising him a grant of land with her which he never granted. And in the Auchinleck Chronicle it is recorded that this was a private grievance which, among others, urged the Island Chief into this rebellion. On this subject Gregory says, that it may be supposed he was too much occupied in securing himself against the great power and ambition of the Douglas party in the southern counties, now rendered more confident by the return of their chief from abroad, to be able to take prompt measures against the Earl of Ross; at least, none such are recorded in the chronicles which have come down to us. But there can be no doubt that James contemplated proceeding to the north to chastise the rebels there; for it was upon the refusal of Douglas to renounce the league, offensive and defensive, into which he had entered with the Earls of Ross and Crawford, that the king, in a sudden fit of passion, assassinated, with his own

hand, that nobleman, whose inordinate ambition was considered the chief cause of all these commotions. William, Earl of Douglas, being thus cut off in the height of his power, was succeeded by James, 9th Earl, his brother, who, after repeated rebellions, was finally encountered and defeated by the Earl of Angus, leader of the King's troops, at Arkinholme in Annandale. In this battle, Archibald, Earl of Moray, and Hugh, Earl of Ormond, brothers to the Earl of Douglas, were slain; whilst the Earl himself, with his only remaining brother, Sir John Douglas of Balvany, made his escape into the West Highlands. Here he was received by the Earl of Ross, who still remained faithful to his engagements, having, it would appear, hitherto escaped, by reason of the remoteness and inaccessibility of his territories, the vengeance which had fallen so heavily on his confederates, Douglas and Crawford. Ross immediately collected a fleet of one hundred galleys, with a force of five thousand men on board, and dispatched this expedition, under the command of his kinsman, Donald Balloch of Isla, to attack the coast of Ayrshire, with the intention, probably, of encouraging the Douglas party again to draw together, should such a course appear expedient. Owing to the able measures of defence adopted by the King, this enterprise met with little success. Donald commenced hostilities at Innerkip in Ayrshire; but being unable to effect any object of importance, he proceeded to ravage the Cumrays and the Isle of Arran. Not above twenty persons, men, women, and children, were slain by the Islanders, although plunder to a considerable amount—including five or six hundred horses, ten thousand oxen and kine, and more than a thousand sheep and goats—was carried off. The Castle of Brodick in Arran was stormed and levelled with the ground; whilst one hundred bolls of meal, one hundred marts (cows), and one hundred marks of silver, were exacted as tribute from the Isle of Bute.* The expedition was concluded by an attack upon Lauder, Bishop of Argyle or Lismore, a prelate who had made himself obnoxious by affixing his seal to the instrument of forfeiture of the Douglases; and who was now attacked by the fierce Admiral of the Isles, and, after the slaughter of the greater part of his attendants, forced to take refuge in a sanctuary, which seems scarcely to have protected him from the fury of his enemies.†

The Earl of Douglas returned to England after the failure of the expedition under Donald Balloch; and Ross, finding himself alone in rebellion, became alarmed for the consequences, and, by a submissive message, entreated the forgiveness of the King; offering, as far as it was still left to him, to repair the wrongs he had inflicted. James at first refused to listen to the application; but, after a time, consented to extend to the humbled chief a period of probation, within which, if he should evince the reality of his repentance by some notable exploit, he was to be absolved from all the consequences of his rebellion, and reinstated in the Royal favour.‡ The Earl of Ross was, in 1457, one of the Wardens of the Marches,§ an office of great trust and importance, but obviously intended to weaken his influence in the Highlands and Isles, by forcing him frequ-

* It would seem that the Castle of Rothesay was also besieged. Acts of Parliament, II. 109.

† Tytler's Scotland, IV. pp. 86-127. Auchinleck Chronicle, pp. 44, 51, 55. Acts of Parliament, II. 190.

‡ Tytler's Scotland (1879 ed.), vol. II. p. 177,

§ Rymer's Fœdera, XI., p. 397.

ently to reside at a distance from the seat of his power; and, as he was, at the same time, one of the nobles who guaranteed a truce with England,* it would seem that he had lost no time in effecting a reconciliation with the King. Previous to the siege of Roxburgh, at which James II. was [1460] unfortunately killed, the Earl of Ross joined the Royal army with a body of three thousand of his vassals, well armed in their peculiar fashion. In order to prove his fidelity and loyalty, he offered, in case of an invasion of England, to precede the rest of the army, whilst in the enemy's country, by a thousand paces distance, so as to receive the first shock of the English. Ross was well received, and ordered to remain near the King's person; but, as there was at this time no invasion of England, the courage and devotion of himself and his troops were not put to the test proposed.†

Dr John Hill Burton [434-5 History of Scotland, vol. II.], quoting from Pitscottie, informs us that the Earl of Ross got such encouragement as made him believe that it was sound policy to help the King in his project, and so he went to the siege with "ane great army of men, all armed in Highland fashion, with halbershownes, bows, and axes; and promised to the King, if he pleased to pass any farther into the bounds of England, that he and his company should pass ane large mill before the host, and take upon them the press and dint of the battle"; and that he was found very serviceable "to spoil and herrie the country," an occupation to which the Lowland forces were now less accustomed than they used to be.

Soon after the siege of Roxburgh, and the death of the King, a Parliament met in Edinburgh, which was attended by the Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, and other Highland chiefs. The Earl soon discovered that the new Government was not strong enough to keep him in subjection, and he renewed his league with the banished Douglases, with the view of pursuing his former schemes of personal aggrandisement. The Douglases were naturally anxious to secure the great power and influence of the Earl of Ross on their own side and against the Government, and they soon succeeded in inducing the Island chief to enter into a treasonable league with Edward IV. of England. By the advice of his principal vassals and kinsmen, on the 19th of October 1461, Ross assembled in council at his Castle of Ardtornish, and granted a commission, as an independent prince, "to his trusty and well-beloved cousins," Ranald of the Isles, and Duncan, Archdean of the Isles, to confer with the deputies of the English King. These Commissioners met soon after at Westminster, and on the 13th of February 1462, concluded a treaty for the conquest of Scotland by Edward IV., with the assistance of the Earls of Ross and Douglas, who were to receive stipulated sums of money, and, in case of success, large grants of lands for their support in subjugating their native land to the English crown.

Referring to these negotiations, Hill Burton [vol. iii., p. 3] informs us that on the 2d of August 1461, "a commission is appointed by Edward IV. for peace 'with our beloved kinsman the King of Scots,' yet just two months earlier another had been issued for treating with 'our beloved kinsman, the Earl of Ross, and our choice and faithful Donald Balagh, or their ambassadors, commissioners, or messengers.' The refugee Earl of

* Rymer's Fœdera, XI., p. 397.
† Tytler's Scotland, IV., p. 176. Buchanan, b. XI.

Douglas was a party to this negotiation. It was brought to a conclusion by an elaborate treaty bearing date in February 1462. By this astounding document it was covenanted that the Lord of the Isles should become for all his territory the liegeman of King Edward and his heirs; and that if Scotland should be conquered through the aid of the Lord of the Isles, he should be lord of the northern part of the land to the Scots Water, or Firth of Forth; while Douglas, should he give proper aid, was to be lord of all the district south of the Forth—both districts to be held in strict feudal dependence on King Edward and his heirs. Meanwhile, and until he should reap this brilliant reward, the Lord of the Isles was to have 'for fees and wages' yearly, in time of peace, a hundred merks, and in time of war two hundred pounds; while his assistant, Donald, was to receive a retainer amounting to twenty per cent of these allowances." Donald Balloch's son, John, was at the same time retained at half the sum stipulated for his father for his part in carrying out the treasonable and unpatrotic programme.

While the negotiations which ended in this treaty were proceeding, the Earl of Ross raised the standard of rebellion in the North. Having assembled a great force, he placed them under the command of his bastard son, Angus Og of the Isles, who had the assistance of his distinguished and experienced relative, the veteran Donald Balloch. The rebellion, according to Tytler,* "was accompanied by all those circumstances of atrocity and sacrilege that distinguish the hostilities of these island princes. Ross proclaimed himself King of the Hebrides, whilst his son and Donald Balloch, having taken possession of the Castle of Inverness, invaded the county of Athole, published a proclamation that no one should dare to obey the officers of King James, commanded all taxes to be henceforth paid to Ross, and after a cruel and wasteful progress, concluded the expedition by storming the Castle of Blair, dragging the Earl and Countess of Athole from the chapel and sanctuary of St Bridget to a distant prison in Isla. Thrice did Donald attempt, if we may believe the historian, to fire the holy pile which he had plundered—thrice the destructive element refused its office, and a storm of thunder and lightning, in which the greater part of his war-galleys were sunk, and the rich booty with which they were loaded consigned to the deep, was universally ascribed to the wrath of heaven, which had armed the elements against the abettor of sacrilege and murder. It is certain, at least, that this idea had fixed itself with all the strength of remorse and superstition in the mind of the bold and savage leader himself; and such was the effect of the feeling, that he became moody and almost distracted. Commanding his principal leaders and soldiers to strip themselves to their shirt and drawers, and assuming himself the same ignominious garb, he collected the relics of his plunder, and proceeding with bare feet, and a dejected aspect, to the chapel which he had so lately stained with blood, he and his attendants performed penance before the altar. The Earl and Countess of Athole were immediately set free from their prison." The relief of Donald Dubh from captivity seems to have been originally the chief object of this expedition, but Angus appears to have liberated his prisoners, as above, without attaining his object.

During the recent turbulent proceedings Ross assumed royal preroga-

* Vol. ii. (1879 edition) p. 192.

tives over the whole Sheriffdoms and Burghs of Inverness and Nairn, which at that time included all the northern counties. There are now no means of ascertaining how this civil broil was suppressed; but it is known that the Earl of Ross was summoned before Parliament for treason in connection with it, that he failed to appear, and that the process of forfeiture against him was for a time suspended, though an army was actually in readiness to march against him. His submission, however, rendered this unnecessary, and although he did not receive an unconditional pardon, he was permitted to remain in undisturbed possession of his estates for twelve or thirteen years afterwards, until at length, in 1475, the treaty concluded between himself and Edward IV., in 1462, came to light, when it was at once determined to proceed against him as an avowed traitor to the crown. He was summoned at his Castle of Dingwall to appear before the Parliament to be held in Edinburgh, in December 1475, to answer the various charges of treason and rebellion brought against him, and at the same time a commission was granted in favour of Colin, Earl of Argyle, to prosecute a decree of forfeiture against the island lord. He failed to appear on the appointed day, and sentence was pronounced upon him. He was declared a traitor, and his estates were forfeited to the Crown. A formidable armament, under the command of the Earls of Crawford and Athole, comprehending both a fleet and a land force, was made ready to carry the sentence of Parliament into effect. These preparations induced him to sue for pardon through the medium of the Earl of Huntly. By means of a grant of lands in Knapdale to the Earl of Argyle he secured the powerful influence of that nobleman in his favour. The Queen and the States of Parliament were also prevailed upon to intercede in his behalf, and appearing soon afterwards in person at Edinburgh, he, with much humility, and many expressions of repentance, surrendered himself unconditionally to the Royal clemency, when the King, "with wonderful moderation," consented to pardon him, and in a Parliament held on the 1st of July 1476, he was restored to the forfeited estates of the Earldom of Ross and the Lordship of the Isles. Immediately afterwards he made a voluntary and absolute surrender to the Crown of the Earldom of Ross, the lands of Kintyre and Knapdale, and all the Castles thereto belonging, as well as the Sheriffdoms of Inverness and Nairn; whereupon he was in return created a Baron Banrent, and Peer of Parliament by the title of Lord of the Isles. "The Earldom of Ross was now inalienably annexed to the Crown, and a great blow was struck at the power and grandeur of a family which had so repeatedly disturbed the tranquillity of Scotland."

"By the favour of the King, the succession to the new title and the estates connected with it, was secured in favour of Angus and John, the bastard sons of the Lord of the Isles; and Angus, the elder of them, was soon afterwards married to a daughter of the Earl of Argyle. This Angus was early accustomed to rebellion, having acted as Lieutenant to his father in the great insurrection of 1461. Neither the favour now shown to him by the King, nor his alliance with the Earl of Argyll, were sufficient to keep the natural violence of his temper within bounds; and circumstances soon enabled him to establish an ascendancy over his father. The sacrifices made by the latter in 1476, when he gave up the Earldom of Ross, and the lands of Kintyre and Knapdale, were very un-

popular among the chiefs descended of the family of the Isles, who further alleged that he had impaired his estate by improvident grants of land to the Macleans, Macleods, Macneills, and other tribes. Thus, the vassals of the Lordship of the Isles came to be divided into two factions—one comprehending the clans last mentioned, who adhered to the old lord, the other consisting of the various branches of the Clandonald who made common cause with the turbulent heir of the Lordship. In these circumstances Angus not only behaved with great violence to his father, but he involved himself in various feuds, particularly with the Mackenzies."*

The Sleat Seannachaidh, Hugh Macdonald, gives the following version of the feuds and family quarrels which took place between John of the Isles and his son Angus Og. He describes the father as "a meek, modest man, brought up at Court in his younger years, and a scholar, more fit to be a churchman than to command so many irregular tribes of people. He endeavoured, however, still to keep them in their allegiance by bestowing gifts to some and promoting others with lands and possessions; by this he became prodigal and very expensive. . . . He gave the lands of Morvairn to Maclean, and many of his lands in the north to others, judging by these means to make them more faithful to him than they were to his father. His son, Angus Ogg, being a bold, forward man, and high minded, observing that his father very much diminished his rents by his prodigality, thought to deprive him of all management and authority. Many followers adhered to him. His father being at Isla, he went after him with a great party, forced him to change seven rooms to lodge in, and at last to take his bed, during the whole of the night under an old boat. When he returned to his house in the morning he found his son sitting with a great crowd about him. MacFinnon rising up, desired Macdonald to sit down; who answered that he would not sit till he would execute his intention, which was to curse his son. So leaving Isla with only six men, he went to the mainland and to Inveraray, and having waited without till one of the Argyll gentlemen came forth in the morning, who, observing Macdonald, went in immediately and told Argyll of the matter, who could scarcely believe him, saying, if he was there he would certainly send some person to inform him before hand. With that he started up, and going out, finds Macdonald, and having saluted him and brought him in, he said, I do not wonder at your coming here; but I am surprised you did not warn me before your arrival and that your retinue is so small. That is little, said Macdonald, to the revolutions of the times, and thou shall be the better of my coming; and so, after dinner, he bestowed on him the lands of Knapdale, Rilisleter, from the river Add to the Fox-burn in Kintyre, 400 merks lands, and desired Argyll to convey him to Stirling, where the King was at that time, and for his son's disobedience he would resign all his estates to the king. So they went to Stirling, and from thence to Air, in company with the King, when John resigned all into his hands, excepting the barony of Kinloss in Murray, of Kinnaird in Buchan, and of Cairndonald in the West, which he retained to support his own grandeur during his lifetime. Angus Ogg Macdonald, his son, followed his former courses, came to Inverness, and demolished the castle. When his brother

* Gregory's Western Highlands and Isles, pp. 51-52.

Austin saw how matters went on, and that John had resigned all to the king, he goes to Edinburgh, and takes his charters from the king for all his patrimony which his father and mother bestowed on him formerly, in favour of his heirs-male, legitimate or illegitimate; which patrimony consisted of North Uist, the parish of Hough in South Uist, Canna, Benbicula, Slate, Trottenish, and Lochbroom. But Angus Ogg, his nephew, continuing his former pretensions, resolved not to surrender any of his father's lands to the king or to his father himself. The Earl of Athole was ordered with a party against him. He joined others in the north, who had the same injunctions from the king, viz., the Mackays, Mackenzie, the Brodies, some of the Frasers and Rosses. Angus Ogg came from Isla and Kintyre to the West, and raising some of his own name[1] viz., Alexander Macdonald of the Braes of Lochaber, John of Glengarry, the Laird of Knoydart, and some of the Islanders, he goes to Ross, where, meeting Athole and his party near Lagebread, he gave them a defeat, killing 517 of their army. Mackay was made prisoner, Athole and Mackenzie made their escape. The Earl of Crawford afterwards was ordered by the king to go by sea, and Huntly with a party to go by land, to harass and discourage Angus Ogg's adherents; but neither of them executed their orders. Argyll and Athole were sent to the Islanders, desiring them to hold of the king, and abandon Angus Ogg, and that the king would grant them the same rights they had formerly from Macdonald. This offer was accepted by several. But when the Macdonalds, and heads of their families, saw that their chief and family was to be sunk, they began to look up to Angus Ogg, the young lord. About this time Austin, his uncle, died, and was buried in Sand, North Uist."*

Skene informs us that after the resignation of the Earldom of Ross, and after the late Earl was created a Peer of Parliament by the title of Lord of the Isles, the Earl of Athole was despatched to the north to reinstate Ross in his former possessions, now re-granted to him by the King, where he was joined by the Mackenzies, Mackays, Frasers, Rosses, and others; but being met by Angus Og at a place called Lag-a-bhraid, the Earl of Athole was defeated with great slaughter, and it was with great difficulty that he managed to make his escape. Two expeditions were afterwards sent north—the first under the Earl of Crawford by sea, with another body under the Earl of Huntly by land; the other, under the Earls of Argyle and Athole, accompanied by the Lord of the Isles in person. But these expeditions proved unsuccessful against Angus Og. Argyle, however, managed to pursuade several families of the Isles to join him; but failing in the object of their mission, the two Earls soon returned. The Lord of the Isles, however, proceeded south, through the Sound of Mull, accompanied by the Macleans, Macleods, Macneils, and others, and again encountered his rebellious son in a bay on the south side of Ardnamurchan, near Tobermory, where a naval engagement immediately took place between them, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the father and in the dispersion of his fleet. By this victory, at "the battle of the Bloody Bay," Angus was completely established in the full possession of the power and extensive territories of his clan. "There was one called Edmond More Obrian along with Ranald Bain (Laird of Muidort's eldest son), who thrust

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, 315-316.

the blade of an oar in below the stern-post of Macleod's galley, between it and the rudder, which prevented the galley from being steered. The galley of the heir of Torquil of the Lewis, with all his men, was taken and himself mortally wounded with two arrows, whereof he died soon after at Dunvegan. . . . . After this conflict, the Earl of Athole, being provided with boats by Argyle, crossed over privately to Isla, where Angus Ogg's lady, daughter of Argyle, was, and apprehended Donald Dhu, or 'the Black,' a child of three years of age, and committed him a prisoner to Inch Chonuil, so called from the builder, Conuil, son of the first Dougall of Lorn, where he remained in custody until his hair got grey. Yet Angus Ogg, Donald Du's father, was still advised by the Earl of Angus and Hamilton to hold out and maintain his rights. After this, John of the Isles gave up to the King all these lands which he formerly held back for the support of his grandeur. . . . . If we search antiquaries, we will find few names in Scotland that mortified more lands to the Church than the Macdonalds did. However, I cannot deny but his father's curse seems to have lighted on this man. He took a journey south, where he killed many of the Macalisters in Arran, and also of his own name, for seizing and intromitting with some of his lands without his consent. Returning through Argyle and Lochaber, he came to Inverness. Mackenzie was like to be killed, or at least banished, by Macdonald, because he was always against him, contriving all the mischiefs he could, least, upon recovering his own, he would deprive Mackenzie of these lands which he held of the King. There was another circumstance which shortened Macdonald's days—viz., there was a lady of the name of Macleod, daughter of Rory, surnamed the Black, who was tutor to the lawful heir of the Lewis, married to the Laird of Muidort. The tutor, her father, being resolved not to acknowledge, by any means, the true heir of the Lewis, and engross the whole to himself, was displaced by Macdonald, and the rightful heir put in possession. This lady having a spite at Macdonald for dispossessing her father, together with John Mackenzie, contrived his death in the following manner. There was an Irish harper of the name of Art O'Carby, of the county of Monaghan in Ireland, who was often at Macdonald's, and falling in love with Mackenzie's daughter, became almost mad in his amours. Mackenzie seeing him in that mood, promised him his daughter, provided he would put Macdonald to death, and made him swear never to reveal the secret. This fellow being afterwards in his cups, and playing upon his harp, used to sing the following verse, composed by himself in the Irish language:—

T' anam do dhia a mharcaich an eich bhall-a-bhric,
Gu'm bheil t' anam an cunnart ma tha puinnsean an Gallfit;

meaning, that the rider of the dapple horse was in danger of his life (for Macdonald always rode such a one), if there was poison in his long knife, which he called Gallfit. As Macdonald went to bed one night, there was none in the room along with him but John Cameron, brother to Ewan, laird of Locheill, and Macmurrich, the poet. This John had some rights from Macdonald of the lands of Mammore in Lochaber, written the day before, but not signed by Macdonald. The harper rose in the night-time, when he perceived Macdonald was asleep, and cut his throat, for which he was apprehended, but never confessed that he was employed by

anybody so to do, although there were several jewels found upon him, which were well known to have belonged formerly to Mackenzie and the lady of Muidort. The harper was drawn after horses till his limbs were torn asunder. After the death of Angus, the Islanders and the rest of the Highlanders were let loose, and began to shed one another's blood. Although Angus kept them in obedience while he was sole lord over them, yet, upon his resignation of his rights to the King, all families, his own as well as others, gave themselves up to all sorts of cruelties, which continued for a long time thereafter."*

Gregory substantially corroborates the family historian and informs us that the rage of Angus knew no bounds when he discovered by whom his child, Donald Dubh, had been carried away; that this was the real cause of the expedition to Athole and the mainland, and of the sacrilegious act of violating the Chapel of St Bridget. And after describing his assassination at Inverness, he concludes:—Thus fell Angus, the son and heir of John, last Lord of the Isles. With all his violence, which appears to have verged upon insanity, he was a favourite with those of his own name, who, perhaps, flattered themselves that he was destined to regain all that had been lost by his father.

(To be Continued.)

RELIEF OF EKOWE.

—o—

SOUND THE TRUMPET OF RENOWN.

At the Relief of Ekowe, the gallant behaviour of a handful of British troops against overwhelming numbers has won the admiration of all.

Sound the trumpet of renown,
Let its music rend the sky,
Britain strike thy foemen down,
Swell thy war note loud and high;
See you brave and gallant band,
How undauntedly they stand
Waiting for the proud command:
"Forward, heroes, do or die!"

England! elevate thy Rose!
Scotland! rear thy Thistle green!
Every British bosom glows!
When those emblems dear are seen!

'Mid a cloud of gleaming steel,
Onward fearlessly they dash;
Now our sable foe will feel
Britain's ire when weapons clash;
Boldly fight the valiant few,
Nobly honour's path pursue,
Ekowe bursts upon their view,
Pearson's brilliant signals flash,
England! elevate thy Rose, &c.

Wilder still the battle raves,
England wide her standard flings,
Far amid the warrior waves
Scotland's pibroch proudly rings;
Louder peals the stirring strain,
Notes that never sound in vain—
Spurning every galling chain,
Freedom flaps her golden wings!
England! elevate thy rose, &c.,

Lofty valour struck the blow,
Stainless honour was the shield;
Hundreds now are lying low,
Vanquished hosts have fled the field;
Glory weave a wreath of fame!
In it blend each noble name!
Bravely to the world proclaim
Britain's sons shall never yield!

England! elevate thy Rose!
Scotland! rear thy Thistle green!
Every British bosom glows!
When those emblems dear are seen!

EDINBURGH. ALEXANDER LOGAN.

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 317-319.

A LEGEND OF ST KILDA.

—o—

Among the many beautiful and high-born ladies of the Court of Scotland, at the time of our story, few could vie, in point of beauty, with the youthful Alice Graham. Left an orphan at an early age, and before she was old enough to realise her loss, she was brought up by her grandmother, old Lady Graham. Petted and indulged by her fond relative, flattered and spoiled by the indiscriminate praises of her nurses and maids, fair Mistress Alice at seventeen, when she accompanied Lady Graham to Court, was as giddy, vain, and empty-headed as she was lovely. The admiration she excited, and the attentions paid to her by the gallants of the Court, only made the haughty beauty more imperious and capricious.

She had many eligible offers of marriage, but none of her suitors pleased her fastidious taste, until she met with Sir Hugh Grange, when everyone was astonished to see her, not only smile on his suit and encourage his attentions, but after a little while actually promise to marry him, for Sir Hugh was not at all a likely man, one would suppose to attract a lively young lady like Alice Graham. He was a reserved haughty man, a widower, past the prime of life, an ambitious intriguing politician, with a son older than his intended bride. Lady Graham highly disapproved of the proposed alliance, and sought in vain to persuade her granddaughter from such an unsuitable marriage, rightly conjecturing that Sir Hugh thought more of her handsome dowry and the influence he would gain through his marriage with her, than he did of herself. But whether her pride was flattered at having such "a grave and reverend signior" at her feet, or whether through mere caprice, Sir Hugh she would have and no one else. And as the spoilt beauty had always hitherto had her own way, so she had it now, and the marriage was solemnised with all due pomp and ceremony, the King himself giving the beautiful bride away.

Castle Grange, the residence of Sir Hugh, was not a cheerful place—a dark gloomy pile, evidently built more for strength and defence than with any regard for the picturesque or even for comfort—situated far from any other habitation, on a lonely rock jutting out in the sea, the wild waves of the Atlantic ever dashing and foaming round its base, leaping and breaking in angry waves against the massive walls, as if eager to swallow in its huge billows, the frowning fortress and its inmates. The light heart of fair Alice grew sad and heavy, as she surveyed her new home for the first time, and, as she passed through its gloomy portals, she shudderingly compared it to a prison. Yet youth and beauty will enliven any place however dull, and the castle, under the direction of its new mistress, soon assumed a different aspect, a constant stream of visitors, with their servants and followers, caused plenty of bustle and excitement; each day brought some new pleasure. Hawking, hunting, riding, games of skill, and contests of strength and agility, occupied the day, while the evening was devoted to music, dancing, feasting, and flirting. All this revelry little suited Sir Hugh's sombre temperament. Long past the age of enjoying these gaities himself, he looked with disfavour on what he considered the frivolous and extravagant amusements of his wife and her

guests, and soon gave expression to his disapproval. Lady Grange, however, was enjoying with all the zest of a child, her novel position as hostess, and had no idea of giving up the delightful, though somewhat dangerous position she held as the centre of admiration, at whose shrine was daily offered up the most extravagant flattery, of whose beauty minstrels sang, for whose smile gallant youths and valiant men strove in the tilting-yard, or risked life and limb in the stately tournament.

Each day saw Sir Hugh getting more and more annoyed at the continued extravagance of his wife. In vain he showed coolness, amounting almost to incivility, to his numerous and unwelcome guests, who either did not or would not notice his hints and innuendos. Equally in vain were his frequent remonstrances to Lady Grange. At first she treated his complaints with her usual light-hearted levity, but as he got more decided and firm in insisting upon her keeping a quieter establishment, she got angry, pouted, and sulked, declaring he was a hard-hearted wretch to expect her to live in that horrible, dull, gloomy place, without company.

Unfortunately for Lady Grange she had already succeeded in making a most bitter enemy in the person of her husband's son, Nigel, who was much annoyed at his father's marriage; but when he saw the bride, he was so charmed with her brilliant wit and glowing beauty, that his resentment faded away, and he was as ready to be her servant as the rest of the gallants in her train. His awkward, ungraceful figure, rugged features, and unpolished address were, however, fatal to his finding favour in the eyes of the fastidious lady, who took a malicious pleasure in making him the butt for the shafts of her wit, and amused her guests at his expense, by making him appear ridiculous.

Nigel soon withdrew with deep disgust from the brilliant and thoughtless circle, breathing curses "not loud but deep" against the fair author of his discomfiture. In the solitude of his own chamber, he meditated with knitted brow and close-set teeth how best to humble the pride and destroy the happiness of his father's bride. His first move was to increase by artfully concocted tales and half-expressed hints, his father's dissatisfaction with the conduct of Lady Grange. With the skill of an Iago, he distilled drops of deadly poison into the ears of Sir Hugh, thus daily estranging his affections from, and exciting his displeasure against, the thoughtless Alice, who, sooth to say, often played into her enemy's hands, for, while perfectly well aware of his hostility, she despised and underrated his power; and strong in her conscious innocence, she took a foolish delight in giving him still greater hold over her, by her frivolous conduct and self-willed opposition to her husband's wishes.

Gradually the guests, who could no longer affect ignorance of the unhappy domestic relations of their hostess, dropped off, until there only remained one. Allan Graham was a cousin of Lady Grange; they had been brought up together as children, and Alice regarded him in the light of a dear brother. Sir Hugh had however taken a great dislike to this young man, and this feeling was worked upon by his son, who never failed by indirect means to call his attention to the familiarity which Lady Grange allowed her cousin, and the evident partiality with which she regarded him. On finding that Allan remained after the other guests had gone, Sir Hugh threw off all self-control, and in a violent scene with his wife, coarsely expressed his suspicions, and commanded her with fierce threats

to send her lover away and never hold the slightest communication with him again at her peril. Now, indeed, Lady Grange realised the folly of playing with edged tools, for to her vehemently indignant refutations of the base accusations of her husband, she was confronted with instances in which her conduct, as exhibited in the light of Nigel's deadly animosity appeared, to say the least, suspicious.

Outraged, bewildered, her pride wounded, her haughty spirit crushed under the humiliation, Lady Grange sat like one in a stupor, until her overcharged feelings found relief in a passionate burst of tears. Thus Allan found her, and in answer to eager entreaties, she told him of her trouble, and begged him to leave her at once. Deeply resenting the indignity offered to his cousin and himself, the hot-spirited youth drew his sword, vowing that he would steep it in the life-blood of the caitiff, Nigel; but Lady Grange restrained him, showing the utter futility of attempting such a thing against Nigel in his father's house, and surrounded by his own people. Allan reluctantly gave way; but begged of her to send word to him if at any time she found herself in want of a trusty friend to champion her cause, or redress her wrongs.

"Alas!" said the broken-hearted lady, while her eyes streamed with hot and bitter tears, "alas, Allan, that may not be, I must never see you more, or hold any communication with you. Go, leave me to my miserable fate; but do me the last kindness I shall ever ask of you, conceal from my dear granddame and my friends the wretched state in which you leave me. That would be humiliation indeed."

"Is it so, fair Alice? Is Sir Hugh indeed such a tyrant? Well, at least I will leave you my glove; see here, take it, and whenever you need my assistance, send it back to me. I shall need no other message. When I see this glove, I will come at once wherever I may be. Will you promise to send it when you need me?"

Lady Grange gave a tearful assent, and with deep regret the cousins parted; and Allan, mounting his horse and calling his attendants, rode sorrowfully away.

Nigel, with stealthy footsteps retreated from his hiding-place, in which he had overheard the parting conversation between the cousins, and with a sinister smile on his ill-favoured countenance, he slipped out of the gate a little before Allan rode through it, thus it happened that they met a little way from the castle. On seeing Nigel on neutral ground, as it were, Allan could restrain himself no longer. Flinging himself from his steed, and desiring his attendants not to interfere, he rushed forward and striking Nigel with his sheathed sword, called upon him to draw and defend himself. Nothing loth, his opponent's steel flashed out instantly, and the contest began. Both were good swordsmen, and for a few moments the victory seemed uncertain; but Allan's passion made him reckless, while Nigel stood immovable, the working of his face only showed the concentrated hate that consumed him. Soon the sword of Allan was sent spinning out of his hand, and he stood defenceless before his relentless foe. For one moment Nigel seemed inclined to bury his blade in the breast of the brave Allan, who stood unmoved before him, disdaining to ask for quarter; but remembering himself, he stayed his hand, exclaiming as he turned away, "To kill you now would be but a poor avenging of all the insults I have borne at your hands. No, your jibes and sneers

shall have a better return. I bide my time, and will take my revenge in my own way."

Allan stood looking after his retreating foe with bitter feelings, shame for his defeat, mingled with a sense of dread at the inexorable hate and malignity depicted on the face of Nigel as he uttered his parting words. Then moodily picking up his sword, he slowly remounted, and pursued his way.

Time passed heavily with the beautiful Alice now. Not a visitor approached the castle, and she was not allowed to go out of the grounds immediately surrounding it. Even her own maid was dismissed and another belonging to the neighbourhood substituted. Sir Hugh and Nigel were often from home; they had a small boat in which they came and went in a secret and unostentatious manner. When at home, Sir Hugh treated his wife with cool civility, while the very presence of Nigel was hateful to her. Having no mental resources to fall back upon to wear away the tedious hours, Lady Grange became dispirited and unhappy—the only thing that had any interest for her now was to try to discover the reason of her husband's frequent absence. She was filled with an insatiable curiosity to find out his projects and the object he had in maintaining so much secrecy about his actions. She had attempted once or twice to question him, but met with such a surly rebuff, that she found it useless to attempt to gain any information from him. The more she thought over it, the more she became convinced that they were involved in state intrigues, probably even of treason. Brought up as she had been, under the very shadow of the Court, and honoured by the notice of Royalty, she regarded treason with peculiar horror, and the suspicion that she should be in any way mixed up with the enemies of the King, filled her with dismay. She determined to watch them carefully, and, if possible, do something to frustrate their schemes. But she was no match for the subtle Nigel, who soon penetrated her motives, and, while laughing in his sleeve at her futile efforts, he did not fail to direct his father's attention to this new and dangerous freak of his wife. Lady Grange was, in consequence, treated with greater harshness, and kept more like a prisoner than ever. The climax was reached, when one day Sir Hugh and his son arriving unexpectedly, found Lady Grange examining with breathless interest some papers to which she had gained access, and which only too clearly demonstrated the treasonable plots in which they were engaged. So absorbed was she, that she did not hear the splash of their oars under her window, nor the grating of the boat against the steps, green and slimy with sea-weeds, that led down to the water. The first thing she heard was the fierce oath that escaped from Sir Hugh as he saw how she was engaged. The first thing she felt was his heavy hand bruising her delicate arm with its rude clasp. The first thing she saw, as she raised her startled eyes, was the sneering look of triumph on the hateful face of Nigel, as he stood looking on with malicious pleasure at her confusion. That insolent look stung her into madness. Rising superior to her fear, she, with flashing eyes and scornful voice, denounced them for a couple of traitors, and, forgetting in her passion her helpless condition, vowed she would defeat their schemes and make known their treachery. Nigel listened with the sinister smile still on his cruel face. As a cat takes a delight in the dying agonies of the poor mouse, so Nigel found pleasure in witnessing the unavailing passion of his victim.

But there was an ominous frown on the face of Sir Hugh, as he growled rather than said, "Oh! oh! my pretty bird, do you sing so loud? we must find a cage for you, before you fly away altogether." Then gathering up the papers, he left the room, followed by Nigel.

Left to herself, Lady Grange underwent a revulsion of feeling, the burning indignation which had hitherto supported her gave way under the reaction. She felt a cold sinking at heart, as she thought of her utter helplessness, and overcome by fear, she threw herself weeping on a couch.

The situation of the poor lady was indeed pitiable. She was kept a strict prisoner to her apartments, the only person she saw being the woman who waited on her. Devoid of all means of communicating with her friends, she was perfectly at the mercy of Sir Hugh, whom she had never loved, and now looked upon with abhorrence.

Surely now Nigel has had his revenge on the proud beauty who had made sport of his devotion; but no, he must slake his tiger-like thirst for blood. By the assistance of the woman who acted as attendant and jailer of Lady Grange, he got possession of the glove that Allan had given to his cousin at parting, and immediately sent it off to him by a trusty messenger, to whom he gave full instructions how to proceed.

Days, weeks, wore away, Lady Grange still remained a close prisoner, pining in solitude without hope of release. Towards the close of a warm summer day she sat at the open window of her room, looking out on the sea, the cool evening breeze was grateful to her fevered brow, her face still beautiful in outline had lost the freshness of health—it was white and careworn—the fair forehead already wrinkled with lines of sorrow and suffering. She gazed at the sea, but she noted not how beautiful it looked with the rays of the setting sun reflected in every wave with ever-changing hues. Her thoughts were far away, with her loving grandmother, the only parent she had ever known. Then she recalled her merry life as a girl, the troops of friends, the ardent admirers, the brilliant Court, the Royal pair who had been so gracious and kind; then her thoughts lingered on the memory of her cousin, the brave, the joyous, kind-hearted Allan—what would she not give to be able to call him to her aid; when her thoughts were abruptly recalled to her present unhappy condition by hearing an unusual commotion in the castle, voices in loud expostulation, then a firm step on the stone staircase, the clank of a spurred heel, a halt at her chamber door, the voice of her attendant in controversy with another voice which caused the blood to rush to her heart with a sudden throb, and her pulse to beat with excitement; a moment more and the door is dashed open, and Allan Graham enters with a hasty step; another moment and she is clinging to him and sobbing on his breast. Quick eager questions and answers succeed each other, till Lady Grange asked in a tone of wonder, "But how was it Allan that you arrived so opportunely. What brought you back to this hateful place?"

"What brought me?" exclaimed Allan, "Why, your message, of course. Did I not tell you I would come at any time, if you sent me my glove?"

"Your glove," faltered his cousin. "I never sent it, because I could not, there must be some mistake," she continued, hastening across the room to a cabinet, where she had hidden the glove. When she saw that it was gone she turned with a frightened look, "Oh, Allan! what does it

mean? I fear me much there is some plot against you, to lure you here to your destruction." "Fear not, dear Alice, what matters it who sent me the token, as long as I am come. Some unknown friend perchance hath done this good turn." "Alas! alas! I have no friends here; but hist! what is that? do you not hear the sound of oars, and voices too? Heavens! it is Sir Hugh and Nigel. Fly! fly! Allan; if they find you here, you are doomed." Her warning came too late; Sir Hugh dashed into the room with his sword drawn, demanding in a voice of thunder, what had brought Allan there; then, without waiting for a reply, he made a lunge and attempted to run him through; but Allan was on his guard, and quickly parried the stroke. Lady Grange, with a piercing shriek, threw herself between them and tried to shield her cousin from the fury of her husband. Nigel, who had followed his father into the room, drew his dirk and passed round to the back of Allan. Lady Grange caught sight of the cruel face of her relentless enemy, lighted up with fiendish exultation, saw the keen blade flash as it descended with unerring aim, and buried itself in the true heart of her cousin. She heard the harsh voice of Nigel exclaim, "Thus I take my revenge." She felt the warm blood of her kinsman gush over her neck and breast, then merciful oblivion seized on her overtaxed brain, and she fell insensible to the floor. The unfortunate Allan never spoke, the stroke was so sudden and deadly. His still warm body was dragged to the window, and ruthlessly thrown out to the hungry waves below. "What shall we do to her," said Sir Hugh, pointing to the insensible figure of his wife, "the traitress deserves the same fate as her lover, but yet——"

"Nay, father," interposed Nigel, "I have a better plan than that, listen," and he eagerly whispered his scheme, which his father agreed to, and raising the poor lady in their arms, they made their way downstairs to their boat, leaving the castle as secretly as they came.

When Lady Grange recovered consciousness, she found herself lying at the bottom of the boat, covered with a cloak, the keen night wind chilled her through and through, the cold spray dashed over her as the boat cut through the heaving billows; but her bodily discomfort was nothing compared to the agony of her mind. One look at the stern, unrelenting face of her husband and the malignant expression on Nigel's countenance, convinced her that any appeal for mercy would be useless.

Hour after hour they kept on their way, the night wore away, the stars disappeared, and the clear moon paled before the advancing orb of day; but the rising sun brought no comfort to the unhappy lady. Stupefied by grief, she seemed as though she was under the influence of a frightful nightmare. She saw what was going on without the slightest power of speech or resistance. She knew they were approaching land, for she could see the rugged outline of high rocks in the distance. Soon the boat was under the shadow of the same rocks, then the keel grated harshly on the shingle, as it was run ashore, when she felt herself lifted out and placed on dry ground. She gazed around with wondering eyes. What dreary place was this? Had they brought her here to murder her where no eye could see them? No, they re-enter the boat and seat themselves. Sir Hugh does not turn his head; but Nigel cannot resist the promptings of gratified revenge. He gloats over the despair of his victim with the malevolence of a demon, as the boat again puts off. Lady Grange sees

the rapidly receding boat, and the full horror of her situation bursts upon her appalled mind. Throwing up her arms with a gesture of despair, she uttered screams mingled with supplications, so long as they were in sight, then she again relapsed into insensibility.

M. A. ROSE.

(To be Continued.)

THE GIRLS OF CANADA.—The girls in the principal cities of Canada are noted as follows:—Montreal, the best dressed. Toronto, the tallest and most stylish. Quebec, smallest feet; all dumplings and lambs. London, the most demure. Kingston, robust and blooming. Hamilton, the best musicians. St John, N.B., the prettiest. Halifax, the best complexions. Port Hope, intellectual and vivacious. Coburg, fond of music, the wharf promenade and flirting. Brockville, lady-like and graceful. Prescott, the most amiable. Brantford, the most indifferent. Sarnia, the most anxious to be loved. Bowmanville, the most anxious to be married. St Catherines, the wittiest and most refined. Charlottetown, the most truthful. St Johns, Nfld., the most liberal entertainers. Peterborough, the most unsophisticated, with a weakness for skating. Belleville, the most reckless. Ottawa, the most intellectual.—*Canadian Illustrated News.*

MONUMENT TO THE LATE JOHN MACKENZIE, OF "THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

It will be remembered that a Subscription was originated in the *Celtic Magazine* some two years ago to raise a small monument, in his native Parish of Gairloch, to our distinguished countryman, who has placed Celtic scholars and all who take an interest in Celtic literature under such a debt of gratitude, by his famous collection, "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry"; his Lives of the Gaelic Bards; and other works in the same field. The response made enabled us to erect a much more substantial monument than was at first thought of, and we are glad to state that sufficient funds were forthcoming to defray nearly all the expenses incurred hitherto. The work cannot, however, be considered complete without a nice railing round the monument, which will cost £5 or £6 additional; and we shall be glad if any of our Celtic friends who have not already given will aid us with their Subscriptions to get this small sum together, and so enable us to finish the whole in a manner worthy of the man commemorated. The following is the balance sheet, from which it will be seen that the sums received practically balance the outlays, the sum of 2s 7d only being due to the Treasurer:—

To Sums received and acknowledged in detail in No. XXV. of the *Celtic Magazine*				£33 15 0
Do. do. in No. XXXII.				15 9 6
Do. do. in No. XXXIII.				0 18 0
Do. do. in No. XXXV.				11 2 6
K. Macewen, not previously acknowledged				0 5 0
Interest				0 1 7
Total Receipts				£61 11 7
By Contract price to Messrs Robertson & Law, sculptors, Inverness	£55	6	8	
By Advertising, Printing Circulars, Postages, &c. ..	3	19	0	
By Travelling and other Expenses, going to and returning from Gairloch, to erect monument	1	11	6	
Paid for Carting Stones, and Labourers' Wages at Gairloch	0	17	0	
				61 14 2
Balance due to Treasurer				£0 2 7

ALEXANDER FRASER, *Hon. Treasurer.*
A. MACKENZIE, *Hon. Secretary.*

Celtic Magazine Office, Inverness,
March 16th, 1880.

THE MONKS OF IONA.*

By Colin Chisholm.

—o—

History records that St Columba, the pious founder of the Monks of Iona, was born at Gartlan, in Donegal, in the year of our Lord 521. It is stated that he was of royal pedigree, both by paternal and maternal descent. His father was one of the eight sons of O'Neil of the nine hostages, supreme monarch of all Ireland, and his mother was a daughter of the Royal House of Leinster. According to some Irish writers, his proper name was Corinthian, but was called by his companions Columan, or Dove. From his attachment to the church he was also called Colum-Cille, or Columb of the Church. At an early age he was placed under the care of a holy priest. His biographer, Adamnan, the 6th Abbot of Iona, tells us that he afterwards resided with the saintly Bishop Finnian, at Moville, County Down. St Columba went from the north to the south of Ireland, and took up his residence at Cluanard College, in Leinster, which was resorted to by the most eminent sages and divines of the day. In due time he was ordained priest, and began his labour with apostolic zeal. In his twenty-fifth year, he founded the monastery of Derry, and in the year 553 that of Durrow. O'Curry, the late eminent Celtic scholar, in his Lectures on the Manuscript-Materials of Ancient Irish History, says, that the eight great races of Ireland are O'Neill and O'Donnell in the north, O'Brian and M'Carthy in the south, O'Moore and O'Byrne in the east, and O'Connor and O'Rourke in the west.

This union of noble races, combined with piety and education, gave St Columba extensive influence. Usher and O'Donnell state that he founded more that one hundred monastries before his departure from Ireland. We have it on the authority of Adamnan that St Columba was in the vigour of manhood, being 42 years of age, when he established himself in Iona. All testimonies agree in celebrating his personal beauty. His height, his voice, and his cordiality were very remarkable. Venerable Bede thus writes:—"Columba came into Britain in the ninth year of the reign of Bridius, who was the son of Meilochon, and the powerful king of the Pictish nation, and he converted that nation to the faith of Christ by his preaching and example; whereupon, he also received the aforesaid island for a monastery. His successors hold the island to this day." Ritson, in his Annals of the Caledonians, says that "Conal MacConguil, King of the Scots, was the real benefactor of the holy man."

The late Dr Norman Macleod (the father of the late editor of *Good Words*) tells us, in his eloquent Gaelic life of St Columba, that Columba left Ireland in a little *curach* in the year of our Lord 563, accompanied by twelve of his select and beloved disciples. He reached that lonely island behind Mull, which is called from that time *I Challum Chille*.† A writer in the London *Examiner*, January 7th, 1871, states that on the

* From the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, 1878-9.
† Vide "Leabhar nan cnoc," p. 43-53.

arrival of St Columba at Iona, "he set himself to establish, on the double basis of intellectual and manual labour, the new community which was henceforth to be the centre of his activity." How far he succeeded in his gigantic undertaking will be seen by another extract I translated from the polished Gaelic of Dr Macleod. After dwelling with evident sympathy on the difficulties St Columba encountered among the Druids and their uncivilized Caledonian followers, the Dr says—"The country itself was at that time like a vast wilderness, without way or safe roads through the thick dark woods, the hills extensive and full of wild beasts. But in spite of all this, he persevered, and that in a measure miraculous. During thirty-four years he worked hard founding churches, and spreading the Gospel of Christ. In his own time he saw the Druidic religion condemned, and the kingdom of Scotland converted to the religion of the Gospel." The Doctor states that St Columba established three hundred churches in his day, and that he founded one hundred monasteries.

We are told that the small *curach*, or *coracle*, in which St Columba and his twelve companions came from Ireland, was built of wicker-work, covered with hide. It appears that the Celtic nations navigated their stormy seas with such flotilla. In the frail skiffs of that period, St Columba and his Monks sailed from island to island through the Hebrides, and thus they discovered St Kilda, the Faroe Islands, and even reached Iceland. Not only did they spread Christianity through the islands, but through the inlands of Caledonia, carrying truth, light, and religion to the remotest glens and valleys of the Highlands and Lowlands also. We have the testimony of our earliest writers bearing us out in this belief. We have also the strongest collateral evidence in support of it; and let me now direct your attention to a few places—south, north, east, and west—where the Monks of Iona and their disciples planted religion, and dedicated their churches and chaples to Saints of unmistakable Celtic names.

County or Town.	Name of Church.
Berwickshire.....	Cill or Eaglais—founded by Gospatrick.
Do.	Cill-Lauran.
Peeblesshire.....	Cill-Bothoc, or Beathoc.
Do.	Cill or Gill Moriston (changed in 1189 to Eddleston).
Ayrshire.....	Cill-Bride.
Do.	Cill-Ninian.
Dumfriesshire.....	Cill-Michael, in the town of Dumfries.
Do.	Eccles-Fechan,
Wigtonshire.....	Cill-Cholm.
Linlithgowshire.....	Cill or Eaglais-Machan.
Do. ...	Cill or Dailmanich, or Delmenie.
Dumbartonshire.....	Cill-Patrick.
Renfrewshire.....	Cill-Barchan.
Do.	Cill-Fillan.
Do.	Cill-Chalum.
Stirlingshire.....	Cill-Earn.
Do.	Cill-Ninan (Bannockburn).
Haddingtonshire.....	Cill-Lady (now Glade's Muir Church).
Kirkcudbright.....	Cill-Eren.

County or Town.	Name of Church.
Perthshire	Cill-Chonan or Fortingal.
Do.	Cill-Fhinn.
Do.	Cill-Madoc.
Forfarshire	Cill-Causnan.
Edinburgh	Cill-Ghiles, *i.e.*, *Ghille Iosa.*
Fife	Cill-Chonnchar.
Do	Cill-Raymont.
Do	Cill-Reuny.
Aberdeenshire	Cill-Bartha.
Do.	Cill-Adamnan. In the Ellon district, and dedicated in the 7th century.
Sutherland	Cill-Earn.
Do.	Cill-Donnan.
Do.	Cill-Pheadar, in Clyne.
Do.	Cill-Chalum-Chill, Clyne.
Ross-shire	Cill-Martin.
Do.	Cill-Donnan.
Do.	Cill-Earnan.
Do.	Cill-Fhillan, } both in Kintail.
Do.	Cill-Uistean, }
Inverness	Cill-Colm, Petty. The Earl of Moray has also the title of Lord of St Colm, from a small island on the coast of Fife.
Do.	Cill-Beathan, Strathglass.
Do.	Cill-Uradan, do.
Do.	Cill-Finnan, Glengarry.
Do.	Cill-Donnan, also in Glengarry.
Do.	Cill-Barr, or Barra Isle.
Do.	Cill-Michael, do.
Argyleshire	Cill-Chalum, in Lorn.
Do.	Cill-Finan.
Do.	Cill-Choinnich, or Kenneth.
Do.	Cill-Chiaran (Campbeltown).
Do.	Cill-Oran, in Colonsy Island.
Kincardineshire	Cill-Lauran. The birth-place of John De Fordun, author of the *Scoto-Chronicon.* This parish is also celebrated for having been the residence, and probably the burial place of St Palladius, sent to Scotland by Pope Celestine, in 431. St Palladius was the first bishop sent to Scotland.

Having taken you in imagination on a rapid pigrimage to view, if not to pray with me at, the shrines of Celtic Saints in every quarter and portion of our native country, is it too much to expect you to endorse with me the honest statement of Dr Macleod?

We have seen how the surface of Scotland has been studded with churches dedicated to saints of Celtic names; but the sceptic will exclaim, "You North Britains are so very clannish, that nothing less than national saints will satisfy you." My answer to any such charge is that there are more names of Roman saints on the Scottish Catholic Kalendar than on the Kalendar of any country of its size in Europe.

The Order of St Columba was one of the most extensive, for it had a hundred monasteries and abbeys belonging to it in the British islands. The principal house or head of the Order was at Iona. It was in this lonely island that St Columba, who was a priest and monk only, received the homage of mitred bishops and crowned monarchs.

In the time of Venerable Bede, about the year 731, all the bishops of the Picts were subject to the jurisdiction of the priest who was Abbot of Iona. Kings sought advice, and received both counsel and consolation from St Columba. Fierce warriors, bitter enemies, proud and haughty chieftains, were reconciled, and absolved on bended knee before him. Feuds and contentions were abandoned and obliterated before St Columba. In his presence mutual friendship and goodwill were entered on, and sealed by oath on three stones. As these stones correspond in number with the three Divine persons of the blessed Trinity, it is possible that St Columba might have pointed them out, or even used them in some religious sense, so as to make a lasting impression on the minds of the newly reconciled parties, and incline them, for the rest of their lives, to recoil with horror from participating in the acts of belligerents. History and legend seem to be mutually silent on this point; therefore, let this view of swearing on the "Three black stones of Iona," be received for what it is worth.

Thus we find St Columba had the power of binding the hands and the hearts of the most determined enemies. He exercised his power in preventing wars, and in pacifying all manner of human turbulence. We find the kings, the courts, and the people of the surrounding nations had reposed unbounded confidence in him. Yet in the very midst of this, much more than regal power could bestow, we find that his palace was a hut, built of planks, and there up to an advanced age, he slept upon the hard floor, only with a stone for a pillow. Thither he returned after performing his share of out-door labour with the other monks, and there he patiently transcribed the sacred text of Scripture. When he had come to the thirty-third Psalm, he stopped and said, "Baithean will write the rest." On the next morning he hastened before the other monks to the church, and knelt before the altar, and there he died, in the arms of Diarmad, blessing all his disciples, on the 9th day of June, 597.

"To us," says Montalembert, "looking back, he appears a person as singular as he is loveable, in whom, through all the mists of the past, and all the cross lights of legend, the man may be still recognised under the Saint." "For two centuries," says Dr S. M'Corry, "after his death, Iona was the most venerated sanctuary of the Celts, the nursery of bishops, and the centre of learning and religious knowledge. Seventy kings or princes were brought to Iona, to be buried at the feet of St Columba, faithful to a traditional custom, the remembrance of which has been preserved by Shakespeare:—

'Where is Duncan's body?'

asks Ross, in Macbeth. Macduff replies—

'Carried to Colme's Kill, the
Sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.'"

A kindred expression of thought has been placed on record by the bi-linguist poet, Evan MacColl, formerly of Lochfineside, but latterly tuning his lyre to the rustling of the "Green Maple Tree" in Canada. In one of his plaintive Odes to Iona, MacColl says:—

"Sacred Isle of Iona,
Where saints and heroes
Live in stone."

It is admitted by critics that Dr Johnson wrote one of the finest pieces in the English language on Iona. Wordsworth, and a host of master-minds, wrote on Iona.

"The distinguished archæologist," says Dr Stewart M'Corry, "Dr Reeves, who, although not a catholic, has proved his honesty of purpose by editing so well 'Adamnan's Life of St Columba,' has given us in his 'Chronicon Hyenese' the detailed chronology of the forty-nine successors of St Columba from 597 to 1219. We have it on the best possible authority that the first eleven abbots of Iona after St Columba proceeded, with the exception of one individual, from the same stock as himself—from the race of Tirconnel, and were all descended from the same son of Niall of the nine hostages, the famous king of all Ireland."

I will now make a few remarks about St Baithean. He was steward of Iona, and succeeded St Columba as Abbot of Iona. It is stated that Baithean consecrated the burying-ground of my native valley, Strathglass. Be that as it may, it is quite certain that the cill or clachan in Strathglass is dedicated to St Baithean. There is a small green mound close to the cill or clachan called *Cnoc Bhaithean*, at the foot of which gushes out a spring of the clearest and coldest water, also called *Fuaran Bhaithean*. The legend relaters of the district state that a clodhopper began to cut rinds for thatch on the brow of *Cnoc Bhaithean*. A well-meaning neighbour reminded him that the mound was considered sacred, as bearing the name of *Cnoc Bhaithean*. The scornful and contumelious reply the neighbour received from the insolent clodhopper was—"O, Baithean maol carrach bhuaininn foid eadar a bhial 's a shroin." Ann am priobadh an roisg, thuit an duine truagh, fuar marbh thairis air crasg a chaibe-lair a bha na lamhan fhein. The English equivalent of the reply, and the immediate result thereof, may be taken as the following:—"O, Bald scald-headed Baithean, I would cut a sod between his mouth and his nose." In the twinkling of an eye, the miserable man fell lifeless over the cross-handles of the rind-spade he had in his own hands. The sceptic will exclaim, who cares for misty legends! The Rev. Dr Stewart M'Corry tells us that Milman, in his Latin Christianity, vol. i., p. 415, writes, "History, to be true, must condescend to speak the language of legend."

Nicholas Carlisle is answerable for the appearance of the following statement regarding Iona in his "Topographical Dictionary of Scotland," London, 1813—"The Chapel of the Nunnery is now used by the inhabitants as a kind of general cow-house, and the bottom is consequently too miry for examination. Some of the stones which covered the later Abesses have inscriptions, which might yet be read if the Chapel were cleaned. The Cemetery of the Nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with such reverence that only *women* were buried in it. Besides the two principal churches, there are, I think, five chapels yet standing, and three

more remembered," Carlisle continues the sickening narrative, and states that "the wood forming the roof of the churches and chapels in Iona, was the first plunder of needy rapacity." For the honour of our country I wish we could suppose that Mr Carlisle had been misinformed about the unroofing of the churches and chapels in Iona.

It is not my intention to lead you at present through the roofless but noble ruins of the cathedral and churches of Iona, the walls of which have been described in a leading journal as "riddled and cracked in a most alarming manner." Neither shall we be seen along with tramping tourist and browsing cattle defacing the tombs, and disturbing the ashes of the saintly, princely, and heroic dead in the consecrated cemetery.

In the Irish annals there is preserved a short account of events in Iona, carried on from year to year. Under date of A.D. 794, there is this entry—"Devastation of all the islands by the heathens." From this time forward, during a period of no less than three hundred years, Iona was frequently ravaged, its churches and monasteries burnt, and its brethren murdered by the savage Northmen. It is stated that the bones of St Columba were carried to safer places—to Kells in Ireland, and to Dunkeld in Scotland.

Iona was the only place spared by Magnus, King of Norway, in his predatory expedition of A.D. 1098. The fierce King Magnus is said to have recoiled with awe when he had attempted to enter the church built by the Saintly English Princess, Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Ceanmore.

The recent improvements in and around St Mungo's Cathedral in Glasgow are attributed to a happy remark, vouchsafed by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on Her Majesty's visit to that cathedral during the Royal Tour through the West Highlands. Some of us had fondly expected that Her Majesty would have been graciously pleased to extend her queenly journey, and steer her royal bark to Iona's Isle. This we flattered ourselves to hear that Queen Victoria, like Queen Margaret, had landed on the hallowed Isle of Iona.

From that auspicious moment we expected to have heard that an edict had gone forth warning the elements, saying in effect this is the oldest Christian temple in Great Britain. The work of destruction and dilapidation must cease instanter, and henceforth give place to preservation and restoration.

Sin agaibh brigh mo sgeoil.

"POEMS AND SONGS, GAELIC AND ENGLISH."—A copy of the recently published volume of "Poems and Songs, Gaelic and English," by Mrs Mary Mackellar, bard to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, having been in due form presented to the Queen, Mrs Mackellar has received the following reply:—"Windsor Castle, Feb. 28th, 1880.—Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mrs Mackellar for the volume of poems and songs which she has had the kindness to send to Her Majesty."

"THE EDITOR IN CANADA," VII., crushed out.

NOTES ON CAITHNESS HISTORY.

THE CHEYNES.

——o——

No. I.

Much cannot be written with any degree of accuracy regarding the History of Caithness in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The district now embraced within the county was far removed from the seat of Government, and it necessarily took a considerable time before communication could take place between the far north and the metropolis of Scotland. On this account important events might have had happened affecting the welfare of the kingdom long ere the intelligence thereof reached the northern extremity of the country. But notwithstanding this great drawback, some eminent men connected with Caithness distinguished themselves from time to time in the affairs of their country. And it may be well, in the first place, to refer to the Cheynes, who were Lords of Auldwick Castle, and especially to Sir Reginald Cheyne, the father and son of that name who were both men of ability and experience, and were likewise considered tried servants in questions bearing on the well-being of the nation. The Cheynes, or as they were styled in Norman-French, Du Chesyne, were of Norman extraction, and came over with the Sinclairs and other families to Britain along with William the Conqueror. Not finding, perhaps, a congenial soil in England, a branch of the family arrived in the North of Scotland, establishing its head quarters at the Castle of Inverugie, parish of St Fergus, and county of Aberdeen. One named Sir Reynald Cheyne, belonging to the parish of St Fergus, had two sons—namely, Reginald, who was Lord Chamberlain of Scotland in 1267, and Henry, who was appointed Bishop of Aberdeen in 1281.

Between 1320 and 1330 it is evident that the Earls of Caithness only possessed one-half of the county, while the other half appears to have belonged to the De Moravia family. Treskyn de Moray, Lord of Duffus, had by his wife Johanna two daughters—Mary and Christina—each of whom had one fourth of Caithness. Johanna died some time before the year 1269. Mary was married to Sir Reginald Cheyne, while Christina married William De Fedrett. It appears that this William De Fedrett gave his one-fourth of Caithness to Sir Reginald Cheyne—the latter of whom then became the owner of one-half of the county. This is confirmed by the learned antiquary, Dr Skene, in his "Notes on the Earldom of Caithness," reported in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

The principal stronghold of Sir Reginald in Caithness was Auldwick Castle, the ruins of which may still be seen. Centuries ere the town of Wick had received its Royal Charter from the hands of its Sovereign, the Castle of Auldwick was full of life, and its strong primitive-like walls afforded protection at a time when a man's life was accounted of very little value. Even at the present time the old Castle, standing prominently on a vast precipice, forms a landmark to the lonely mariner and brawny fisherman, while the eye of the traveller is attracted by its weird and

olden appearance. The first that is known of the Castle is that it was the stronghold of the Cheynes. Cambden, in his Brittania states that "Oldwick Castle is a curious tower of great antiquity—has small chambers on its very thick walls, and narrow stairs opening into the hall or area below. The outside of the building shows scarce anything like windows, only a few small square openings left for observation." The Macfarlane MSS. describe the old castle in the following terms :—"The ruins are now known to sailors as the Old Man of Wick—being a tower of three storeys, with remains of other buildings, built on a high peninsula rock at the south-head of the Bay of Wick, and defended on the land side by a deep ditch." The situation and general surroundings of the castle are described by Mr James Traill Calder in his History of Caithness in the following words—"The whole aspect of the scene is peculiarly wild and repulsive, without a single redeeming feature of beauty. With a gale from the east or north-east the sea beach is horrible, reminding one of the poet's epithet of 'a Hell of waters.' The maddened breakers roar and foam, and dash in fiend-like fury against the worn cliffs, while the old keep, grey and weather-beaten, scowls amid the storm like an angry demon."

At the time the county was nothing save a mere wilderness, with an exceedingly small population, and the inhabitants of the "keep" had very little to do, except to protect themselves from their enemies without, and to engage in the chase. But apart from such duties, the Lords of the Castle, both father and son, had other functions to perform, and both were regarded as men of position and standing in the kingdom. It is impossible to detail all the events of their lives, in respect that no record exists regarding them. In his Heraldry, Nisbet mentions "that Reginald Cheyne, the father, and Reginald, the son, were both present in 1284 among the *Magnates Scotiæ* who agreed to receive the Princess Margaret —the fair maid of Norway—as their Queen; indeed the father and son were parties to the obligation. This fact alone established their position in the kingdom. Again, in 1296, Sir Reginald, with others of the same name, swore fealty to Edward I. of England. All the principal men in the kingdom followed a similar course, with the exception of Sir William Wallace. Sir Reginald was present at the convention at Brigham in 1289. In 1292 the "Roll of the Accounts of Reginald, Sheriff of Inverness," was produced. The Sheriffdom of Inverness then comprehended all the Northern Counties, but by an Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in 1503, the Sheriffdom of Caithness (now the Counties of Caithness and Sutherland) was disjoined from that of Inverness. In 1305, when King Edward, I. of England, arranged the Government of Scotland, he appointed Sir Reginald one of the Justiciaries "in the North parts beyond the mountains."

After leading an eventful life, Sir Reginald died some time previous to 6th November 1313, leaving his possessions to his son Reginald. The son, it may be remarked, was regarded as a kind of patriot and warrior, and, as a hunter, was looked upon as the Nimrod of the North. Dr Hill Burton, in his History of Scotland, describes the famous address to the Pope, passed in the Parliament assembled in the Abbey of Arbroath, on the 6th day of April 1320, as to the Independence of Scotland, and *Reginald le Cheyne* was one of the Barons who subscribed that celebrated document. He next appears with the Scottish army at Halidon Hill in

1333. In this battle the Scotch lost almost as much as they had gained at Bannockburn, and in it Sir Reginald was taken prisoner by the English. He was shortly afterwards liberated from his confinement, and returned to the north of Scotland, where his chief enjoyment was hunting.

He was the last male issue of his family, and on his return to Caithness he married a lady of Scandinavian descent, and it may be well to relate the following occurrence, written by the same pen elsewhere :— Reginald was very anxious that his vast estates should continue in his own family, and on his lady giving birth to a daughter, he was so enraged that he gave orders to drown the infant. The mother, however, with maternal affection, sent the child to a nurse, unknown to the cruel parent. By and bye a second child was born, and this child also happened to be a daughter. The father repeated his former orders, while the mother adopted her former tactics. As his wife had no other child, Sir Reginald thought it was owing to a dispensation of Providence on account of his cruelty to the two children whom he supposed were drowned. About twenty years after the birth of the eldest child, Lady Cheyne had a great entertainment at Sir Reginald's castle near Lochmore, and conspicuous among the guests were two young ladies whose beauty and amiable manners made them the observed of all observers. Reginald enquired who they were, and on his lady informing him, he became deeply affected. The two daughters were educated at the Convent of Murkle, near Thurso, the only seminary for the instruction of young ladies in those days. The two daughters were named Marjory and Mariotta. The former was married in 1337 to Nicholas, second son of the Earl of Sutherland, while the latter married John de Keith, second son of Edward, the Marischal of Scotland. Sir Reginald divided his estates previous to his death, and Marjory got Auldwick.

He is referred to in the old statistical account of the parish of Halkirk. He is sometimes called "Morar na Shean," which means the Great Cheyne. It is stated in the Statistical Account that he had "a chest or some kind of a machine fixed in the mouth of the stream below the Castle for catching salmon in their ingress into the loch or their egress out of it; and that immediately on the fish being entangled in the machine, the capture was announced to the whole family by the ringing of a bell which the motions and struggles of the fish set agoing by means of a cord fixed at one end to the bell in the middle of an upper room, and at the other end to the machine in the stream below." Sir Robert Gordon, in his History of the House of Sutherland, mentions that, "In this William, Erle of Southerland, his dayes, lived Renold Cheyn, a Cathyness man, who dureing his tyme was a great commander in that cuntrie ; of whom many fables are reported amongst the vulgar sort of people, and cheiflie concerning hunting, wherein he much delighted. Doubtles the Cheins had sometymes many possessions, and were ance of greatest command and power in that cuntrey, yet they were never earles thereof."

Sir Reginald was the Sheriff of Invernairn, to which he was appointed in 1292. He died at a ripe old age, about the year 1350. Before his death, he wished that his corpse would be covered over with sand from Lochmore. He was buried in the Abbey of Olgrinmore, or Olgrinbeg. Thus passed away the House of Cheyne, in the County of Caithness, and it may be well to note that they held the lands from King David II.

In Robertson's Index to Charters there are the following entries—"Charter by King David II. to Ronald Cheyne of the fourth part of Kathnes, given by William Fedrey (Fresken), in the County of Inverness, and Charter by King David II. to Marjory Chene of the lands of Strathbrock, and half of Catnes.

Auldwick Castle has been for many generations silent as the grave, while Wick has breathed an existence by Royal grant since 1589. Yet who can tell if the words of the old couplet will turn out true, that

Aulwick was Auldwick ere New Wick was begun,
And that Auldwick will be Auldwick after New Wick is done.

(To be Continued.)

WICK. G. M. SUTHERLAND.

Correspondence.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP ON OSSIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In this month's issue of *Good Words* appears a lecture on Ossianic Poetry, by Principal Shairp of St Andrews, adapted presumably for an English audience at Oxford, or at least delivered by him there as Professor of Poetry at that distinguished Academical centre. In this lecture, as reproduced in *Good Words*, there are not a few points worthy of remark. It is no purpose of mine, however, to review the paper at large as it now stands, or to suggest how it might have been improved for an audience who knew anything of the subject. The learned Principal takes the comparative ignorance of his hearers on the theme of discourse for granted, and talks to them accordingly with pleasant vagueness, self-contradiction, and superficiality. It is difficult indeed to determine on whose authority he chiefly depends for any of his ideas—Arnold, Skene, J. F. Campbell, or the Dean of Lismore; or whether he has any ideas worth verifying at all, beyond the very guarded admission that there is a sort of sublime haze of passion here and there, about the poetry in question, which reminds him of the Highlands, and seems to be partial proof of its originality—perhaps of its remote antiquity. But whether Ossian was a man or a myth; and if a man, whether a Scotchman or an Irishman or both; and whether his poetry belongs to Glencoe or the green vales of Erin, to the Moor of Rannoch or the county of Meath, to himself or to the Seannachies or to Macpherson—he, the learned lecturer and Principal declines to determine. Of one thing only he seems to be sure, that something Ossianic is to be found somewhere, and that enough would still remain in the Book of Lismore although all that Macpherson ever published in the name of Ossian were obliterated to-morrow as forgery—but whether what remains would be poetry or prose, he is not sure—not quite.

Taking other people's ignorance in this matter for granted also, as equal to his own, he dispassionately inquires as he proceeds, as if in critical des-

pondency on the point—"Who was this Ossian, and when did he live? His exact date or even century we cannot name." So frank an admission as this of utter incompetence to deal with his own subject by a public lecturer in one of the most important seats of learning in Europe, if it had not been made in the lecture itself, if it had not been reproduced without qualifying note or comment in a magazine like *Good Words*, would have been incredible; but it stands there as indisputable proof of what men will sometimes say and do who undertake to say something, but "who understand neither what they say nor whereof they affirm." Has the Principal, I may inquire, collated more than half-a-dozen passages in the entire collection of poems ascribed to Ossian? Has he verified a single sentence, or guessed at a single scene or date, beyond accepting at random the mediæval Irish idea that Ossian was the son of Fin, or Fiun, the king of the Feinne; and that much of his poetry—if it was anybody's at all—refers to a period specifically unknown in that "very dim foretime," "when Christianity was yet young, and was struggling for existence against old Paganism in Erin and in Alba?" It would appear not. He has not even consulted a single reliable authority on the subject—else how could he put such an interrogation as the above, on the supposition that it never had been and never could be answered? He might as well have inquired with a desponding sigh—Who Moses was? who Homer was? who Isaiah was? or who John the Divine was? In point of fact, we know a great deal less genealogically about any of these than we do about Ossian. We know for example, on his own authority exclusively, that Moses was the son of Amram of the house of Levi, through whom of course he may be traced to Abraham, and that he was also the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter. We know that Homer was utterly unrecognisable as the citizen of any city, or as the son of any family—that his very birth-place, in fact, was disputed: that Isaiah was the son of Amos, and prophesied in the days of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah: and that John was the son of one Zebedee, a fisherman of Galilee, in the year of our Lord 27; that he was once a prisoner in Patmos, and died within the first century—but whether he wrote either the Gospel or the Apocalypse there, we do not know. Ossian in like manner, on his own authority—but a hundred times more distinctly reiterated, and by universal local tradition in Scotland affirmed—was the son of Fingal, who was the son of Comhal, who was the son of Trathal, who was the son of Trenmor—who in all probability was of eastern or north-eastern descent, but who was undoubtedly generalissimo king of the Western Caledonian Celts at the very commencement of the Christian era—at a date, in fact, when John the Divine had not yet received his own call to discipleship.

Fingal's era, again, as defined in Ossian, and confirmed by the clearest evidence both geological and historical, was from A.D. 190 or thereby, to 286, when he was assassinated on his return from Temora, at the age of 92. Ossian himself, who survived, would then be about 70, and he lived for many years afterwards—how many we cannot affirm; but in the interval, some of his most beautiful and important poems were composed or finished. Oscar, his son, as Principal Shairp seems to be aware, had already been treacherously slain in Ullin in the flower of his youth; and Malvina, the betrothed of Oscar, and Ossian's sole surviving friend, fell

by-and-bye a victim at the chase—whose obsequies by cremation were also celebrated by Ossian in his own Dying Hymn. The entire family, therefore, would be extinct before the end of the third century; "and their sepulchres, are they not all with us," in the Island of Arran, "unto this day?" If Principal Shairp, on consulting Macpherson's notes, should object that Fingal's age is there stated to have been only 56 at his death, then I must explain to the Principal—for explanations of the kind are obviously required in the circumstances—that Macpherson is in error; that he contradicts both himself in fact, and the text of his own translation, in that estimate—one of the clearest proofs in the world that he was not at least an impostor.

In conclusion now, as regards the region of Fingal's administration, and of Scoto-Celtic occupation, on which Principal Shairp seems to be also in perplexity, the details are all equally clear as recorded in Ossian. There was first, the original dynasty of Trenmor at home—at Selma or among the Hebrides—represented by Trathal, Comhal, and Fingal, in succession; there was second, the contemporaneous dynasty of Trenmor at Temora in Ullin, represented by his eldest son Conor, and by the Cormacs, his descendants there—who were therefore cousins-german in their successive degrees to the dynasty at home; and there was, besides these, the dynasty of Larthon, a Gallovidian Scot, who settled in the north-west of Ireland beyond Lough Neagh, about 500 B.C., and was represented there in Ossian's day by Cairbar, the usurper and assassin. These western Irish, who were known to Ossian as the Sons of Erin, or the Bolgae, were the natural enemies of the Scots in Ullin under Conor; and it was to protect his relatives and allies from their incursions, as much as from the raids of Norwegian pirates under Swaran, that Fingal more than once had occasion to visit Ireland. All this may be made as plain from the text of Ossian, as the details of the Norman Conquest or the occupation of the Danes can be, from the chronicles of Great Britain; with all geographical, topographical, and historical circumstances of peace and war, in connection—including battles, expeditions, and adventures by sea and land, from the coast of Ireland and the Solway Frith, from the Frith of Clyde and the Roman Wall to the Orkney Isles and the coasts of Iceland and Norway; but it is Principal Shairp's own business, and not mine, to investigate the matter further. It may perhaps stimulate his curiosity, however, to be informed that the whole subject, from this very point of view, has been occupying for many months past the serious attention of so eminent a Continental scholar as Dr Ebrard of Erlangen; and that in all probability a series of articles from his pen, embodying similar results, will ere long be issued in one of the most influential German magazines—the *Conservative Monadtsschrift*—of the period.—I am, sir, &c.,

P. HATELY WADDELL.

Glasgow, April 6, 1880.

—o—

THE MACDONALDS OF KEPPOCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In reading the sketch of the Keppoch Family, by Mr D. C. Macpherson, in the August number of your magazine, I find that some of it does not correspond with the traditions of my forefathers. However, if

your information is derived from a proper "Chronicle" kept of the said family from time to time, I readily give in. But if your information is only the hearsay of the present, I venture to assert that my grandfather could trace the Keppoch family better than any one now living in the Braes of Lochaber.

I do not pretend to give an extended history of this famous family—merely the succession, with a few remarks.

ALASTAIR CARRACH, the founder of the Keppoch family, was succeeded by his son ANGUS, who was succeeded by his son DONALD, who was succeeded by his son IAIN ALAINN.

When IAIN was deposed by his clan, his uncle, ALASTAIR MACAONGHAIS, was chosen, who succeeded him.

ALASTAIR MACAONGHAIS was succeeded by his son ANGUS, who was succeeded by his son ALEXANDER, who was succeeded by his son RAONULL MOR,* who was succeeded by his son ALASTAIR BHOTH-FHLOINN, who was succeeded by his son ALASTAIR NAN CLEAS, who was succeeded by his son RAONULL OG, who was succeeded by his son AONGHAS.†

AONGHAS MACRAONUILL OG was succeeded by his uncle DONULL GLAS, who was succeeded by his son ALEXANDER. This Alastair and his brother Ranold were cruelly murdered by "Siol Duiel Ruaidh," who were not related to the Keppoch family. "Siol Duiel Ruaidh" were assisted by two cousins of the murdered persons in the above plot. They were sons of Alastair Buidhe-Allan ‡ and Donald.

ALASTAIR MACDHONUILL GHLAIS was succeeded by his uncle ALASTAIR BUIDHE, who was succeeded by his son GILLEASBA, who was succeeded by his son COLLA, who was succeeded by his son ALASTAIR, who was succeeded by his son RAONULL OG, who was the last Mac Mhic Raonuill.

In reading No. 57 (January 1880) of your Magazine, page 101, I see it stated, by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, that the accomplishing of the punishment of the murderers of the children of Keppoch was intrusted to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat; and that Archibald, the "Ciaran Mabach," was his son. For proof, I will refer you to an unpublished historical MS. of the Macdonalds, and the same will inform you that the carrying out of said deed was entrusted to Sir James, the father of Sir Donald, and the Ciaran Mabach was the brother of Sir James.

In 1665 Sir James got a letter of thanks from the Earl of Rothes and others, thanking him for the service he had done in punishing the murderers, assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to the honour of Sir James. Sir James died in the year 1678.

See *Iain Lom* in his song "Mort na Ceapach," where he says :—

Gur h-iom oganach sgaiteach,
Lub bhlachlach, sgiath chrom,

* This is not Raonull MacDhonuill Ghlais. If I am rightly informed he nor his father, Donull Glas, never was chief of the clan.

† I never heard of this Aonghas being called Aonghas Odhar. However, the song of which he is said to be the author was composed by a son of Gilleasba-na-Ceapaich, who was always called *Aonghas Odhar*. He had a brother called Alastair Odhar, the two being brave sons of Gilleasba-na Ceapaich, of which your magazine made no mention.

‡ Allan, son of Alastair Buidhe, never was a Mac Mhic Raonuill, as his father ruled when he was murdered and for some time afterwards. You magazine informs us he left no issue. I know numbers of his descendants from Badenoch, who are now settled in Mabou, Cape Breton.

Eadar drochaid Allt Eire
'S rugha Shleibhte nan tonn
A dheanadh leat eiridh
N'am biodh do chreuchdan lan tholl,
'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig
Dheadh Shir Sheumais nan long.

Also see the *Piobaire Dall*, in composing a *dan* to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, where he said :—

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas Mor,
'S b'eol dhomh Domhnull a Mhac,
B'eol dhomh Domhnull eile ris
Chumadh fo chis no sloigh ceart;
B'eol dhomh Domhnull na n' tri Don'ull
'S ge b-og e bu mhor a chliu,
Bhi'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn
Ag eiridh leis anns gach cuis,
B'eol dhomh Sir Seumas mo ruin
T-athair-sa Mhic chliuitich fein,
'S tus a nis an siathamh glun
Dh'ordaich Righ nan dul nan deigh :
N'an tuiteadh m' aois cho fad a mach
'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thim—
Be sin dhomh-sa, an seachdamh glun
Thainig air an Dun ri' m' linn.

Yours, &c.,

A NOVA-SCOTIAN MACDONALD.

—o—

THE CLAN IVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Sir,—In the excellent little book of notes issued by Mr Mackenzie of Findon, introductory to the sheets of genealogies, I notice at page 15 that he speaks of the Macivers, Macaulays, &c., as being Scandinavians. I do not think there is any evidence for this. In the case of the Macivers I am satisfied that it is pure assumption. Principal Campbell, the historian of the Macivers, assumes them to be Scandinavian, because the name "Iver" or "Iamhiar" is, he thinks, not Celtic. But this is not reasoning, and there have been too many groundless attempts made to rob us of our superior native descent. While I write in disapprobation of the Scandinavian assumption, and while I trust Findon is wrong also with his bastard Irish-Italian origin for the Mackenzie clan, I cannot withhold from him my admiration for the public spirit he has shown in issuing the excellent series of sheets of clan pedigrees. What a pity a similar monument of research were not in existence respecting all our Northern Clans. But, as Findon truly says, "The means which existed in years gone by of collecting details of family history in the Highlands are now-a-days not so attainable; the old Highland gentlemen and ladies whose memories

were stored with genealogical treasure, and who rarely straying from their own immediate settlement, made family history, as handed down by their forbears, the delight of their conversation, are now rapidly leaving the scene ; they have no successors." Findon has done a great work, and performed a filial and public duty, and he merits the gratitude of all Highlanders interested in their past national history, and who are proud of the race from which they have sprung.—I am, &c.

A SON OF IVER.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

—o—

QUERIES.

MACBEANS OF KINCHYLE.—Are there any descendants of this family at the present time? Any such would greatly oblige by communicating with A. M. Shaw, Chipping Barnet, Herts, who is desirous of completing a pedigree of the family from Angus Macbean, captain in Mackintosh's Regiment in 1715, to the present time; and of knowing when the feu right to Kinchyle was given up. A. M. S.

MURDOCH MACKENZIE was a native of Poolewe, or Gairloch, and married Mary, daughter of Donald Maclennan, Croft, Poolewe (late Gaelic schoolmaster there), and sister of the present George and Kenneth Maclennan, meal, cattle, &c., dealers, Croft, Poolewe. Will you, or any of the numerous Mackenzie or other antiquarian readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, inform me what branch of the Mackenzies this Murdoch Mackenzie is descended from? I shall esteem it a great favour if any one can give me correct information as to the above. MACCOINNICH

Birnam.

THE CRERARS.—Would your distinguished local, and more widely famed, antiquarian, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., F.S.A.S., much oblige me by giving his views in the *Celtic Magazine* of the origin of the Crerars, and their connection with the Mackintoshes? My ancestors were always called Mackintoshes in Gaelic, and my grandfather is so designated, though a Crerar, on his tombstone in the church-yard of his native glen in Perthshire. I would also like to know what place Mr Mackintosh Shaw gives to the Crerars in his forthcoming History of the Clan Chattan, advertised in your Magazine. Before the Breadalbane clearances many families of the name of Crerar resided at Glenquaich, and at Loch Tayside, who used to muster at the Kenmore markets, arrayed in the genuine Mackintosh tartan, and wearing sprigs of boxwood in their Highland bonnets. I intend to subscribe for Mr Shaw's patriotic work, and possibly I may induce others to do the same, if I find that my branch of the clan occupies its proper place in the History. There are many of them on this side of the Atlantic, now calling themselves Mackintoshes, who were at home known as Crerars. Any information regarding this branch of the clan will be highly esteemed by A TRANS-ATLANTIC CRERAR.

THE ROSSES OF INVERCHASTLEY OR ARDGAY.—I should esteem it a great favour if your learned correspondent "Lex" (who has given such a full and interesting account in your August number of the Rosses of Invercharron, to whom the above-named Rosses were closely related), or any of your other antiquarian contributors, could supply me with information regarding the family of Inverchastley. Bailie Donald Ross of Tain, who was the great-grandfather of the present representatives of the family, married his cousin Margaret, eldest daughter of Andrew Ross of Shandwick. What I want particularly to know is, who was the father of this Bailie Donald Ross, and the connecting link between him and the Rosses of Inverchastley? The latter family repeatedly intermarried with the Rosses of Invercharron. A. M.

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—Tennyson.

BOOK II.—"A SYLVAN COURT."

——o——

Chapter IX.

The harp that thrilled in the castle hall
Is hung on the willow tree.

—Old Ballad.

For some days after the battle of Dalry Bruce and his followers took shelter in Balquhidder glen, but as soon as they had recovered from the fatigues of the encounter, and the wounds of the unfortunate combatants had been sufficiently healed, the wanderings among the woods and mountains were resumed. Pursued by the spiritual anathemas of the church as well as the more formidable emissaries of the English oppressor, the life of that little band of patriots was far from enviable. They were happy, however, in the possession of a wild sort of freedom, and liberty of any kind was dearer than servitude.

Summer was now approaching, the bleak winds of March were giving way to the balmy breezes and refreshing showers of April, with intermittent outbursts of solar heat, and the fragrance of the hillside flowers lent a new charm to the itinerant life of the fugitives.

The day was generally spent in wandering from place to place eluding the pursuit of the enemy, broken at more favourable intervals by the excitements of the chase, the diversions of the combat or tournay, or the milder pleasures of angling, for which Sir James Douglas had a particular passion. The presence of the ladies was in some respects a burden, more especially in times of danger, for their food and safety had to be secured; but when all went well, when there was no enemy in the vicinity, and when the venison fell readily to the hand of the hunters, the fair ones gave an additional interest to the life of the greenwood revellers. The evening was made merry around the log watchfire by the songs and tales of the minstrels, and the King shone as brilliantly in song and story as he did in doughty deeds of chivalry. His memory was stored with the riches of Roman history, and his youth had been spent in reading the romances of the time. To his listening admirers he poured forth an almost inexhaustible stream of anecdote and fiction. He dwelt on those innumerable examples of heroism and fortitude, perseverance and patriotism to be found in the annals of Rome, and inculcated on his knightly companions the virtues of the Roman citizen. In referring to the story of Hannibal he dwelt especially on the disheartening reverses which assailed the outset of his career and that indomitable courage and inexorable fortitude which led to his ultimate triumph.

Not even so joyous was the life of Dermond. The transports of the captor served but to increase the depression of the captive. He saw freedom and happiness around him and contrasted them with his own forlorn and fettered condition. Ardent and impulsive as he was he could not but look with envy on the merry faces of his guards and condemn that rash-

ness which bound the shackles on his limbs. Had it not been for the company of the light-hearted Norseman, who continued to remind him that at least one of the trusty relics of Dunkerlyne remained, the tedious and monotonous nature of his life would have been intolerable, and no doubt he would have made some desperate effort to escape, which would only have imperilled the life of himself and fellow prisoners. As the days and weeks rolled on without any prospect of relief, the life of the captives became more unbearable. It is not intended to dwell on the various incidents which resulted from repeated endeavours to break away from the bondage of the Bruce. Overborne by the increased vigilance of the guards which the impatience of Dermond and his followers had contributed to strengthen, all hope had to be abandoned for a while, and a more favourable turn of fortune had to be awaited.

During all this time Dermond had not forgotten the missive which Bertha had entrusted to his care, but his solicitations for an interview with Sir David M'Neill had a very different effect from that which he anticipated. Having gained the ear of Douglas's squire, he succeeded in interesting him on his behalf; day after day he looked for the success of his suit, and scarcely a week had elapsed before he received some notification of the effect of his new friend's intercession. He was separated from Olave and his companions, mounted on horseback between two squires and a strong body of Douglas's own followers, but he could gain no explanation regarding the meaning of these increased precautions. In the midst of the mirth of this goodly companion his loneliness was like to crush his youthful spirit, and as time lengthened, however eager he was to enjoy the conversation of those around him, he was compelled to commune with his own thoughts until he became almost insensible to what was passing, and he rode on dreaming strange dreams.

Summer now spread her splendours over the hills, the forests, and the vales, and the life that was led by the kingly Bruce and his knightly followers was a gay and festive one. Under the bright and smiling eyes of the ladies the tone and habits of the party were softened and refined. The King was cheered by the ever welcome ministrations of his beautiful consort, and inspired with more than ordinary martial enthusiasm by that brave and patriotic woman, the fearless Countess of Buchan, who had dared so much for the preservation of the ancient right of her family in the coronation of the Kings of Scotland. There was also young Stewart undivided in his attentions to the lovely and girlish Marjory, exciting the envy of many a more unfortunate gallant. The harmony existing in this sylvan court was something remarkable compared with that of Edward in London. Common misfortune awakening the loving and benevolent sympathies, sweetened the intercourse with gentleness and courtesy, and in this sense, perhaps, the Scottish Court in its outlawry was happier than any in Europe.

It was towards the end of September, and the little party held its way with some difficulty among the large stones and masses of rock that had tumbled from the heights, almost choking the passage through the mountain gorge where Bruce and his followers journeyed. Summer had rapidly passed away, and the cold, cheerless blasts of autumn had set in early, with unusual severity, giving a foretaste of the coming winter. Food was getting scarcer, and even the unabated efforts of the Douglas as a

hunter and angler, were not received with the same favour and reward which had formerly surprised his sportive competitors. The ladies were beginning to suffer from exposure to the chilling winds and rains which had followed somewhat suddenly in the wake of the splendid summer. It was still early, and the morning was dull, the ground was soft with recent rains, and the vegetation of the woods was glistening with the heavy dews. A few horses had been set apart for the convenience of the more distinguished ladies, and they were each led forward through the obstructed pathway by some attentive gallant. A number of horses had also been reserved for the purposes of the chase, and at the head of this foraging rather than sporting party, rode the swarthy Douglas. Now and then a stag or some other wild inhabitant of these unfrequented forests was started, and away the hunting party scampered, the horses' hoofs flinging up the turf behind them amidst the general whoop and halloo, and the deep impressive bay of the King's bloodhounds, while it was with some difficulty that the rest of the party could be restrained from joining in the general rout from the incumbent state of disorder in which the party straggled forward, resulting from the irregular nature of the ground traversed.

The day was drawing to a close, but the sun, which had scarcely been seen for some weeks, had, in the early part of the afternoon, dispersed the grey clouds of the morning, and now shone with unusual lustre on the rusty habiliments and soiled trappings of the King's equipage. Fatigue and langour prevailed throughout the whole party—a slight eminence of a long rambling line of hills branching off from the Grampian range was being mounted. The road, on either side, was beset with high and rugged cliffs,—but as the top of the lower ridge was reached, a descent was made towards a wide stretch of vale and forest, with a large sheet of water glistening in the distance. The sun was just sinking with a red and burning glow behind the mountains, and the various colours of the fading woodlands were lit up in vivid contrast to the stern grandeur of the surrounding country.

No time was allowed to admire the prospect ere a wild halloo reverberated amongst the mountains, and a whole herd of deer and wild cattle bounded right across the path, amid the crackling of branches and shaking of bushes. This incident threw the whole party into disorder. Every horse, heedless of curb and rein, dashed forward in pursuit, and the two squires who rode on either side of Dermond had much difficulty in reining in their prancing steeds, and holding back the spirited horse of the young chieftain.

Soon all had become quiet save the dash of some men in the distance, the rustling of the leaves, or the solitary chirp of some stray or homeless bird; and our hero found himself wending wearily forward with the small retinue of two squires and six jackmen. Now and then some straggler came across them, enquired the direction of the hunters, and spurring forward in pursuit, disappearing speedily amongst the trees. At intervals a horn was heard sounding in the distance, and the laggards quickened their pace, making for the point whence the sound appeared to come, but the calls became fainter and fainter, and as the sun sunk and darkness spread over the labyrinth of forest, a deep sense of loneliness overtook the young chieftain and his guards.

Now no horn resounded from the distant dingle, and the rustling that occurred among the bushes was occasioned by some wild animal bursting from its lair where it had taken shelter for the night without the fear of intrusion on its solitude. As the darkness increased it became more difficult for the wanderers to trace their way through the thickness and blackness of the trees, and the sounding of their horns awoke no response apart from mocking echoes. At length the trees became thinner and thinner, until a wild stretch of moor was reached, with no other trace of vegetation save clumps of furze, short, unwholesome grass, and here and there a patch of moss and heather. The soil was somewhat soft, and the horses sank fetlock deep with every step, so that progress was more retarded than ever. The riders had the greatest difficulty in keeping their saddles, and the jackmen who travelled on foot had to lead the horses forward so as to avoid the pools and quagmires which occurred at frequent intervals. There was the advantage of better light, and the absence of obstructing trees and underwood, but the fear of being lost in a moving bog was worse than all the dangers of the forest combined, notwithstanding the wolves and other ravenous animals which infested the wilds of the Highlands at the time of our narrative. After going about half a league further a more level and sounder portion of the country was emerged upon, and all held briskly onward in the hope of falling in with the main body under command of the King; but as the advancing night cast its gloomy shadows over the open moor, as well as the thickly studded forest, a path more intricate and rough, running through a lonely glen was reached. A little brook rattled along this solitary vale, and the course of the stream was followed in the hope of reaching some human habitation erected on its banks. The search, however, was altogether unsuccessful, and although several imagined that they had descried a light glimmering in the distance, the more superstitious of the jackmen set it down to the movements of some Will-o'-the-wisp or Jack-o'-Lanthorn who was bent on leading them further out of the way. They were obliged to give up in despair, and notwithstanding the howl of the hungry wolf on the hills set a few shivering with fear, they were so weary and worn with the fatigues of the day that they turned aside resolved upon spending the night among the bracken on the slope.

One of the jackmen was ordered to keep guard over the prisoner while the rest resigned themselves to slumber, but Dermond was too weary in mind as well as body to sleep soundly. Lying dozing away carefully wrapped in his Highland plaid, he became doubly sensible of his captivity, and the weakness of his guard inclined him to long more ardently for liberty. Opening his eyes he thought to find the sentinel asleep, probably overcome by the fatigues of the day, but his glance was instantly returned, and half satisfied that the least effort without every assurance of success would be more destructive than ever to his purpose, and might imperil any future chance of escape, he shut his eyes and allowed himself to fall asleep, dreaming the while of Bertha and his father's hall. He dreamt of the mysterious behaviour of his father on parting, and longed to know what could have oppressed the old man's mind. His dreams were long and vivid, and happiest of all he thought his father had once more regained the favour of his liege lord Lorn—the torches burned brightly, the ale flowed in brimming flagons, the guests were loud and merry—he danced

with the fair Bertha. He dreamt of his wedding night, but he awoke with a low moan just as he was conducting her to the bridal chamber. He started up, looked around amazed, and then listened. Nothing broke the heavy stillness of the night but the breathing of the sleepers and the restlessness of the horses; even the watchman had succumbed to the power of the somniferous god.

After listening for some time, Dermond resolved upon effecting his escape, but what was his disappointment to find that he had been carefully secured to one of the guards. Finding it impossible to dispose of this precautionary encumbrance without causing an alarm, he lay down again, but just as he was about to close his eyes a rustling in the bracken close at hand attracted his attention. Listening with greater care he heard the rustling repeated, and looking round he caught the flash of a weapon. He sprang to his feet, but ere he had time to awaken the sleepers he found himself within the grasp of a powerful man. As he struggled he met the eye of the assailant, and was astonished to find himself in the arms of Olave, who quickly unbound his master, but not before the sentinel was awakened. Olave, however, had been too careful in securing the jackman's sword, which he placed in Dermond's hand. A struggle ensued, but three of the soldiers fell beneath the blows of the Islesmen; and obeying the command of Olave, as well as following his example, Dermond dashed across the stream, and both suddenly disappeared in the thicket.

(To be Continued.)

THE BATTLE OF INVERNAHAVON.

THERE was a feud of long continuance between the Mackintoshes and the Camerons. The Mackintosh claimed, under an old grant from the Crown, to be owner of the lands in Lochaber occupied by the Camerons, who denied the validity of the grant, and refused to pay any rent. This Mackintosh attempted, on various occasions, to collect by poinding or distraining. The Camerons opposed force by force; and hence resulted various bloody frays, of which the battle of Invernahavon was one. It is said to have been fought in the year 1386, on the plain of Invernahavon, where the river Truim flows into the Spey, a little above where the railway now crosses this river. The following account was derived from two *senachies*, the survivor of whom died upwards of forty years ago:—

The Camerons, having had their cattle seized by Mackintosh and his followers, mustered their force, and marched into Badenoch in order to make reprisals. Mackintosh having learned of their advance, hastened to give them battle, at the head of the clansmen of his own name and the Davidsons, or MacDhaidhs,* of Invernahavon. Mackintosh invited the Laird of Cluny, chief of the Macphersons, to join him with his retainers; but the latter declined, as Mackintosh claimed to be the great captain of all the Clan Chattan, while Cluny claimed that of right such a title be-

* From similarity of sound, these have been confounded sometimes with the Mackays, who were a different clan.

onged to himself. The Clan Chattan comprised all the tribes just mentioned, and several others who claimed a common descent from Gillie-Cattan More, a worthy of the olden time, from whom they derived their common name. It is said, however, that the Mackintoshes were his descendants only in the female line, and that their ancestor in the direct line was a Macduff, of the family of the Earl of Fife; and this was one reason why the Camerons refused to do him service or pay him rent.

The Camerons were led by their chief, Charles MacGilonay, and their opponents by the Laird of Mackintosh. Like most clan battles the conflict was severe; but the victory was won by the Camerons; and so many of the Davidsons were slain that they have ever since, to this day, been few in number.

The defeated clans fled along the low grounds south of the Spey, and the Camerons pursued them for a few miles till they halted and rested for the night on the height of Briagach, opposite Ballychroan. Towards morning the Chief of the Camerons dreamed that he lay on the ground, and that two hogs were turning him over and over with their snouts. As he was relating this ill-omened dream to his brother, they heard a loud splashing noise; and on looking in the direction whence it came they could see the Macphersons crossing the Spey by the ford at the upper end of the islet *Eilean-nan-uan.*

Immediately after his defeat, Mackintosh sent his bard to Cluny, offering to acknowledge him as the chief of all the Clan Chattan, if he would at once hasten to his relief with his clan. As Cluny resided only a few miles above Invernahavon, he was able to march at once with a strong force against the Camerons, for he was glad to have his title acknowledged on these terms. He moved with such rapidity that he crossed the river with his men shortly after daybreak.

The Camerons had suffered so much in the battle of the preceding day, that they were in no condition to face a fresh enemy. They therefore fled precipitately, without losing a moment. They crossed the Spey near Noidmore, and made for their own country by the shortest and safest route through Glen Benchar, hotly pursued by the Macphersons. These, however, did not make much execution among them, as they had got a good start, because the Macphersons had to advance for some time along the low marshy ground. But the Camerons suffered a good deal from the country people, who attacked them in their flight, and slew a number of them. Among others, their chief was killed with an arrow, on the height thence termed to this day *Torr Thearlaich*—hill of Charles. Such of them as succeeded in reaching the mountains escaped in safety, for any further pursuit was then impracticable.

In the course of time the Camerons recovered from the disastrous effects of this incursion, and again invaded the undisputed possessions of Mackintosh with a strong force. On this occasion they succeeded in carrying away all the cattle of their opponents that they could find; and they were returning home with them triumphantly through the braes of Lochaber, when their own folly caused them a sad reverse. The Camerons cherished hostile feelings towards Clan Ranald of Keppoch, whose family they deemed intruders in Lochaber. So they resolved to send him an insulting message. But there was some difficulty in finding one who would thus "beard the lion in his den." At length one known as the

tailleir caol (slender tailor) offered to convey the message, on condition that he should receive a double share of the prey. He was very swift of foot, and hoped by that means to get back with his head on his shoulders. So he went off and delivered the message, which was that the prey of Clanranald's *master* (meaning Mackintosh) was passing, let him rescue it if he dare.

Unfortunately for the Camerons, Clanranald happened to have his men assembled near his residence at the time. He therefore sent them, without delay, under the command of a brother, to chastise the Camerons for their insult. These were attacked in a very short time by the Macdonalds with the fiery valour characteristic of their race; and as they were quite unprepared for such an onset, they were completely defeated, and the whole of the prey was carried off in triumph by their enemies. When they returned, Keppoch enquired how far they had pursued the Camerons. "Across the Lochy," was the answer. "Ye should have chased them to their doors," he replied. This, however, would have been dangerous under the circumstances, as they might have been attacked by a superior force and driven back into the river.

Although Keppoch was highly enraged at the message, yet he disdained to cut down the impudent messenger without giving him a chance for his life. So he said to him, "If thou wert Clanranald of Keppoch, and I the slender tailor, what wouldst thou do to me?" The tailor cunningly answered, "I would allow thee a certain distance ahead; if thou shouldst escape, well; and if not—thou shouldst fall." "So be it," replied Keppoch. He gave the tailor the distance in advance that he had mentioned; but he thought to get up with him speedily by pursuing on horseback. The tailor, however, got off, by running through the large peat-bog that lies north-west of Keppoch House, which soon checked Clanranald's pursuit. He reached his home all safe, but of course he had labour and risk for his pains, as there was now no prey to divide.

I am aware that this account differs in some respects from that given in Shaw's "History of the Province of Moray," but I have written it down as I received it. Shaw's account is based on tradition as well as this, which tallies better than his with some other well-known facts.

TORONTO. PATRICK MACGREGOR.

Literature.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES, Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. JOYCE, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A. London: C. Kegan, Paul, & Co., Paternoster Square.

WHAT will the unbelieving Saxon say to this goodly volume of tales translated from genuine Gaelic manuscripts, some of the latter actually eight hundred years old. It is enough to make Dr Johnson's ghost break away from its ethereal abode, and, if it could, make mince meat of the translator of these beautiful romances. We are charitable enough to hope

that the old man who, so steeped in prejudice, did so much to damage the fair fame of the Celt, is kept in ignorance of what is doing here below, else no heaven can secure comfort for him, while the Professors—Blackie, Shairp, Joyce, and other Celtic warriors like Dr Hately Waddell, are allowed to go at large. We have read the book with great pleasure. The stories are themselves most interesting, and the manner in which the translations have been rendered has made them delightful reading for those who enjoy that class of literature. There are in all eleven tales, the Gaelic originals of which are to be found in the Libraries of Trinity College and of the Irish Academy, where fortunately there are piles of valuable Gaelic MSS., from the eleventh century down to the present time, on every conceivable subject, including annals, history, biography, theology, romance, legend, science, and endless other subjects. And these, Professor Joyce informs us, "are nearly all copies from older books."

With the Celts of Ireland as with those of Scotland the recitation of stories—Tales and Legends—has always been a favourite pastime in the winter evenings; and in early times we read of the professional story-tellers, who were divided into various grades such as ollamhs, sheannachies, filidhs, bards, and so on, whose duty it was to know by heart a good stock of old tales, poems, and historical pieces for recitation at the festive gatherings of their chiefs, for the entertainment of themselves and their guests. Thus long poems and pieces were carried down from generation to generation by these professionals and those who heard them, until modern contempt for such things, clerical abuse, and the printing press, have almost sounded the death-knell of both story and story-teller at the same time. By such works only as the one before us can the tales of ancient times be preserved and placed within the reach of those who come after us, and we warmly commend the translator for his present work and for his excellent manner of doing it. The latter cannot better be described than in his own words. He informs us that :—A translation may either follow the very words, or reproduce the life and spirit, of the original; but no translation can do both. If you render word for word, you lose the spirit; if you wish to give the spirit and manner, you must depart from the exact words, and frame your own phrases. I have chosen this latter course. My translation follows the original closely enough in narrative and incident; but so far as mere phraseology is concerned, I have used the English language freely, not allowing myself to be trammelled by too close an adherence to the very words of the text. The originals are, in general, simple in style; and I have done my best to render them into simple, plain, homely English. In short, I have tried to tell the stories as I conceive the old shanachies themselves would have told them, if they had used English instead of Gaelic." He succeeded admirably.

After informing us that this institution of story-telling held its ground in Ireland and in Scotland to a very recent period, he says that it is questionable if it is yet extinct, and that within his own memory that sort of entertainment was quite common among the farming classes of the north of Ireland. "The family and workmen, and any neighbours that chose to drop in, would sit round the kitchen fire after the day's work—or perhaps gather in a barn on a summer or autumn evening—to listen to some local sheannachie reciting one of his innumerable Gaelic tales. The

story-teller never chose his own words—he always had the story by heart, and recited the words from memory, often gliding into a sort of recitative in poetical passages, or when he came to some favourite grandiose description abounding in high-sounding alliterative adjectives. And very interesting it was to mark the rapt attention of the audience, and to hear their excited exclamations when the speaker came to relate some mighty combat, some great exploit of the hero, or some other striking incident. Three years ago, I met a man in Kilkee, who had a great number of these stories by heart, and who actually repeated for me, without the slightest hitch or hesitation, more than half—and if I had not stopped him would have given me the whole—of 'Cúirt an Mheadhon-Oidhche' ('The Midnight Court'), a poem about six times as long as Gray's 'Elegy.'"

It is not only "within our memory" to see taking place, in the West Highlands of Scotland, the thing here described; but we have within the last 30 years actually taken part in them in our "Highland Ceilidhs," of which we have given some accounts and specimens in the earlier volumes of the *Celtic Magazine*. They are, however, now fast becoming things of the past even in the Highlands of Scotland; and it would not be difficult to prove that the modern and more fashionable amusements which are taking their place is a long way short, in many respects, of being an improvement. We can, however, enjoy our ceilidhs over again in such works as the one before us; and all those who wish to possess specimens of our Celtic romances, recited on such occasions, should place themselves in possession of Professor Joyce's most interesting and amusing work.

The stories given are two of "The Three Tragic Stories of Erin," namely, "The fate of the Children of Lir," taken from a copy of about 1680–1700, but it is understood that older copies exist in some of the public libraries; and "The Fate of the Children of Turenn," mainly taken from the Book of Leccan, compiled about 1416; but there are references to the principal characters in it in Cormac's Glossary, written about the year 900; and in an old poem by Flann of Monasterboice, who died in 1056, and a copy of which is in the Book of Leinster, written about 1130. "The Overflowing of Loch Neagh," "Connla of the Golden Hair," and "The Fairy Maiden," and "The Voyage of Maildun," are taken from the Book of the Dun Cow, the oldest manuscript of Gaelic literature possessed by the Irish, and which was transcribed from an older book by Maelmuire Mac Ceilechair, who died in 1106. These are capital stories—the second illustrating fairy pranks and superstition in the Green Isle, while figuring in it we find the famous Conn of the Hundred Battles, a well-known historical character of the second century. The third—"The Voyage of Maildun," "The Fairy Palace of the Quicken Trees," and "The Pursuit of the Gilla Dacker and his Horse," we have revelled in with peculiar and intense delight—the latter being especially beautiful, and a marvel of creative fancy. "The Pursuit of Dermat and Grania" can hardly be surpassed, in this class of literature, in some of its principal episodes for pathos and power; while the last three in the book—"The Chase of Slieve Cullinn," "The Chase of Slieve Fuad," and "Oisin in Tirnanoge," are perfect gems of their kind.

The value of the book is much enhanced by the addition at the end, as well as in the body, of learned "notes," and a list of the proper names occurring in the text, with their Gaelic and English meanings.

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

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VIII.

It has been maintained by some that Angus Og was a legitimate son of John, Earl of Ross, but all authorities now considered worthy of the name hold a different opinion. It has been already seen that Gregory calls him a bastard. Smibert, in his "Clans of the Highlands of Scotland," referring to the assertions of "ancient private annalists," and especially to Hugh Macdonald, the Sleat family historian, says that some of these assert that John, last Lord of the Isles, who had no children by his wife, Elizabeth Livingston, had yet, quoting from Hugh Macdonald, "a natural son begotten of Macduffie, Colonsay's daughter, and Angus Og, his legitimate son, by the Earl of Angus's daughter." In reference to the latter assertion, Smibert says—"No mention of this Angus marriage occurs in any one public document relating to the Lords of the Isles, or to the Douglasses, then Earls of Angus. On the other hand, the acknowledged wife of John of the Isles, Elizabeth Livingston, was certainly alive in 1475, at which date he, among other charges, is accused of making 'his bastard son' a lieutenant to him in insurrectionary convocations of the lieges; and Angus could therefore come of no second marriage. He indubitably is the same party still more distinctly named in subsequent Parliamentary records as 'Angus of the Isles, *bastard son* to umquhile John of the Isles.' The attribution of noble and legitimate birth to Angus took its origin, without doubt, in the circumstance of John's want of children by marriage having raised his natural son to a high degree of power in the clan, which the active character of Angus well fitted him to use as he willed. That power was still further established by his being named in 1476 as principal heir of entail to his father, when the latter submitted to the Crown and obtained a seat in Parliament; but in that very deed of entail his illegitimacy is stated once more with equal clearness, and he was only to succeed failing other heirs of the body of John. However, in the absence of any such legal issue, Angus wielded all the authority of an heir-apparent, and appears, by his violence, to have involved the tribe in perpetual disturbance." The father and son seem to have become quite reconciled to each other during the latter years of

the life of Angus, who died during his father's lifetime, about 1485, at Inverness, in the manner already described. A few years after this the Lord of the Isles is again in antagonism to the Crown, and enters into a treaty with Edward IV. of England, who was preparing another expedition against the Scots; and for the remainder of the reign of James III. the vassals of the Island Chief appear to have been in a state of open resistance to the Crown. Angus Og having, according to some authorities, died without legitimate issue, and John, Lord of the Isles, being now advanced in years, his nephew, Alexander of Lochalsh, son of Celestine, his Lordship's brother, held, according to Gregory and other authorities, the rank of heir to the Lordship of the Isles, while others maintain that he merely commanded the clan as guardian to Angus Og's youthful son, Donald Dubh, who was still a prisoner at Inchconnell; but the latter view, it is held, is inconsistent with several known facts, one of which is, a charter, dated in 1492, in favour of John Maclean of Lochbuy of the office of Bailliary of the south half of the Island of Tiree, granted by John, Lord of the Isles, *and Alexander de Insulis, Lord of Lochalsh*, an office which could not have been given by Alexander of Lochalsh in any other capacity than as his father's heir to the Lordship of the Isles, for it formed no part of his own patrimony of Lochalsh. In 1488 Alexander invaded the mainland at the head of his vassals with the view of wresting the ancient possessions of his house in the Earldom of Ross from those who now held them by charters from the Crown, especially the Mackenzies, apparently with the full consent and approval of his aged uncle of the Isles. A full account of his proceedings and the causes which were the more immediate cause of them is given in "The History of the Mackenzies,"* pp. 59-74, and at pp. 161-170, No. xxix. (vol. iii.) of the *Celtic Magazine*. It is therefore unnecessary to reproduce it here, but we may give the following summary from Gregory:—"As the districts of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and Lochbroom, which Alexander inherited from his father, and which he now held as a Crown fief, lay in the Earldom of Ross, his influence there was greater than that of Angus of the Isles had been. Yet the only Crown vassal of the Earldom who joined him was Hugh Rose, younger of Kilravock, whose father at this time was keeper, under the Earl of Huntly, of the castle of Ardmanach, in Ross. In the year 1491,† a large body of Western Highlanders, composed of the Clanranald of Garmoran, the Clanranald of Lochaber, and the Clanchameron, under Alexander of Lochalsh, advanced from Lochaber into Badenoch, where they were joined by the Clanchattan. The latter tribe, which possessed lands both under the Lord of the Isles and the Earl of Huntly, was led by Farquhar Mackintosh, the son and heir of the captain of the Clanchattan. From Badenoch the confederates marched to Inverness, where Farquhar Mackintosh stormed and took the royal castle, in which he established a garrison; and where the forces of the Highlanders were probably increased by the arrival of the young Baron of Kilravock and his followers. Proceeding to the north-east, the fertile lands belonging to Sir Alexander Urquhart, the Sheriff of Cromarty, were plundered, and a vast booty carried off by the Islanders and their associates. It is probable that at this time Loch-

* By the same author. Published by A. & W. Mackenzie, Inverness: 1879.

† There is some confusion here as to the dates, for there is no doubt at all that the battle of Park was fought as early as 1488.

alsh had divided his force into two parts, one being sent home with the booty already acquired, whilst with the other he proceeded to Strathconnan, for the purpose of ravaging the lands of the Mackenzies. The latter clan, under their chief, Kenneth, having assembled their forces, surprised and routed the invaders, who had encamped near the river Connan, at a place called Park, whence the conflict has received the name of Blairnepark. Alexander of Lochalsh was wounded, and, as some say, taken prisoner in this battle, and his followers were expelled from Ross. The victors then proceeded to ravage the lands of Ardmanach, and those belonging to William Munro of Fowlis—the former because the young Baron of Kilravock, whose father was governor of that district, had assisted the other party; the latter probably because Munro, who joined neither party, was suspected of secretly favouring Lochalsh. So many excesses were committed at this time by the Mackenzies, that the Earl of Huntly, Lieutenant of the North, was compelled (notwithstanding their services in repelling the invasion of the Macdonalds) to act against them as rebels and oppressers of the lieges. Meanwhile, the origin of these commotions did not escape the investigation of the Government; and the result was the final forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles, and its annexation to the Crown. It does not appear, from the documents which we possess, how far the Lord of the Isles was himself implicated in the rebellious proceedings of his nephew. It may be that his inability to keep the wild tribes of the West Highlands and Isles in proper subjection was his chief crime, and that the object of the Government in proceeding to his forfeiture was, by breaking up the confederacy of the Islanders, to strengthen indirectly the royal authority in these remote districts. The tenor of all the proceedings of James IV., connected with the final forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles, leads to this conclusion. These proceedings will be described at more length in their proper place. At present we have only to record the fact, that, in the Parliament which sat in the month of May 1493, John, fourth and last Lord of the Isles, was forfeited and deprived of his title and estates. In the month of January following, he appeared in presence of the King, and went through the form of making a voluntary surrender of his Lordship, after which he appears to have remained for some time in the King's household in the receipt of a pension. Finally, this aged nobleman retired to the Monastery of Paisley, a foundation which owed much to the pious liberality of himself and his ancestors. Here he died, about the year 1498; and was interred, at his own request, in the tomb of his royal ancestor, King Robert II."*

During this period—from the final forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles in 1493, to his death—the country was almost in a constant state of insurrection, though many of the leading heads of families made their submission to the Crown; for Alexander of Lochalsh lost no opportunity of asserting his claim to the Earldom of Ross and the Lordship of the Isles. It was, however, determined by the Government that no single family should ever again be permitted to acquire the same preponderance in the west as the Lords of the Isles. At first the steps taken to secure the submission of the Islanders were not characterised by any great severity, and in the year 1493 James IV. proceeded in person to receive the sub-

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 55-58.

mission and homage of the leading vassals of the ancient Lordship. In this he acted wisely, for even those haughty barons had some respect for Royalty, and proved themselves willing to grant to their king in person what it was quite possible he could never have forced from them by the sword. Among the first who came to submit themselves to his clemency were Alexander de Insulis of Lochalsh, John de Insulis of Isla, John Maclean of Lochbuy, and Duncan Mackintosh of that ilk, formerly vassals of the forfeited Lord of the Isles. They received in return for their submission royal charters of all or nearly all the lands which they previously held under the Island Chief, and were thus made freeholders, quite independent of any superior but the Crown; and Alexander of Lochalsh and John of Isla both received the honour of knighthood, while the former, as presumptive heir to the Lordship of the Isles, previous to the forfeiture of his uncle, received a promise from the King to secure all the free tenants of the Isles in their then present holdings, an engagement which at first seems to have been strictly adhered to. This promise is distinctly mentioned in several charters of the year 1498.* In all the circumstances it must be conceded that the King acted with great leniency towards the Island Chiefs, and especially to Alexander of Lochalsh, who had been the leading spirit in all the recent troubles, particularly in the outbreak which ended in the forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles. The King soon after returned to his lowland court; but some of the more powerful vassals still holding out, it was decided that another expedition should be sent accompanied by such a display of military force as should effectually secure their submission and command their obedience. So, in the month of April 1494, we find the King in the Isles making preparations for a third visit by preparing and garrisoning the castle of Tarbet, one of the most important strongholds in the West Highlands. In July following he is again there with a powerful force, when he proceeded to seize the castle of Dunaverty, in South Kintyre, where he placed a strong garrison, supplied, like the one at Tarbet, with powerful artillery and experienced gunners. By far the best and most complete account of this period by any writer is that given by Gregory, and whether acknowledged or not, it has been made the groundwork by all our modern historians when treating of this dark period in the History of the Highlands and Isles. We shall therefore quote him *in extenso*. He says—It will be recollected that the districts of Kintyre and Knapdale were, in 1476, expressly resigned by the Lord of the Isles, along with the Earldom of Ross, to the Crown. A great portion of Kintyre had been held, under the Lord of the Isles, by Sir Donald de Insulis, surnamed Balloch of Isla, prior to this resignation, which deprived Sir Donald and his family of a very valuable possession. Whether Sir John of Isla, the grandson and representative of Sir Donald, had, at the time he received knighthood, on the first visit of James IV. to the Isles, any hopes of the restoration of Kintyre, cannot now be ascertained. But it is certain that he was deeply offended at the step now taken, of placing a garrison in the castle of Dunaverty; and he secretly collected his followers, determined to take the first opportunity of expelling the royal garrison, and taking possession of the district of Kintyre. This opportunity was soon afforded

* Reg. of Great Seal, xiii., 336, 337. Gregory, p. 88.

him. The King, not expecting opposition from this quarter, was preparing to quit Kintyre by sea, with his own personal attendants—the bulk of his followers having previously been sent away on some other expedition—when the Chief of Isla, finding everything favourable for his attempt, stormed the castle, and hung the governor from the wall, in the sight of the King and his fleet.*

James, unable at the time to punish this daring rebel, took, nevertheless, such prompt measures for the vindication of his insulted authority, that ere long Sir John of Isla and four of his sons were apprehended in Isla, by Macian of Ardnamurchan, and brought to Edinburgh. There they were found guilty of high treason, and executed accordingly on the Burrowmuir; their bodies being interred in the church of St Anthony. Two surviving sons, who afterwards restored the fortunes of this family, fled to their Irish territory of the Glens, to escape the pursuit of Macian.† In the course of this year, likewise, two powerful chiefs, Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, and John Macian of Ardnamurchan, made their submission, and the activity displayed by the latter against the rebellious Islesmen, soon procured him a large share of the Royal favour.

In the following year, 1495, after extensive preparation for another expedition to the Isles, the King assembled an army at Glasgow; and, on the 18th of May, we find him at the Castle of Mingarry, in Ardnamurchan, being the second time within two years that he had held his court in this remote castle. John Huchonson, or Hughson, of Sleat; Donald Angusson of Keppoch; Allan MacRuari of Moydert, chief of the Clanranald; Hector Maclean of Dowart; Ewin Allanson of Lochiel, captain of the Clan Chameron, and Gilleonan Macneill of Barra, seem to have made their submission in consequence of this expedition. In this year, too, Kenneth Oig Mackenzie of Kintail and Farquhar Macintosh, son and heir of the captain of the Clanchattan, were imprisoned by the King in the Castle of Edinburgh. This may have been partly owing to their lawless conduct in 1491, but was more probably caused by a dread of their influence among the Islanders—for the mothers of these powerful chiefs were each the daughters of an Earl of Ross, Lord of the Isles. The measures now taken by the King were soon after followed up by an important Act of the Lords of Council (1496), which merits particular notice. This Act provided, in reference to civil actions against the Islanders—of which a considerable number were then in preparation—that the chief of every clan should be answerable for the due execution of summonses and other writs against those of his own tribe, under the penalty of being made liable himself to the party bringing the action. This, although undoubtedly a strong measure, was in all probability rendered necessary by the disturbed state of the Isles after so many rebellions, and could hardly fail to produce a beneficial effect; for in these wild and remote districts the officers of the law could not perform their

* The Treasurer's accounts, under August 1494, show that Sir John of the Isles was summoned, at that time, to answer for treason "in Kintyre." The precise act of treason is learned from a tradition well known in the Western Highlands.

† These particulars regarding the punishment inflicted on the Chief of Isla and his sons are derived from the MS. of Macvurich and Hugh Macdonald, corroborated from a charter from the King to Macian, dated 24th March 1499, and preserved among the Argyle papers, rewarding the latter for his services in apprehending Sir John, his sons, and accomplices.

necessary duties in safety, without the assistance of a large military force. At the same time that this important regulation was made, five chiefs of rank—viz., Hector Maclean of Dowart, John Macian of Ardnamurchan, Allan MacRuari of Moydert, Ewin Allanson of Lochiel, and Donald Angusson of Keppoch—appearing before the Lords of Council bound themselves, "by the extension of their hands," to the Earl of Argyle, on behalf of the King, to abstain from mutual injuries and molestation, each under a penalty of five hundred pounds. Such were the steps taken by the King and Council to introduce, at this time, law and order into the remote Highlands and Isles.

The active share taken by King James in supporting the pretensions of Perkin Warbeck (1497) withdrew his attention for a time from the state of the Western Isles, and seems to have given opportunity for a new insurrection, which, however, was suppressed without the necessity for another Royal expedition. Sir Alexander of Lochalsh—whether with the intention of claiming the Earldom of Ross, or of revenging himself on the Mackenzies, for his former defeat at Blairnepark, is uncertain—invaded the more fertile districts of Ross in a hostile manner. He was encountered by the Mackenzies and Munros at a place called Drumchatt, where, after a sharp skirmish, he and his followers were again routed and driven out of Ross. After this event the Knight of Lochalsh proceeded southward among the Isles, endeavouring to rouse the Islanders to arms in his behalf, but without success, owing probably to the terror produced by the execution of Sir John (Cathanach) of Isla and his sons. Meantime Macian of Ardnamurchan, judging this a proper opportunity of doing an acceptable service to the King, surprised Lochalsh in the Island of Oronsay, whither he had retreated, and put him to death. In this Macian was assisted, according to tradition, by Alexander, the eldest surviving son of John (Cathanach) of Isla, with whom he had contrived to effect a reconciliation, and to whom he had given his daughter in marriage. Sir Alexander of Lochalsh left both sons and daughters, who afterwards fell into the King's hands; and of whom we shall have occasion to speak in the sequel. About the same time as the unsuccessful insurrection of which we have just spoken, the Chiefs of Mackenzie and Mackintosh made their escape from Edinburgh Castle; but on their way to the Highlands they were treacherously surprised at the Torwood by the Laird of Buchanan. Mackenzie having offered resistance, was slain, and his head, along with Mackintosh, who was taken alive, was presented to the King by Buchanan. The latter was rewarded, and Mackintosh returned to the dungeon, where he remained till after the battle of Flodden.

In the summer of 1498 King James, still intent upon preserving and extending his influence in the Isles, held his court at a new castle he had caused to be erected in South Kintyre, at the head of Loch Kilkerran, now called the Bay of Campbelltown. Alexander Macleod of Harris, or Dunvegan, and Torquil Macleod, now (by the death of his father Roderick) Lord of the Lewis, paid their homage to the King on this occasion; and some steps were taken to suppress the feud between the Clanhuistean of Sleat and the Clanranald of Moydert, regarding the lands of Garmoran and Uist. The King soon afterwards returned to the Lowlands, leaving, as he imagined, the Isles and West Highlands in a state of tranquillity not likely soon to be disturbed. A few months, however, sufficed

to produce a wonderful change between the King and his subjects in the Isles. The cause of this change remains involved in obscurity; but it must have been powerful to induce so sudden and total a departure from the lenient measures hitherto pursued, and to cause the King to violate his solemn promise by revoking all the charters granted by him to the vassals of the Isles during the last five years.* The new line of policy was no sooner determined on than followed up with the wonted vigour of the Sovereign. We find him at Tarbet in the month of April, when he gave to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, and others for letting on lease, for the term of three years, the entire Lordship of the Isles as possessed by the last lord, both in the Isles and on the mainland, excepting only the Island of Isla and the lands of North and South Kintyre. Argyll received also a commission of Lieutenandry, with the fullest powers, over the Lordship of the Isles; and, some months later, was appointed Keeper of the Castle ot Tarbet, and Bailie and Governor of the King's lands in Knapdale. Argyll was not, however, the only individual who benefited by this change of measures. Alexander, Lord of Gordon, eldest son of the Earl of Huntly, received a grant of numerous lands in Lochaber (1500) formerly belonging to the Lordship of the Isles. Upon Duncan Stewart of Appin, who was much employed in the Royal service, were bestowed the lands of Duror and Glenco during the King's pleasure. The important services of Macian of Ardnamurchan (who alone of all the Islanders seems to have retained the favour of his Sovereign) were likewise suitably acknowledged.†

Skene, though somewhat less clear in his details, substantially corroborates this account,‡ and Tytler sums up the whole of the various expeditions of the King so neatly that we cannot resist quoting him. He says:—In 1493, although much occupied with other cares and concerns, he found time to penetrate twice into the Highlands, proceeding as far as Dunstaffnage and Mingarry in Ardnamurchan, and in the succeeding year, such was the indefatigable activity with which he executed his public duties, that he thrice visited the Isles. The first of these voyages, which took place in April and May, was conducted with great state. It afforded the youthful monarch an opportunity of combining business and amusement, of gratifying his passion for sailing and hunting, of investigating the state of the fisheries, of fitting out his barges for defence as well as pleasure, and of inducing his nobles to build and furnish, at their own expense, vessels in which they might accompany their Sovereign. It had the effect also of impressing upon the inhabitants of the Isles a salutary idea of the wealth, grandeur, and military power of the King. The rapidity with which he travelled from place to place, the success and expedition with which he punished all who dared to oppose him, his generosity to his friends and attendants, and his gay and condescending familiarity with the lower classes of his subjects, all combined to increase his popularity and to consolidate and unite, by the bonds of equal laws and affectionate allegiance, the remotest parts of the kingdom.

* The King's general parliamentary revocation of all charters granted in his minority, could not affect those of the Islanders, which seem all to have been granted after his attaining majority.

† Highlands and Isles, 89-95.

‡ Highlanders of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 86-90; Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 258-259, 1879 Ed.

At Tarbet, in Cantire, he repaired the fort originally built by Bruce, and established an emporium for his shipping, transporting thither his artillery, laying in a stock of gunpowder, and carrying along with him his master-gunners, in whose training and practice he appears, from the payments in the treasurer's books, to have busied himself with much perseverance and enthusiasm. These warlike measures were generally attended with the best effects; most of the chieftains readily submitted to a Prince who could carry hostilities within a few days into the heart of their country, and attack them in their island fastnesses with a force which they found it vain to resist; one only, Sir John of the Isles had the folly to defy the royal vengeance, ungrateful for that repeated lenity with which his treasons had been already pardoned. His great power in the Isles probably induced him to believe that the King would not venture to drive him to extremities; but in this he was disappointed. James instantly summoned him to stand his trial for treason; and in a Parliament which assembled at Edinburgh soon after the King's return from the north, this formidable rebel was stripped of his power, and his lands and possessions forfeited to the crown.*

The last Lord of the Isles died, as we have seen, in the Monastery of Paisley, about the year 1498, leaving no legitimate issue. He was married to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James, Lord Livingston, great Chamberlain of Scotland. His son, Angus Og, died, as already stated, about 1485, leaving an only child, Donald Dubh, who was at the time of his father's death, and still (1498) continued to be, a prisoner in the Castle of Inchconnell. Angus was married to Lady Mary Campbell, daughter of Colin, first Earl of Argyll; and most authorities agree that Donald Dubh was the legitimate issue of this marriage, though, for state reasons, he was declared a bastard in various Acts of parliament, and known, in consequence, as "Donald the Bastard." John the second illegitimate son of the last lord, also died during his father's lifetime—before the 16th of December 1478, as is clearly proved by the Register of the Great Seal, viii., 120. Angus Og of the Isles had also two daughters—one of whom, Florence, married Duncan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and the other, Margaret, who married Kenneth Mackenzie (a'Bhlair), VIIth Baron of Kintail. The sons of both—the heirs respectively of Mackintosh and Kintail, were taken prisoners to Edinburgh Castle, in 1495, as already described. Celestine of Lochalsh died in 1473—fifteen years before the death of his brother, Earl John—while his son, Alexander of Lochalsh, the "heir presumptive" to the Lordship of the Isles, was assassinated in the Island of Oronsay in 1498—the same year in which Earl John himself died. In the same year also died Hugh of Sleat, the only surviving son of Earl John, leaving by his first wife, Finvola, daughter of Alexander, the son of John of Ardnamurchan, one son—John MacHuistean, or Hughson, who is above referred to as having, in 1495, made his submission to James IV. with several others of the principal vassals of the Isles. John Hughson died without issue in 1502, but he was succeeded in the property by his brother, Donald Gallach, previously referred as the issue of his father by

* Treasurer's Accounts, August 24th, 1494, "Item, to summon Sir John of the Isles, of treason in Kintyre, and for the expense of witnesses, vi. lb. xiii. sh. iiii. d." This, according to Mr Gregory, was Sir John, called "Cathanach," of Isla and Cantire, and Lord of the Glens in Ireland—executed afterwards at Edinburgh about the year 1500.

Mary, daughter of Gunn, Crowner of Caithness, and from whom is descended the family of the present Lord Macdonald of the Isles, who still possesses the Sleat property in Skye, and of whom, and other members of the family, hereafter.

Sir Alexander of Lochalsh, nephew of the last Lord of the Isles, married a daughter of Lovat, by whom he left three sons and two daughters, the eldest of whom, Sir Donald of Lochalsh, known as "Donald Gallda," Lieutenant of the Isles, was afterwards elected by the Islanders to the Lordship of the Isles. He and his brothers took a prominent part in the succeeding insurrections in the Isles, in connection with which his proceedings will be noticed at length in the sequel. It may, however, be stated here that he and his brothers died without issue, his two sisters, Margaret and Janet, having succeeded to his property, carrying it to their respective husbands—Macdonald of Glengarry and Dingwall of Kildun.

From these facts it will be seen that the vassals of the Lordship of the Isles, on the death of Earl John, were without any recognised head, while there were not less than three possible claimants to that high position; namely, Donald Dubh, the son of Angus Og of the Isles, the latter of whom was undoubtedly heir of entail to John, last Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross. Donald Dubh therefore, whether legitimate or not, had powerful claims, and he was not long in asserting them. The next claimant was Sir Donald, whose father, Sir Alexander of Lochalsh, had been for many years acting as, and holding the rank of, heir to the Lordship; and finally we have the descendants of Hugh of Sleat, who also, in their turn, claimed the succession. To follow these in their various insurrections and make the various points in this most difficult portion of the history of the Macdonalds as clear as possible, will be attempted in our next.

(To be Continued.)

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

THE MACBEANS OF KINCHYLE.

In answer to the query by "A. M. S." in our last issue, regarding this family, Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A.S., M.P., writes to us as follows:—"Upon the 16th October 1759 Lieutenant Donald Macbean was served heir male to his late uncle, Æneas Macbean, in the lands of Kinchyle; and on the 26th March 1760 the conveyance to Fraser of Ness Castle was signed by Donald Macbean's commissioners, he being then abroad."

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.—At the last monthly meeting of this Society, Mr Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine* was among those elected F.S.A.S.

A LEGEND OF ST KILDA.

—o—

[Continued.]

Slowly and with effort did the miserable lady recover from her death-like swoon. But she was young, and youth and a strong constitution carried her through the severe trial. When she was able to look about, her heart sank as she saw the barren rocks, rising dark, gloomy, and seemingly inaccessible on every hand. Not a living creature could she see, except myriads of birds and wild fowls of the air flying high up among the rocks. The noise they made was extraordinary—the harsh cry of the gull alternated with the quack, quack of numberless ducks, the hissing sound made by the immense quantities of solan geese and swans, and the various notes of pigeons, kittiewakes, puffins, anks, guillemots, and smaller birds—the sea was covered with them, the ground was white with their feathers, while the sky was darkened by the swarms of winged creatures. She had been left on the Island of St Kilda—

Whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,

80 miles from the nearest land, far out on the wide bosom of the stormy Atlantic.

Turning her despairing looks on every side, Lady Grange's attention was directed to a particular rock by observing something unusual moving down the face of it. She could not at first make out what it was; but, after a while, she saw that it was a boy hanging on a rope, descending the almost perpendicular cliff. She guessed he was searching for eggs from the commotion his presence caused among the feathered tribe, as fluttering their wings and uttering their shrill cries they flew hither and thither, now swooping down and hovering over their ravaged nests, anon rising and circling far overhead.

The sight of the boy raised the desponding heart of Lady Grange. It cheered her by showing she was not, as she had supposed, on an uninhabited shore. Whoever or whatever the people might be, they could not be more cruel than those who had condemned her to such a fate. But how could she attract his attention? She called out in her shrillest tones, but her voice was lost in the screaming of wild fowls. She waved her handkerchief wildly. Alas! he saw not the tiny signal. Almost despairing, she tore off the silken scarf that covered her shoulders, and clambering on to a rock, stood holding it aloft, till her arms ached. The ruse was successful; the rays of the sun glanced on the coloured silk as it floated on the breeze, and its glittering sheen caught the quick eye of the fowler; but his astonishment was so great at the apparition of a lady alone on the rocks, that he nearly lost the nerve so essential to his dangerous avocation. He, however, managed to signal to his companions to haul him up, when he related with bated breath the vision he had seen. They at first laughed at him and his story; but, on his persisting upon the reality of what he had seen, and declaring his intention of going down to the shore to get a nearer view of the figure, his companions did their best to dissuade him from his purpose, saying, it must have been a fairy or perhaps

a mermaid he had seen, and who knew what dire penalties he might have to pay if he had the temerity to venture within her reach. Curiosity, however, proved stronger than fear of the supernatural, and the bold lad left his comrades and made his way by circuitous paths to the place where he had seen the lady. As he again caught sight of her, he stopped involuntarily, absorbed in admiration, for truly never before had the half-civilised youth seen anything human so beautiful as the graceful loveliness of the unhappy Lady Grange, as she stood helplessly on the bleak seashore. Her fair face, troubled and tear-stained, her long tresses blowing about in the cold breeze, and her rich dress wet and soiled by the salt water; her evident distress touched a tender chord in the chivalrous nature of the lad, and he advanced without a particle of fear. On perceiving him, the miserable lady held out her delicate hands, and implored his help to guide her to some place of refuge. The dulcet tones of her voice fell on his ears like a rippling strain of sweet music; but, alas! he could not understand a word, he guessed her meaning, however, and while speaking to her in Gaelic, he took her hand and pointed towards his home. His frank sunburnt face, lighted up with a pair of bright truthful-looking eyes, won her confidence at once, and she surrendered herself to his guidance without a scruple. It would be impossible to adequately describe the intense astonishment and curiosity caused by the appearance of Lady Grange and her young guide, among the primitive inhabitants of the Island, whose rough appearance, uncouth language, and wild gestures, alarmed the delicately-nurtured lady; and she clung closer to her young protector, who, rebuking their ill manners, led the way to his own cottage, in which he lived with his widowed mother. The old woman was as much surprised at the appearance of her son's companion as her neighbours, but she possessed far more common sense. Seeing the exhausted condition of the poor lady, she hastened to provide nourishment and dry clothes; and not until her strange visitor was cared for and was lying down taking the repose which she was so sorely needing, did the kindly old dame indulge her very natural curiosity, by questioning her son, and eliciting all he knew about the mysterious arrival of their guest. Such an unheard-of circumstance had never happened before in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" of the lonely island. Many and strange were the conjectures and theories broached by the simple people as they gathered together to discuss the startling event. Some suggested that there had been a ship wrecked on the rocks, and that the lady was the only survivor; but the others soon reminded them that there had been no storm for many days, and, moreover, there was not a sign to be seen of any wreckage, so that idea was exploded. The majority inclined to the belief that there was something uncanny about the circumstance altogether; but they differed as to the class of supernatural beings to which the lady belonged, and the object of her visiting St Kilda; but they all agreed that whether fairy, witch, water-sprite, or mermaid, her appearance boded no good, and they earnestly counselled the widow, Elspeth, to have nothing more to do with such an unearthly creature. "No, no, neighbours," replied the old woman firmly, "she is neither witch nor fairy. I gave her food, and she ate both bread and salt; that shows she is human, for no fairy nor sprite can touch salt. Besides, I knew a stranger was to land on our shore to-day, for just at daybreak my nose burst out bleeding—a

sure sign of a stranger coming. I will give her a share of my cottage as long as she likes to stay, and will allow none of you to annoy or injure her."

These sentiments were echoed by her son, who warmly espoused the cause of the fair unknown, whom he looked upon as his especial charge, and with youthful ardour proclaimed himself her champion.

The neighbours were not convinced, but concluded to let the matter rest for the present, contenting themselves with prognosticating all kinds of evil consequences to the self-willed mother and son.

Days, weeks, months, dragged their weary length over the head of the unfortunate Lady Grange. She still remained an inmate of old Elspeth's cottage, treated with great kindness and respect; but what an existence for the high-born beauty—a miserable hovel instead of a stately castle, food of the coarsest description, roughly cooked, in lieu of the dainties to which she had ever been accustomed; for company, in place of courtiers, nobles, and ladies, with troops of obsequious attendants, she was surrounded by half savage islanders, whose language she did not understand, and whose uncouth but well meant attentions almost filled her with disgust. No wonder the poor lady pined away, wasting her strength in unavailing regrets for the past. She saw now, when alas it was too late, the folly of her life. She remembered with bitter anguish how her kind grandmother had warned her against her ill-fated marriage; how self-willed she had been in opposing her husband's wishes; how infatuated she had been to make such an implacable enemy of Nigel, whom she might have secured for a friend; then would come the worst thought of all, that she had been the cause of the sad fate of her cousin, the brave, the gallant young Allan, the whole scene of his murder would rise before her mental vision—again she saw her stern husband with his gleaming sword; again she saw the fiendish look of malice on the cruel face of the hated Nigel as he plunged his dagger in the true heart of her kinsman; then would she see the loved face of her cousin turn grey with the ghastly hue of death, until, overwhelmed with the agony of the terrible remembrance, she would cry aloud and fall into a fit of hysterical weeping. The only thing that relieved the tedium of her existence was the companionship of the widow's son Alastair. In spite of her misery, Lady Grange could not help being touched by the devotion of the brave, kind-hearted youth. From the hour in which he found her on the rocks, he seemed to have but one motive in life—to wait upon and serve the forlorn lady. Never in the days of her highest prosperity had she a more ardent admirer, a stauncher friend, or a more willing page than she had now in the bare-footed and bare-headed Alastair. On warm sunny days, when he could coax her to take a walk, he would guide her to the fairest spots, assisting her over the broken ground, and removing every obstacle in her path, with the chivalrous care and delicate attention of a high-born cavalier. He would wade neck-deep in the seething waves to secure for her the prettiest seaweed and shells; he would climb the highest rocks to pluck rare flowers, or descend the cliffs, hanging to a rope made of strips of raw cow-hide, strongly twisted together, and covered with sheep skin to protect it from friction with the rocks, to procure the choicest eggs and the most beautiful feathers. Lady Grange took pains to teach her young companion some English, so that she could hold a little intercourse with him, and

could relate her sad history. There was much in it that the young unsophisticated islander could not understand, but he gathered that she had been grievously wronged, and he burned with indignation at the thought, and longed to be able to avenge her.

As time wore on, the fair exile lost the faint hope she at first had of the chance, poor as it was, of her husband relenting and returning for her, or of the possibility of her friends discovering her condition. Still she could not bear the idea of dying, with her tragic fate unknown and unavenged. She felt her end was near. The cruel usage she had been subjected to, aggravated by the intense anguish of mind she endured, had undermined her constitution, and consumption—that fell destroyer of the young and beautiful—had marked her for its victim. Alastair had solemnly promised that if he ever got a chance of leaving the island, he would do his utmost to reach her friends, and acquaint them with her story; but she felt what a poor chance there was of his ever being in a condition to fulfil his promise. She had no writing materials, or she would have written a narrative of her wrongs; but she thought of a project, which she hastened to put into execution. Like all the ladies of her time, she was well skilled in fancy needlework, and she conceived the idea of embroidering her history on her muslin apron. She found a needle stuck in her dress, but what could she do for thread or silk? For a while she was disheartened, when an idea struck her. Why, had she not her long tresses? Yes! she would use them for her proposed work. So she commenced her task; hair by hair she pulled out of her poor weary head; stitch by stitch, letter by letter, word by word, she patiently worked on. Too weak now to go out, she spent all her time on her self-imposed task, while daily, hourly, the hacking cough grew worse, the hectic flush burned brighter on the wasted cheek, and the thin white hands tired sooner. Still she persevered, until at last the work was completed—the apron was filled from end to end with the record of her sorrows. Surely never was sadder tale told in stranger form. Alastair was in despair at the rapid change for the worse in the unfortunate lady. He used to watch her sew, sew, sewing away, until he felt a lump rising in his throat that seemed to choke him, and scalding tears would blind his eyes, then would he rush away to hide his emotion, and while invoking curses on the authors of her misery, would renew his vows of retribution.

The end came at last. The beautiful and unfortunate Lady Grange lay dying, tended by good old Elspeth, whilst Alastair knelt by the bedside, striving to stifle his sobs as the poor lady gave him her last injunctions, and instructed him how to find out her friends, if ever he should have the chance. The sorrowing lad received the apron with all the reverence of a knight receiving a holy relic, and with a voice tremulous with heart-felt grief swore to make it the object of his life to carry out her wishes, and never to part with the apron until he found some kinsman of the injured lady to avenge her untimely fate. "Thanks, thanks, dear Alastair," murmured the dying Alice, "I know you will do your best; give me your hand—'tis growing very dark—kiss me, Alastair, you have been a good friend to me, good-bye." The faint voice grew fainter, then ceased; and so, supported by Elspeth, and holding Alastair's hand, the weary spirit winged its flight.

The simple-minded islanders, who had long ago ceased to suspect her

as a supernatural being, paid every attention to the remains of their visitor, laid her to rest in a lovely secluded spot, and raised a cairn to mark the place.

Years rolled on. Old Elspeth was dead, and Alastair, now a grave, thoughtful man, still wore his sacred relic next his heart, chafing and fretting at his inability to perform his vow. At last the long-wished-for opportunity arrived. A ship, driven by stress of weather out of her course, dropped anchor at St Kilda. Without a moment's hesitation, Alastair swam out and clambered on board, and offered his services for a passage to the mainland. To this the captain agreed, but being short of hands for his long voyage across the seas, and seeing Alastair was a strong young man, instead of putting him ashore on the mainland, as promised, he bore on his way to a far-distant land. This was a great disappointment to poor Alastair, but he consoled himself by thinking that he could soon get a berth in another ship, to bring him back. He had only to wait yet a little longer. Alas! however, it was not to be; the ship was attacked and taken by pirates, and Alastair, with many others, was carried away and sold into slavery.

Long, long years of misery and captivity dragged their weary length along. Alastair, no longer young and strong, but haggard and gaunt with want, and weakened with over-work, was sometimes ready to give up all hope. Then would the picture of the fair form he had loved so devotedly rise before him; he would feel again the pressure of her hand, and hear the pleading tones of her voice; the memory of that kiss, the first and last, would revive his drooping spirits, and pressing his precious charge closer to his heart, he would take fresh hope, and battle with renewed energy against his adverse destiny.

At last he managed to procure his escape, and after many perils and great hardships, reached a seaport, and secured a berth in a homeward bound ship. In due course he lands at a southern port, many, many miles from his native land. He does not, however, despair; he has regained his freedom, and if life is spared he will make his way north.

. . . . . .

A stormy winter's day was drawing to a close; the rain poured in torrents, while the wind howled and shrieked around the turrets and towers of a massive building. The warden was in the act of closing the great outer gate, when he was accosted by a poor man, ragged, travel-worn, and bowed down with age or weakness, who begged, in a faint voice, to be allowed speech with the master of the castle. The man looked at the speaker in undisguised astonishment. "And what should an old scare-crow like you have to say to my master? I' faith he is better employed with his company to-night than to talk with an old beggar; but come in man, you will get food and shelter, but as to speaking with Sir John Graham is quite another matter."

Alastair, for it was he, gladly embraced the proffered hospitality, and meekly followed the warden into the great hall, where, around the blazing wood-fire he mingled with many another poor wanderer. It was not long before he managed to get an audience of Sir John, to whom he related his wonderful story, and to corroborate which he produced the muslin apron, which he had preserved with so much care through every danger. Sir John examined the relic with deep emotion, and read the true

solution of the mystery which for so many years had hung over the fate of his younger brother, Allan, and his lovely cousin Alice. Nor did he neglect to acknowledge the deep debt of gratitude he and his family owed to Alastair for his life-long devotion. He treated him like a brother, and, as soon as he was strong enough to travel, Sir John took him before the King, and demanded justice against the murderers. The King readily granted his request. Sir Hugh Grange had, meanwhile, however, gone to answer for his crimes before a higher tribunal; but Nigel, being still alive, was quickly seized, tried, and executed, and all his possessions confiscated. This act of justice done, Sir John determined to visit the last resting-place of his unfortunate relative, to have the ground consecrated by the Church, and a monument erected. Alastair, whose health was rapidly getting worse, accompanied him and his party. They reached St Kilda in safety, and, amid the wondering looks of the inhabitants, the Bishop and attendant priests consecrated the burial-place with all the pomp and ceremony of the Church, while the workmen raised a costly monument by the side of the rude cairn of uncut stones raised many years before by the kindly people of the island, and which Sir John Graham would not allow to be disturbed. When at last all was finished, the last touches given, and the workmen and on-lookers departed, all, except one —a tall, thin man, in the last stage of weakness, who waited until all had left the hallowed spot. With a deep-drawn sigh he threw himself on the ground and embraced the cold marble. Long, long, he remained there; the sun set in a sky made glorious with his many-coloured rays, the stars peeped out one by one, and the fair moon rose bright and clear—her cold light shone on the glittering white tomb and on the prostrate figure at its base, and thus the night wore on. Early next morning, before embarking, Sir John and his companions went to take a farewell look at his cousin's monument, and there they found the lifeless body of Alastair, his poor stiff arms still encircling the cold marble.

With reverent care they laid him in the ground whereon he died, and carved his name beneath that of the fair being whom he had loved so true, and served so well, and under his name they placed the appropriate words—"Faithful unto death."

M. A. ROSE.

THE LEWISMAN'S GRACE.—During a recent trip through the Outer Hebrides, we met the Rev. John Macrae, Baileloch, North Uist, who repeated to us the Lewisman's Grace. It is worth preserving. The word "Iudail," which appears to have been the petitioner's Gaelic equivalent for the name of his Maker, was previously unknown to us. Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, who then possessed the principality of the Lewis, seems to have been absent from the island for a longer period than usual, and his return is anxiously prayed for. The word "seap" is well known in the South-west Highlands as meaning a heavy meal. The grace is as follows:—

Iudail! Cuir MacCoinnich an tir, 's lan phris air a mhart; bliochd is dair air a ni, 's meadar blathach anns gach ait' an tachair sinn. A Thi a chuir an t-seap so oirnn cuir seap eil' oirnn, 'so sheap gu seap gus an cuir thu 'n seap dheireannach oirnn; 's biodh e mar sin gu deireadh an t-saoghail, 's gu siorruidh, suthain. Amen.

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

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VII.

Having on my return from Woodville spent a few days more in Toronto, and having seen old and made new friends there, I started by the Grand Trunk Railway to

Guelph,

the Capital of the county of Wellington, some 48 miles further west. On the way, leaving Lake Ontario on the left, I passed through a very fine and most interesting country. In about a couple of hours the train pulled up at Guelph, and I at once made for the Wellington Hotel, a capitally-conducted house, well furnished and very comfortable, the charges being only a dollar and a half (or about 6s 3d) per day for bed, board, and attendance of a very superior kind. Having engaged my room and partaken of food and refreshment, I enquired as to the whereabouts of a gentleman to whom I was fortunate enough, as the sequel proved, to have a letter of introduction—Mr James Innes, proprieter and editor of the Guelph *Mercury*, a capitally-conducted and influential daily paper, with a weekly edition, published in the City. He lived, I was told, within two hundred yards of the hotel, and having sent him my card, he in a very short time made his appearance. He was on his way to a meeting of the St Andrew Society held that evening for the election of office-bearers, and I must accompany him. Nothing could have pleased me better. There I met a fine coterie of patriotic Scots—Highland and Lowland, all imbued with the genuine patriotic spirit which I had been so pleased to find among all our countrymen on that side, while all were, at the same time, none the less enthusiastic Canadians. Indeed, generally speaking, the two will be found together—a warm feeling for the old country, with a corresponding glow in favour of their adopted Canada. The man who is willing to forget his native country, its history, and the race from which he sprang, will as a rule make a poor citizen of the Dominion. Selfishness will be found to occupy the seat of the nobler sentiment, and this kind of citizen is not the type best calculated to adorn his country—native or adopted—or to benefit materially or mentally his fellow-countrymen. The members of the St Andrew Society of Guelph combine the two elements, and I was particularly pleased to have had an opportunity of spending some little time in their company at, and after their meeting—when we had the opportunity of enjoying some excellently sung Scotch songs, Scotch whisky, and Scotch sentiment.

Among the other gentlemen whom I had the pleasure of meeting here were John Mackenzie, from Lochbroom, Ross-shire, a gentleman who has been very successful in business; J. C. Maclagan; Hugh A. Stewart, a native of Tain, and an old pupil of the Royal Academy, Inverness, who is doing a good business as a lawyer and estate agent. Donald Maclean, born at Fluke Street, Inverness, holds a leading position in the Inland Revenue; while William Stewart, and G. B. Fraser, both of whom served their apprenticeship on the banks of the Ness, are the two leading drapers

in the city; and another Invernessian, Evan Macdonald, is a prosperous farmer close to the city. Another enthusiastic Highlander whom I had the pleasure of meeting here was J. P. Macmillan, barrister, a native of Glengarry (Canada). E. F. B. Johnston, chief of the St Andrew Society, a genuine, warm-hearted Scot, with a literary turn and considerable ability, I found to be a general favourite as much among his Highland confreres of Guelph as among his own more particular friends from the south of Scotland.

My friend of the *Mercury*, whom I found to be a fine specimen of the Aberdonian type of the shrewd and clear-headed Scot, insisted upon my becoming his guest during my stay in the district, and I shall always remember with no small degree of pleasure the few days I spent in his comfortable house—so unpretentiously, but so kindly and hospitably entertained by his better-half, a fine specimen of the Scotch lady, and a native of Huntly. The history of this couple is most interesting, especially the hard struggles and ultimate success of Scotch pluck, perseverance, and natural ability in the person of this shrewd Aberdonian, who, unaided, has made for himself such a good position, and one in which he wields no small amount of influence and power for good. The history of his career and success would very well bear telling, and that very much to his credit. With his struggles against a thousand difficulties I strongly sympathised, and most heartily do I congratulate him upon his well-earned success. He was one of the chosen leet of two for representing his county in Parliament at the last general election for the Province of Ontario, and only missed being chosen as the Liberal candidate by four votes in favour of Mr Laidlaw, M.P., who now holds that honourable position, whom Mr Innes afterwards loyally supported, and with whom I had several agreeable chats at Guelph, and afterwards at Woodstock, where his son is proprietor and editor of an excellently conducted weekly news-paper.

Guelph is in the centre of a very rich district of country, and is a rapidly progressing city with a population of about 10,000. It is built on several hills with a small river running through it, altogether a very fine and commanding site. It contains several fine shops, mills, and two woollen factories—one of the latter the property of Captain MacCrae, a native of Ayrshire, whose ancestors, he told me, came originally from the ancient habitat of the Macraes, in Kintail, but who, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, in which his ancestors took a distinguished part, settled down in Ayrshire, and adopted the above mode of spelling their name. The goods mainly manufactured by him are ladies' and gentlemen's underclothing of a very superior class. At the time I was in the city 110 hands were employed in the mill, while about a third of that number were employed outside finishing, and in other departments of manufacture. In addition to the *Mercury* Guelph supports another daily and two weekly papers—a number out of all proportion to the population, if we judge it by the same rule as at home; but the same happy state of things prevails throughout the whole Dominion, where every one, almost from the cradle to the grave, reads his newspaper.

The Ontario School of Agriculture is in the immediate neighbourhood of Guelph, but as I have already described it, its management, and great advantages to the Province of Ontario, and even to the agricultural interests of the entire Dominion, in the *Free Press*, it must now be

passed over. The first tree was cut in the forest on the site of the future city so recent as 1827, by Galt, the novelist—a fact almost incredible to any one visiting the city at the present day, with its fine buildings, large stores, innumerable mills and factories, and all the other evidences of advancement and civilization. Here, perhaps as much as anywhere, I felt the depressing effect of parting with a lot of good friends, newly made, to push on alone into fresh fields and pastures new, again to meet strange faces in a strange land; but in my case it seemed always hitherto to be a parting with one set of good, warm-hearted friends, only to meet, if possible, others possessing the same good feeling in a more intense degree, according to me a warmer welcome than ever. Somewhat thus depressed, I left my friends at Guelph to visit a large colony of Highlanders which, I had been informed, settled down in

LUCKNOW,

a small town in the county of Bruce, 93 miles from Guelph, on the the Wellington Gray and Bruce Railway, and 13 miles from Kincardine on Lake Huron, having a population of about 1400.

The county of Bruce is one of the most Celtic, or Highland, counties in the whole Dominion; and before introducing the reader to my enthusiastic friends of Lucknow and Kincardine, it may be well to give a few particulars regarding this rich territory, nearly all of which has been reclaimed by Highlanders from the North of Scotland and the Western Isles. The county is 100 miles long by 34 wide, with an area of considerably over a million acres of the most fertile land in Canada. A white man settled in it for the first time so recent as the year 1847, only 38 years ago. In 1852 the total assessed value of the county was only two thousand dollars. In 1870 it rose to about eight million, while the population was nearly fifty thousand, and in 1879 the assessment amounted to the almost incredible amount of twenty-four and a-half million dollars. It is governed by a Council of thirty-seven members, presided over by a Warden, Robert Baird, Esq., who kindly supplied me with these figures. The population is almost entirely Scotch, and mainly Highland. In the Township of Huron they are nearly all from the Island of Lewis, where they have named the principal town Dingwall. Most of those in the Township of Kincardine came from Cape Breton, while those occupying a fine settlement near Tiverton came almost entirely from the Island of Tiree, and are doing remarkably well. In fact the county is more distinctly Celtic in everything, except in their great comfort and affluence, than any part of the Highlands of Scotland at the present day. I am informed that the same may almost be said of the neighbouring county of Goderich, a district which I much regret I have been unable to visit, though within a few hours' distance of it.

But to return to Lucknow. While in the County of Glengarry some three weeks earlier, I received a letter, addressed to me at random, from Dr MacCrimmon, Chief of the Caledonian Society of Lucknow, requesting me to visit that place, and to deliver my lecture on "Flora Macdonald," regarding which and myself they had seen some notices in the newspapers. At the time I could make no promise, but on this Saturday I telegraphed from Guelph that I would be there on the following Monday, for about a day, but that a lecture (in consequence of the short time at my disposal) was out of the question. Having passed through a rich country

still exhibiting unmistakable signs of having been brought under the plough in recent years, the train pulled up at Lucknow station, where I was accosted by a stalwart, powerful-looking man, in broad Balmoral bonnet with red and white checked border, considerably over six feet high, who at once accosted me and asked if I was "Mr Mackenzie from Inverness." I pleaded guilty, whereupon I received a good shake of his powerful fist, and a most hearty salutation from this Hercules, who was no other than the Chief of the Caledonian Society of Lucknow, admittedly the first society of its kind, in all respects, in the whole Dominion. He had his conveyance waiting for me, and we drove to his own residence, where a few genial spirits met us at tea; after which we had to go to the Caledonian Hall, where the members of the Society were to meet, and, as I was now told, march to the hotel, led by the Society's piper, where it had been arranged, even upon such short notice as they had, to entertain the flying visitor from the Old Country to supper. This was an unexpected but a highly appreciated honour. Having met at the hall, and having been introduced to the members of the Society, we followed the *Piob-mhor* to the hotel, where we were soon enjoying ourselves to an excellently provided feast, under the presidency of the stalwart Chief of the Society, supported by the Reeve, or Mayor, and ex-Reeve, as well as by the leading citizens and merchants, most of whom were Highlanders. The local paper—the *Lucknow Sentinel*—devoted more than three columns to a report of our happy meeting, and it may just be as well here to give the description of what the editor described as "A Caledonian Banquet." Here it is:—"A complimentary supper was given in Mr Whitley's Hotel on Monday evening last, by the Lucknow Caledonian Society, to Mr A. Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, Inverness, Scotland, a periodical devoted to preserving the past history and traditions of the Highlanders, and published in Inverness, Scotland. This gentleman is making a tour through this country to enquire into the condition of emigrants who have settled in Canada, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it would be desirable to encourage a certain class of small Highland farmers, called crofters, to emigrate. He has already made an extensive tour through the Lower Provinces and Ontario, and, as will be seen by his speech given below" (and to a report of which the *Sentinel* devoted a column), "is highly pleased with the country, and highly satisfied with the condition of his countrymen settled therein. He gives the land policy of the present government a bad character, and not without reason. He is a stout, portly, gentleman, with genial countenance and pleasing manner; and during his stay in our village he was the welcome guest of the Caledonian Society. The Society assembled at their hall, and from thence, headed by Piper Ross in full costume, marched to the hotel, where they found prepared for them a feast which was really magnificent, and well calculated to assure Mr Mackenzie that there was no danger of starvation in this country. A blessing having been asked, the company betook themselves to the diminishing of the rich repast placed before them. Among those present were Dr D. A. MacCrimmon, chief of the Society; George Kerr, Reeve; Malcolm Campbell, ex-Reeve; A. Macintyre, merchant; J. G. Smith, do.; D. Macintyre, do.; L. C. Macintyre, do.; W. Mackintosh, A. Macdonald, A. Macpherson, H. Ross, K. Campbell, J. Findlater, D. Macdonald, R.

Maccarrol, D. Macmillan, Thomas Macdonald, A. Finlayson, James Bryan, of the *Sentinel*, &c., &c."

After supper some excellent music was provided by the Society's piper, after which the loyal and patriotic toasts were duly honoured in capitally delivered speeches. Mr George Smith, in replying for "The Land we Left," spoke warmly of the old country, and stated that "without meaning any discredit to this, his adopted country, there were many fond memories of his native land still clinging to his heart. He referred to the prowess and achievements of his countrymen, to the historians and poets of Scotland, paying a high tribute to Scott and Burns, and, lastly, he eulogised the ladies of his native land, to whom as yet he had brought no discredit by taking a Canadian lady, and spoke mysteriously about going back to get a companion to share his grief and joys." Mr Malcolm Campbell, replying for "The Land we Live in," said "that when he came to this section twenty years ago, it took him three and a-half days to get over the short distance from here to Goderich," and referring to the rapid progress made in the district, he said that when he settled at Lucknow he had no idea of ever seeing a railway there; "but such was the energy of the Scotch pioneers, and the richness and productiveness of the soil that they now had a good railway, and there was scarcely a hundred acres in the county of Bruce without a tenant." Referring to the origin and success of this now famous Society, Dr MacCrimmon, replying to the toast of "The Caledonian Society of Lucknow," said that only "five years ago he called a meeting of a few villagers of Scotch nationality, and they have organised the Society which had gone on increasing in numericial strength and fame, especially the latter, until now, he believed, if not numerically, it was in enthusiasm and energy the first on the American continent. . . . . He felt proud of the part the ladies took in the success of their games, referring particularly to the picturesque game of archery, in which the ladies were appropriately arrayed in Highland costume, and which was regarded by many as the great feature of the games."

I took the opportunity presented of referring to my grievance about the want of encouragement extended to poor Highlanders emigrating to the Dominion, and on this point Dr MacCrimmon remarked that, "It was something he could not understand how the poorer classes in the Old Country should continue to submit tamely to their treatment and present position while such a magnificent country as Canada was so ready and willing to receive them and so much needing emigrants. Instead of their government filling up the North-west and giving special encouragement to Mennonites and Icelanders, they should secure and encourage, for emigrants, their own countrymen—Scotch, English, Irish; and especially Highlanders, who were so loyal and brave, and who would always be ready to fight bravely and patriotically for their adopted country. The present system, if allowed to continue, would be ruinous to the country. He strongly denounced the land system now in vogue, and which only encouraged settlers able to bring with them 400 or 500 dollars. Hundreds of settlers came to the country penniless in the past, who were now their most prosperous and influential citizens, and why could not others do the same?" These wise sentiments were enthusiastically received and echoed by all present, and I trust they will yet, and before long, permeate even to, and influence the Emigration Department at Ottawa; and if this

they will not permit their countrymen to be neglected in such a fashion without making their influence felt in their behalf at the poll at the first General Election for the Dominion Parliament.

The land in the district was only sold in 1854, and Malcolm Campbell, already mentioned, was the first man who built a house in Lucknow. His father had the farm of Dell, near Kingussie, in the county of Inverness, for three consecutive leases of nineteen years. The son emigrated with very small means. He is now in a large way of business and in excellent circumstances. Ewen Macpherson, from Laggan, in the same district, and David Hutcheson, from Caithness, lay in the bush for a week, on their arrival, before they obtained a covering from the elements, but they now possess farms of 400 acres, worth, with the stock upon them, about thirty thousand dollars. The Macintyres, of whom there are here three brothers, came originally from Knapdale, their father being quite poor. His own farm sold at his death for eight thousand dollars, in addition to which the stock brought a large sum. He was able to leave several sons a farm of a hundred acres each. They are all in good circumstances, three of them being successful merchants in Lucknow. The Macdonalds above-mentioned only left the county of Inverness a few years ago, and I was glad to learn that they also were succeeding admirably. The village banker, D. E. Cameron, I found to be a Lochaber man, and there were MacHardys from Aberdeenshire, Connells, Smiths, and others from the Old Country in a prosperous condition, an acquisition to their adopted country, while they were all still proud of, and an honour to, their native land. After meeting a few friends at Mr Macintyre's hospitable table the following evening, and bidding farewell to Dr MacCrimmon's family, where I had the pleasure of finding his two handsome boys dressed in superb Highland costumes, with complete solid silver and Cairngorm mounted ornaments, and finding that I had nothing to pay at the hotel, where rooms had been placed at my disposal at the request and expense of the Society, I bade farewell to my enthusiastic friends, and at 10 P.M. took the train to

KINCARDINE,

thirteen miles further on, situated on Lake Huron. Here I met several genuine Highlanders whose hearts warmed to the tartan. The population is between four and five thousand, mostly Highlanders. The Mayor is a Macpherson; and among the leading merchants I found Archibald Maclean, who is also a member of the School Board; John Macleod; D. Macinnes, a cousin of Mr Macintyre, Kiel, Argyleshire, and of Mr Cameron, of MacNiven & Cameron, Edinburgh; Donald Mackenzie; and last but not least, Daniel Cameron, a native of Lawers, Perthshire, which place he left in 1855 to seek his fortune in the Far West. He has been in an extensive way of business, having manufactured a great portion of the brick of which the town is built. He is also a member of the School Board, and one of the three Licensing Commissioners for the South Riding, or southern half of the county of Bruce. He has been able to give an excellent education to the members of his family; his eldest son, having just finished a distinguished course at the end of which he occupied the proud position of gold medallist for Natural Science in the University of Toronto. His specimens of minerals form the best private collection I have seen in all Canada, and I had the pleasure of carrying away a few—the possession of which I esteem very highly. Here I also found another Dr MacCrimmon. Indeed, few but Highland names are

to be seen or met with, and the Gaelic language is spoken almost universally, and with great purity.

There had been a few inches of snow, and a somewhat keen frost for several days, but while at Kincardine it came on a perfect storm, the lake close by looking about the ugliest thing I ever saw, even at sea. Nothing could live in it, and several ships, I afterwards found, had been wrecked during the night and driven ashore. I rather enjoyed the tempest, and to add fury to the flames, or rather flames to the fury, a fire broke out about two o'clock in the morning, immediately opposite the hotel in which I lodged. The noise soon woke me up. I dressed, wrapped myself up in my tartan plaidie, marched out among the crowd, and stood looking on while the wooden structure was being furiously burned to the ground. I had the pleasure of enjoying a real Canadian storm, with special accompaniments, and one, I was informed, which was seldom surpassed even in Canada during the most severe winter.

A somewhat peculiar incident occurred here, which, though of more interest to myself than to any one else, I may be allowed to relate. A few minutes after my arrival I called at a Highlander's place of business, and, going in, I addressed him in Gaelic. He answered in the same language. A man standing outside the counter soon joined in our conversation, which turned on my visit to the Lower Provinces, and he asked me if I had been to Cape Breton. Answering in the affirmative, he became anxious to know who I met, and what parts there I had visited. He seemed to know all the place and people. I told him I had been on the Island of Boularderie, visiting some uncles of mine. Naming them, he at once said that he knew them well, and, to my surprise continued, "another of them, John, lives here. He has just sold his farm, and is leaving to-morrow for Michigan, in the United States." I had heard of this uncle, but I had no more idea of being within a few miles of him than I then had of jumping into Lake Huron. He was expected at two o'clock to come in from his farm, a few miles out, to settle for the price of it with the Mayor, who was his agent in the matter, and in point of fact, a few minutes later he was pointed out to me coming up the main street with a pair of horses. I walked along to meet him, and said in Gaelic, "Cia mar tha sibh?" He was surprised at the salutation. I told him I was his nephew. He could not believe it. He did not hear a word of any of his relatives in Scotland for many years. He was of course quite ignorant of my being on the American continent—even of my existence. I afterwards saw his wife, and some members of his family comfortably married and settled in the place. It is unnecessary to add that we thoroughly enjoyed all the time we had at our disposal, talking about our respective families and experiences. He left Ross-shire for Cape Breton, thousands of miles from where he then was, in 1842, since which date he has never written to his friends in Scotland; and to meet under such conditions, it will be admitted, was not a little remarkable. Having parted with my Kincardine friends I returned to Guelph, where I spent another day, after which I started, by the Great Western Railway of Canada, on my way to Woodstock and London, returning *via* Hamilton to Niagara, and New York, on my way home. To these places I shall ask the reader to accompany me in the next, by which time he must, I expect, like myself, be getting a little tired of "The Editor in Canada,"

A.M.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN.

—o—

JAMES MACPHERSON, of Ossianic celebrity, first saw the light at Ruthven, opposite the village of Kingussie, in the year 1738. The cottage in which he was born was occupied by his mother for years after her son made himself a name in the world of letters, and is, we believe, still standing. In his boyhood Macpherson attended the parish school of Kingussie; and thereafter the Inverness Grammar School. After finishing his studies at Inverness he attended the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh, with the intention of going forward to the ministry of the Scotch Church. During part of his college course he taught the parochial school of his native parish, until offered the situation of tutor in the family of Graham of Balgowan—the father of Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lyndoch, one of Wellington's ablest generals. Young Graham was Macpherson's pupil, and was afterwards married to the Honourable Mary Cathcart, second daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, and sister to the fourth Duchess of Athole. After seventeen years of married life his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, died; and he was affected so by the loss that he sought relief from his sorrow in foreign travels. During these travels Graham was induced to join a profession for which nature had so highly qualified him, and to which he had a predisposition from boyhood—being favourably disposed, it is said, by his tutor's enthusiastic admiration of Fingal and his Celtic heroes. In 1758 Macpherson published "The Highlander," a poem in six cantos; and an ode to the Earl Marshall—"an attempt," as he styles it, "after the manner of Pindar." He also published some minor poems in the periodicals of those times. These productions of his muse brought him little credit, and would long since have been forgotten but for his connection with Ossianic remains. But if Macpherson was not a great poet, these pieces show that he had talent—that he could appreciate good poetry, and that, like his contemporary, Jerome Stone, the Dunkeld teacher, he was an enthusiastic admirer of the Gaelic poetry of his native Highlands. It is believed that Stone's collections and translations first suggested to him the idea of making a similar collection of his own. Accordingly, when on a visit with his pupil at the Manse of Logierait, he showed his collections to his friend Mr Fergusson, afterwards the well-known Dr Adam Fergusson. Mr Fergusson was the son of the parish minister of Logierait, who, to his other accomplishments, added a superior knowledge of Gaelic and its poetry. Fergusson was attracted by the beauty of Macpherson's translations, and urged him to enlarge his collection. And intending to go the following summer with his pupil to Moffat, he gave him a letter of introduction to Mr John Home, author of the "Tragedy of Douglas," who went there for the benefit of his health. This was in the year 1759. Macpherson met Home, and showed him his English translation of Ossianic poems. Home was as much charmed with them as Fergusson was. He begged of Macpherson the loan of his MSS., and permission to submit them to the inspection of Dr Hugh Blair, professor of Belles Lettres in the Uni-

versity of Edinburgh. Blair stood high as a competent judge of literary performances. The result was that he had an interview with Macpherson, from whom he understood that several such poems, of equal merit, were afloat in the Highlands of Scotland. He urged Macpherson to translate all the poems in his possession for publication; assuring him of a warm reception. Blair tells us that Macpherson showed extreme reluctance to this; affirming his inability to do justice to the spirit and force of the originals, as would satisfy the public taste. But he gave way eventually to the solicitations of friends; and, in 1760, his translations were published in a small quarto volume, with the title of "Fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language." Dr Blair prefixed an introduction, and according to his anticipations, as we see from the following letter to Mr Henry Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," the work became immediately popular. "These fragments," says Dr Blair, "drew much attention, and excited among all persons of taste and letters an earnest desire to recover if possible all those considerable remains of Gaelic poetry which are said still to exist in the Highlands." The only bar was Macpherson's persistent reluctance to undertake the task; urging, as in the case of the "fragments," his inability to do the poems justice, and also his limited acquaintance with Gaelic. We have the evidence of Strathmashie, Captain Morrison, and others, to corroborate the truth of this, a fact which ought in fairness to be remembered in forming a judgment of the genuineness of these remains. It is unjust as well as ungenerous not to give Macpherson credit for sincerity in his reluctance to undertake collecting and translating these poems. Dr Samuel Johnson says of the Edinburgh of those days, "that it was a very hotbed of genius." Under the auspices of Blair, the circle of celebrities to which Johnson refers, united in using their influence to secure Macpherson's services—judging correctly that whatever his own felt disqualifications were, no other individual was equally well qualified for the work. He was invited to an entertainment, at which he met men of rank and talent, as Lord Elibank, Principal Robertson, Mr John Home, Dr Adam Fergusson, and others; all intent upon the work of collecting and preparing for the press a translation of these Ossianic remains. They offered to defray all expenses by a subscription from themselves and others similarly interested. His reluctance at length gave way, and he agreed to undertake his celebrated Highland tour, which has preserved to the world these curious literary remains which, but for his industry and perseverance, would in all probability have been irrecoverably lost. This was in 1760. Macpherson was in his twenty-second year, vigorous and enthusiastic enough to do all that could be done, and all that was expected of him.

The districts through which he travelled were chiefly the north-western portions of Inverness-shire, the Isle of Skye, and adjoining islands—"places," says the Highland Society's report, "that from their remoteness and state of manners at that period, most likely to afford a pure and genuine state of the ancient traditionary tales and poems of which the recital then formed the favourite amusement of the long and idle winter evenings of the Highlanders." During this journey he transmitted from time to time, to Dr Blair, a record of results—the manuscripts he got possession of—and the poems he transcribed from the recitation of bards

and others. In 1762 he published in two volumes quarto, "Fingal, an ancient Epic poem in six books, with other lesser poems." In 1763 he published "Temora, an Epic poem in eight books, with other poems"—all of them professing to be the productions of Ossian, a Caledonian Prince and bard, and translated from the Gaelic language. They became popular at once with the English reading public; and were translated into several European languages. Ossian's poems was one of the few books that the Great Napoleon carried about with him, and which he frequently perused during his meteor-like military career.

It was a matter of wonder even to those who raised no doubt as to the genuineness of these remains, how they could have been preserved for so long a period among an illiterate people. Others entirely denied their authenticity; and, taking credit to themselves for being more acute than their fellows, denounced the whole affair as a forgery—a gross fabrication attempted to be imposed upon an easy and credulous public. Pinkerton, the historian, who ranks among the latter, expresses himself in the following elegant and complimentary manner:—"The Celts are, of all savages, the most deficient in understanding. Wisdom and ingenuity may be traced among Laplanders and Negroes; but among the Celts none of native growth." "Since the keen and searching examination of Mr Laing," says Sir James Mackintosh, "these poems have fallen in reputation, as they lost the character of genuineness. They have been admired by all the nations, and by all the men of genius in Europe. No other imposture in literary history approaches them in the splendour of their course." But the most violent, as well as the most influential of the opponents of Ossian is Dr Samuel Johnson—the great literary arbiter of his day—to whose judgment so much deference was given; but who in this instance gives a verdict on a subject he was very imperfectly conversant with. Johnson was inveterately, nay unreasonably prejudiced against everything Scotch; and did more than all others to originate and propagate the opinion that Macpherson's Ossian was a forgery. That he, and those who sympathised with him, believed what they affirmed, is the only apology we can make for violent and senseless vituperation. The following is Johnson's manifesto. And as it contains in substance all that has been advanced on his side of the controversy, we give it in full. The reader will find it in his "Journey to the Western Islands;" and will judge for himself, from what follows, how much of mere self-assertion or how much of actual fact it contains:—

"I suppose," Johnson says, "my opinion of the poems of Ossian is already discovered. I believe they never existed in any other form than that which we have seen. The editor or author never could show the originals, nor can they be shown by any other. To revenge reasonable incredulity, by refusing evidence, is a degree of insolence with which the world is not yet acquainted; and stubborn audacity is the last refuge of guilt. It would be easy to show them if he had them. But whence could they be had? It is too long to be remembered; and the language formerly had nothing written. He has doubtless inserted names that circulate in popular stories, and may have translated some wandering ballads, if any can be found, and the names of some of the images being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor imagine by the help of Caledonian bigotry, that he has formerly heard the whole."

It is said that some men of integrity profess to have heard part of it; but they all heard them when they were boys; and it was never said that any of them could repeat six lines.

"The Scots have something to plead for their easy reception of an improbable fiction. They are seduced by their fondness for their supposed ancestors. A Scotchman must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth. He will always love it better than inquiry, and if falsehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it."

Macpherson's own narrative of the way in which these poems were procured and given to the world is simple and natural. He tells us, that at the urgent request of others, he reluctantly engaged in this work, the success of which he was doubtful of, because of conscious unfitness as he thought, for the performance of it. This may be ascribed to dissimulation, in order to give "his forgeries" the appearance of genuineness. But the more we consider his statements, and in connection with what afterwards transpired, the more persuaded are we, that he honestly believed what he said. The "Fragments" that led the way to the larger collection were incidently brought to the notice of the eminent men who patronised him; and their subsequent importunity was just the natural sequence of events; and involved no art or device or stratagem of one playing at a game of literary imposture. The frank and free account he sends to Blair of his progress and success during his tour of inquiry, goes all on the same lines. So does the fact that he availed himself of the assistance—as that of Strathmashie, the Knoydart teacher, Captain Morrison, and others—because of the superior acquaintance of some of them with Gaelic, and their skill in deciphering Gaelic manuscripts—facts inconsistent with the supposition that he was contriving a barefaced literary imposture. Prosecuting his mission in this open way, he writes in October 1760—"I have met with a number of old manuscripts in my travels. The poetical part of them I have endeavoured to secure." In another letter he says, "I have been lucky enough to lay my hands on a pretty complete poem and truly epic concerning Fingal." "Fingal," as we said, was published in 1762—with several minor poems—and "Temora" in 1763, with the original Gaelic of one of the books of it, together with five minor poems. He did more. To silence the clamour of his opponents and satisfy the wishes of friends, he deposited the originals, along with his old Gaelic manuscripts, in the hands of Becket and De Hondt, his London publishers, for public inspection; and advertised in the newspapers that he had done so. He also offered, if a sufficient number of subscribers came forward, to publish the Gaelic originals. What could he do more to satisfy the scruples of friends or foes? Yet it appears that during the time these documents lay with his publishers—nearly a year—not a sceptic availed himself of the opportunity to have his doubts removed; nor did the necessary number of subscribers to the Gaelic originals come forward. Need we wonder if, after this, he became indifferent, and even supercilious, to men who, like Johnson, maintained and affirmed that "he had no originals to show."

Those who denied the authenticity of these remains did so on two grounds. Living, as Ossian did, in the third or fourth century of the Christian era, they maintained the improbability, if not the impossibility,

of transmitting poems of such length by memory to modern times. At the same time they denied the possible existence of any Gaelic manuscripts as would sufficiently account for such transmission. "It is too long to be remembered," says Johnson, "and the language formerly had nothing written."

Let us mention some well-known facts bearing on these statements. We have, for example, the poems of John Lom, the Lochaber bard, those of Mary Macleod, the Harris poetess, and many others of earlier date; all recently collected from the recitation of people who lived more than a century—in some instances two centuries—after the authors passed away. We have in the "Book of the Dean of Lismore" a piece of poetry from the recent recitation of a Caithness woman almost word for word as it was transcribed three centuries previously by Dean Macgregor. Duncan Ban Macintyre, the Breadalbane bard, could neither read nor write, but such were his powers of memory that he could repeat easily all the poems he ever composed, published since in a bulky volume. One of these poems —Bendouran—contains nearly a thousand lines. All of them together, in length equal at least to Ossian's Fingal, were taken down by a clergyman from Macintyre's oral recitation. The highest grade among the ancient bards was "Aoisdana." These chiefs of their order attained to eminence by their literary acquirements as well as by their talents. An "Aoisdana," to qualify him for this honour, must be able to rehearse from memory not fewer than one hundred poems of various lengths—probably as much verse as we have in the whole of our Ossianic remains. The bardic institution was hereditary in the families of Highland chiefs—in many instances tracing their origin back to times which we may almost call mythical. What improbability or impossibility is there, therefore, that poems equal in length to those of Ossian should be transmitted by means of oral tradition? Or let us take, for example, the music of the great Highland bagpipe, of which we have collections made not so very long since by Macdonald, Mackay, and others. Many of these pieces are very old; one of them as old as the days of Somerled, Thane of Argyle, who lived in the twelfth century. All these pieces have been transmitted to present times by means of memory. We have no evidence that musical notation as now in use existed formerly in the Highlands; and if hundreds of pibrochs were so transmitted from generation to generation, why not poetry as well? Nor, as we see from the testimony of Professor Max Muller, is this peculiar to the Scotch Highlanders only. "The Fins," he tells us in his Science of Languages, "have their literature; and above all, their popular poetry, which bears witness to a high intellectual development in times which we may call mythical. Epic song still lives among the poorest, recorded by oral tradition alone, and preserving all the features of a perfect metre and of a more ancient language. From the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected, equalling the Iliad in length and completeness; nay, if we can forget for a moment all that in our youth we learned to call beautiful—not less beautiful. Why, then, could not our Celtic ancestors living among these surrounding Caledonian hills do what the Fins did?

We shall now notice briefly the evidence we have from the testimony of individuals to whose veracity no reasonable objection can be made. These men could have no possible or conceivable motive for saying what

they say than just to say the truth. We extract the following from the report of the Highland Society, where the reader will find a great deal more of similar import. The Society's inquiry, of which their report is a summary, was occasioned by the statements already referred to on the part of those who denied the authenticity of these poems.

"The Rev. Mr Macpherson, minister of Sleat, writing in 1763, the year after 'Fingal' was published, says he met with people who could repeat eight pieces of 'Fingal' as it is published by Macpherson. The Rev. Mr Macnicol of South Uist tells us that he found people who could recite parts of books ii., iv., and v. of 'Fingal,' and the whole of the poem of 'Darthula.' The Rev. Mr Macleod Ross of Mull says that he can personally testify to the genuineness of pieces of books ii., iii., and iv. of 'Fingal;' that he had these pieces when a boy from a Skye man. The Rev. Mr Macaulay, military chaplain in Edinburgh, writing in 1764, says he was informed by Lieutenant Macnicol of Glenorchy that he found individuals who could recite parts of books iii., iv., and v. of 'Fingal'—also the battle of Lora, and the poem of Darthula almost to the end; and also pieces of great length of Timora and Caraigthura—almost word for word as Macpherson had given them. The Rev. Donald Macleod of Glenelg says it was in his house Macpherson got his description of Cuchulin's chariot, from a schoolmaster and another man of the name of Macleod. He also heard these men recite the part of Fingal, book iii., which describes his voyage to Lochlin. Gillies published his collection of Gaelic poems in 1786, in which he gives Malvina's dream, and Ossian's reply, amounting to fifty-seven lines, and quite as Macpherson gives them in the poem of Croma. The number of lines obtained in this way amount to nine hundred—word for word almost as they are to be found in Macpherson's original Gaelic Ossian. It will be borne in mind that these originals were not printed till 1807, so that none of them could possibly have access to them.

That Macpherson himself collected many of these poems in the same way, we have, besides his own testimony, that of the gentlemen who assisted him. Macpherson of Strathmashie says—"I assisted him in collecting them, and took down from oral tradition, and transcribed by far the greatest part of those pieces he has published. I have carefully compared the translations with the originals, and find it amazingly literal, even in such a degree as in some measure to preserve the cadence of the Gaelic versification." Mr Ewen Macpherson, the Knoydart teacher, says—"The declarant was with Mr Macpherson three or four weeks; in course of which he took down poems of Ossian from the recitation of several individuals at different places, which he gave to Mr Macpherson." This same person tells us that he was afterwards presented with a copy of the printed "Fingal," "and that he was of opinion that the translation was excellent."

So much then as to Macpherson's indebtedness to oral tradition for these poems. But we are not necessarily to suppose that he obtained all his materials from this source alone. We find, on the contrary, that he drew largely upon the manuscripts he got; how largely we cannot say, though it is not impossible, or improbable, they contained as much, or more, of these poems than he got from oral recitations. He says himself—"I have met with a number of old manuscripts in my travels. The poetical part of them I have endeavoured to secure." Mr Malcolm Macpherson of Society will do its duty, as I expect such a patriotic Association to do,

Scalpa says in his affidavit, September 1800—"The declarant's brother, Alexander, had a Gaelic manuscript in quarto, about an inch and a quarter thick. That he informed him he had given it to Mr Macpherson, who carried it with him." Strathmashie says—"I took down from oral tradition, and I transcribed *from old manuscripts*, by far the greatest part of those pieces he has published." Mr Ewen Macpherson testifies that he got from Clanranald's bard "a manuscript of the size of a New Testament, which contained some of the poems of Ossian." He also tells us that Clanranald gave him an order on Lieutenant Macdonald, Edinburgh, for "the Leabhar Dearg"—a Gaelic folio which contained poems by Ossian. The Rev. Mr Gallie of Kincardine, Strathspey, says, March 1799—"When Macpherson returned from his tour he came to my house. He produced *several volumes* small octavo, or rather large duodecimo, in the Gaelic language and character, being the poems of Ossian and other bards. I remember perfectly that many of these volumes were said to have been collected by Clanranald's bard about the beginning of the fourteenth century." We have the following interesting statement given us by Sir John Sinclair in his dissertation anent the authenticity of these poems. Previous to 1745 the Rev. John Farquharson was Catholic priest at Strathglass, Inverness-shire. At the suggestion of Mr Fraser of Culbokie, he filled a folio volume three inches thick with ancient Gaelic poetry. Farquharson carried this folio to Douay, in French Flanders, where it was repeatedly seen by Dr Cameron and four other clergymen between 1763 and 1767. In 1766 Macpherson's Ossian was sent to Farquharson. These clergymen saw him frequently comparing it with the contents of his folio. He had all, he said, of the poems Macpherson translated, as well as other Ossianic poems of equal if not greater merit. The letters of the Rev. Mr Macgillivray, who knew Farquharson and saw his folio, are so minute and circumstantial as to leave no doubt as to the truth of what he says.

How can we resist evidence such as this—clear, unanimous, consistent, and consecutive! These men had no conceivable motive in saying what they say, beyond saying the truth. If, therefore, we reject such testimony in favour of the genuineness of these remains, on what grounds are we to believe in the genuineness of any literary remains? We are not discussing the point of editorship. An editor must have discretionary powers within just limits. Yet these facts we have adduced go to show that even as editor Macpherson did his work faithfully and conscientiously, and has given us these Ossianic remains very much as he himself received them. Diogenes Laertius says that Solon collected the Homeric poems. Cicero says it was the work of Pisistratus. Plato ascribes it to Hipparchus. Possibly they may have passed through the editorial alembic of all three. The originals, however, are Homer's, be the editorial merits what they may. Similarly, we conclude, whatever the merits or demerits of Macpherson as editor, substantially we have in accordance with his own testimony, as well as his coadjutor's, sufficient evidence that the originals of Ossian—anyhow as he received them—are now in our possession.

These poems brought Macpherson a large sum. His situation as surveyor of the Leeward Islands secured him a pension of £300 per annum. His history of Great Britain from the restoration of Charles II. to the accession of the House of Hanover brought him £3000. His

situation as secretary for the Nabob of Arcot was a mine of wealth; and so faithfully did he do duty in this office, that his son besought him to take the management of his affairs, and sent him a bond for £20,000, but which he did not live to realise. He purchased the property of Belleville from the family of Mackintosh of Borlum, which formerly was known by the name of Raits. Here he resided annually during his intervals of repose from public duty, and displayed uniform kindness and generosity towards his native fellow-countrymen, with whom he was very popular. As an instance of his generosity, it is said that when offered on liberal terms the estate of Cluny, sequestrated because of the Chief's attachment to the House of Stuart, he declined the offer, and exerted himself to have it restored to the original owner. He was Member for Camelford from 1780 till 1790. He died, February 17th, in his own house at Belleville, parish of Alvie, in 1796, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight years; and, at his own request, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner. The Gaelic originals of his Ossian were not published till 1807 forty-five years after the publication of his English translation of them. He left a sum of money in his will for this purpose. For an explanation of this long delay, for which he was so much and perhaps justly blamed, we refer the reader to Professor Blackie's chapter on the Ossianic controversy in his volume on the language and literature of the Scottish Highlands, which will, we are sure, satisfy all unprejudiced inquirers.

KENMORE. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

HIGHLAND BOOKS.—The *Highlander*, referring to the recent visit of the Celtic editors to Canada, and the United States of America, publishes the following:—"It has always been felt that it was not safe for a man to publish Highland books, for example, because there were so few to buy them. Many did not read; there were still more who had become such victims of imported prejudices that they thought they would not be sustaining their own respectability if they showed a predilection for the literature and language of their own race; a still greater number were too poor to indulge in the luxury of dear books—for Highland books were always dearer in proportion than English ones. In one sentence, our Highland people were not to be relied upon to buy the books, and there were very few who could afford to publish at a loss, although, unfortunately, most who have published have done so to very small pecuniary advantage. But there was, all this time, a large Highland constituency in the colonies and in the United States; but there was next to no communication with them. They had been driven by vicious laws in this country to cut out a way for themselves in the woods of Canada, or to work in the mines of California or Australia, and they grow old in absolute ignorance of the fact that there was any Gaelic or Highland literature to think of, to buy, or to help into publicity. The publishers did not know where these people were; and it is absolutely astonishing how little the families here and in America know of each other. But let us hope that the wall of partition which stood thus between the Highlanders at and from home has in some measure been broken through, and that the authors of Highland books may calculate upon a wider and safer circulation; that the colonists, &c., may, in hundreds of cases at any rate, indulge their love of home by reading some of the literature which has got into print since they left this country, and that by this widening of the area of operations, the few who have been reading will do so in future at a smaller sacrifice."

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—*Tennyson.*

BOOK II.—"A SYLVAN COURT."

—o—

Chapter X.

What art thou? and how com'st thou hither
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
Who brings me food, to make misfortune live.

—*Richard II., Shak.*

Scarcely a week was allowed to elapse after the storming of Dunkerlyne ere the treacherous Cormac Doil found himself named successor to Brian, the heroic father of Dermond. The flag bearing the black-raven device of the dead chieftain was committed to the flames, while the banner of Lorn was floating proudly and defiantly from the highest tower. Cyril, his son Clement, and all the faithful supporters of the Viking were cast into the dungeons; and a grim silence dwelt in the hall which once rung with the laughter of a hundred brave and fearless men.

There were numerous conjectures as to the fate of young Dermond, but the idea most generally entertained was that he had met his death by the hand of Bruce himself in the struggle which took place near the pass of Balquhidder. Great as were the deeds of the King at Dalry, many were inclined to accredit him with a number of extraordinary exploits which were neither consistent with truth nor probability, and one of the stories went to the effect that he had single-handed encountered the young chief, with ten of his men, and slain them in a body. Others attested that after being taken prisoners, Dermond and Olave were subjected to the most excruciating tortures, and then hanged and quartered. Needless to say the fair Bertha suffered the greatest anxiety regarding the fate of her lover and champion, who she believed had evidently perished in endeavouring to carry out her behest. Kate, her sprightly waiting-maid, was also seized with an agonising fear for the safety of the gallant Norseman. The rebellion of Brian, followed by the storming of Dunkerlyne, the fatal fight with the chieftain, and the imprisonment of his vassals, gave additional pain to the forlorn damsels; and while they had every desire to see Dermond and Olave safely back from the battle, there were many reasons for hoping that they would not return to Dunolly or Dunkerlyne without being fully prepared to resist the merciless vengeance of John of Lorn. Day after day Bertha looked for the arrival of her father and Dermond in vain, and the reports that continued to pour in confirmed more than ever the first impression that the young chieftain had fallen among the slain. In order to suppress all outward appearances of grief, she took a prominent part in all the festivals and merrymakings with every semblance of careless gaiety, and in the eyes of Nora and the rest of her relatives at the Court of Lorn, all traces of her passion for the son of the Viking had vanished.

The summer wore round, and Bertha had evidently spent it cheerfully,

but as the dull, cold days of autumn approached, the strong hope which had hitherto sustained her gave way, and despair took possession of her heart. Her eye began to lose its lustre, her cheek grew paler, and an expression of vacant languor overspread the calm beauty of her features.

The split arrow was again circulated among the island and inland fiefs of John of Lorn, who having been roused by the bribes and solicitations of the English King, determined to make another terrible effort for the extirpation of Bruce and his handful of followers, who were still taking advantage of the shelter and security afforded by the Highland woods and mountains.

Meanwhile, Cyril was wasting the declining years of his life in one of the dungeons down in the heart of Dunkerlyne rock far beneath the foundations of the castle, where scarcely a gleam of sunlight could penetrate. He had spent a miserable summer, and no one had deigned to intrude upon his solitude save the attendant who brought him food, and even that functionary was not too regular in his visits.

As he paced from one end of his dungeon to the other, lifting his eyes upwards, thinking of the bright skies above, and listening to the long, monotonous roar of the waves on the rocks below, he was startled on hearing the clang of feet on the stone passages, and the sound of several voices awoke the muttering echoes of the labyrinth of corridors. A while and the key groaned in the rusty lock, the door screeched as it was flung open, and the glare of a torch blinded the old man so much that he could not see who entered.

"What, ho! my Lord of Rathland," said the intruder. "What ails thy sight? Dost thou not know me."

Rubbing his eyes and shading them from the offensive glare of the flambeau, Cyril answered—"So long, good sir, have I been excluded from the light of day, I know not whether my sight remains or not. At first I believed 'twas some one come with news of goodly import, or at least to cheer me in my dreadful loneliness, but with that voice there rings within my memory so much of byegone evil that I fear me thou com'st but to outweigh my great calamities."

"Tush with thee, prattling old man," resumed the visitor, "thou wouldst but mar the news I bring with words both strange and unnatural. Come, brood no more, but think of liberty, 'twill be the sweeter since so long denied thee."

"I want it not, for now this prison's the refuge of my waning life. If thou hast aught to say, tell it quickly, as I long to learn what news there is, however bad it may be."

"Peace with you then and hear. Lorn has resolved to make another desperate effort to capture the villainous Bruce, and he offers liberty to all who care to take the oath of fealty."

By this time Cyril had partially regained his sight and scattered recollections, and bending his eyes on the speaker, he recognised the successor to the chieftainship of Dunkerlyne. Indignation instantly flashed from his eye, and he replied with great firmness, "Thy treachery to my kinsman forbids my acceptance of any favour at thy hands. Weak as I am I might be forced to grapple at thy throat, but I have better need to think of something else besides revenge, which will assuredly overtake and crush thee. My son, Clement, is young in years and strong in arms,

unlike the ruin you see before you, and doubtless he may live to do what his father is unwilling or unable to accomplish, but why should he waste his youthful strength by rotting in a dungeon. Give him liberty if he cares to have it."

"As for the gallant Clement," said Cormac, "you need have no fear. He has long since regained his freedom, and is now doing duty at Dunolly where he has every prospect of advancement."

"What!" exclaimed Cyril, with no small amount of amazement. "I trust that is no lie. Free, did you say, without having sought to see his father?"

"He sought but was refused. His duty does not extend beyond the walls of Dunolly."

"Slavery, indeed, worse than imprisonment."

"Be it what it may, there is hope for a speedy change."

"Has he accepted Lorn's proposals then?"

"No, not exactly so, but he has agreed to mine."

"And what, forsooth, may thine be?"

"Honourable, I trust," said Cormac Doil, with an affectation of dignity which amused as well as exasperated the Irish chieftain, who exclaimed—"Of a surety then the devil hath turned saint?"

"Peace with you, good sir," said Cormac, evidently much irritated. "You shall yet find my words come true, and the devil scarcely so black as he is painted. Clement stipulates for your liberty with leave to return to Rathland. A few days hence and all shall be accomplished."

Cyril remained silent for a few moments almost unable to control his emotion. When he was able to speak he said, "If this is indeed so, and thou canst assure me that there is naught dishonourable in the matter, I shall yet be pleased to spend the remaining years of my life in the hall of my ancestors, but if I find that you have not acted uprightly by my son, I shall use the liberty you give me for the chastisement of your presumption and revenging the wrongs you have heaped upon me."

"Patience," exclaimed the wily Cormac, "and you shall hear all from Clement's own lips. Meanwhile you remain a prisoner, but I shall endeavour to increase your comfort till you regain your full measure of liberty. What, ho! there, Donald, bring me the key of these shackles, and tell Alister to prepare the pallet in the secret bedchamber for the Lord of Rathland."

Cyril soon found himself the solitary occupant of a little turret chamber high above the sea, and with a narrow window looking towards the shores of Ireland. The change from the horrible dungeon beneath was altogether delightful, and as the evening became beautifully calm, a strong sense of rest took possession of the chieftain's mind—a sense of rest which he had not felt for many a long and weary day. He attributed his increased comfort and prospect of liberty to the adventurous spirit of his son, Clement, and was proud in the thought that the lad would be able to maintain the reputation of his stalwart and daring forefathers. It was late before he thought of retiring to rest; it was later still before he could fall asleep; and when he awoke he was startled to find that he was not alone in the chamber. Day had not yet dawned, but the dim light of the morning was sufficient to distinguish the presence of Jarloff, the minstrel, who was arrayed in bonnet and plaid, and with his harp strung across his shoulders, as if ready for a journey.

On perceiving the look of surprise on Cyril's face, he said, in a hard and by no means apologetic tone, "I have come perhaps unsought and unexpected."

As he spoke there was a weird expression of melancholy on his withered features, and a wild, wandering look in his bloodshot eyes. The death of Brian and the uncertainty of the fate of Dermond and Olave, had evidently wrought havoc in the mind of the faithful Norseman, and eccentricity had developed into madness.

"Nay, you are welcome, good Jarloff," said Cyril, soothingly. "Doubtless you come to congratulate me on my altered circumstances."

"Let the devil congratulate, Sir Chief, if he will, but what appears to be good is too often the beginning of evil. But more of this anon. Haste ye, dress quickly, trust me, and follow."

Convinced at once that the words of the minstrel, spoken so earnestly, had some foundation or another, he resolved to commit himself into his hands, but not before questioning him further as to the intentions of Cormac Doil and the safety of Clement.

"Clement is indeed safe," said Jarloff, "but I fear me he has lent himself too much to the schemes of the traitor of Dunkerlyne. His ransom, however, is yet to be paid—a ransom I trust his heart and conscience may rebel against."

"Now by my faith," said Cyril, instantly becoming aware that some vile plot was afoot, "I have indeed been played upon, and Clement has been deceived. Credulous wretch! If for one moment I stood beside him my dirk would save him from dishonour."

"Speak not so loud, or we are undone," said Jarloff. "He may yet escape from the clutches of these bloodthirsty schemers to the camp of the Bruce, there to invoke vengeance against the Lord of Lorn."

"What then is the ransom you speak of?" inquired Cyril.

Jarloff wandered for some time, after which he proceeded to say—"Cormac Doil has fallen desperately in love with the fair Bertha of Dunolly, but Lorn has refused to consent to his making any advances. Being unable to win her by fair means, he has resolved to win her by foul. Knowing that Clement possesses a goodly presence, with the art of initiating himself into the graces of the gentler sex, he conceived the idea of obtaining his liberty and placing him near to the person of Bertha in Lorn's service, so that they might come to regard each other. To crown the crafty scheme, Cormac Doil has exhausted every artifice in order to obtain circumstantial accounts of the death of Dermond, and although I cannot aver that the young chieftain and my gallant Olave are free from danger, I have no doubt they may yet survive their captivity, and live to revenge the storming of Dunkerlyne and the deeds of the traitor who usurps the seat of the chieftain. Bertha being persuaded of Dermond's death, constantly endeavours to forget him, and there is every prospect of Clement making a formidable rival. Some time ago Cormac Doil, perceiving the success of Clement, wished him to carry the maid to Dunkerlyne under pretence of assisting her to escape to her father's castle. Clement sternly refused. Cormac consequently soon succeeded in getting him confined for some trivial offence, and by every species of torture he tried to mould him to his wicked plans. Everything would have been in vain, for Clement truly loves the maid, but when threats of torturing his father were freely used, he could withstand no longer."

Here the chieftain buried his head in his hands and groaned, while Jarloff continued—

"This then is the night—or rather the morning—when the ransom should be paid, and the fair and innocent Bertha handed over to gratify the passion of he who wrongly rules in the hall of Dunkerlyne, but I shall not fail, and they shall be baffled in their unholy design."

Cyril had scarcely time to say "Amen" when Jarloff exclaimed, "But haste ye, for methinks I hear the signal from the shore intimating the approach of the boat."

Removing a solid-like bench from a corner of the chamber, Jarloff discovered, to the astonished Cyril, a trap-door showing a dark descent of steps. Descending for a little he gave a low whistle, and in a few minutes the signal was answered by the appearance of a mysterious-looking attendant carrying a flambeau.

"Conduct this venerable chieftain as I commanded you," said the minstrel. "See you be wary. Remember to shade the light passing the cross corridors, and await the opening of the secret door in the lower dungeon near the cage descent."

The attendant bowed, and signed to Cyril to follow, while Jarloff, securing the trap-door on the outside, was heard to replace the bench, and keeping close to the torch-bearer, the chieftain followed with trembling steps and a beating heart.

(To be Continued.)

THE RAID OF KILLICHRIST.

—o—

The following correspondence appeared in recent issues of the *Courier* and of the *Highlander*. Dr Buchan's version having first appeared in these pages, it may interest our readers :—

Sir,—The story of the raid of Killichrist having acquired considerable prominence during the recent contest in our county, perhaps you will permit me to make a few remarks on the current versions of the tale. I shall particularly refer to the fight which took place in Glen-Urquhart between the Mackenzies and the Macdonells, and to Allan Macranald of Lundy's famous leap.

According to the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder the Mackenzies came up to the Macdonells, who had that Sunday morning burnt the church of Killichrist and its congregation, as the latter were resting "like a tired herd of chased deer in the hills near the burn of Altsay (Aultsigh)," and there "a very sanguine skirmish" took place. Mr Alexander Mackenzie tells us in his Historical Tales, and also in his History of the Clan Mackenzie, that "the Mackenzies, under Coul, after a few hours hard running, came up with the Macdonells as they sought a brief repose on the hills towards the burn of Aultsigh," and that the Macdonells having there "maintained an equal conflict," "they turned and again fled precipitately to the burn." It was at the close of this fight that Allan of Lundy effected his escape by taking a "desperate leap" across a ravine, and that the foremost of the pursuing Mackenzies lost his life in attempting to

perform the same feat. This ravine, according to the writers I have mentioned and our guide-books, is on the burn of Aultsigh; and it is described by Sir Thomas Lauder as a "fearful ravine" and a "yawning chasm," while Mr Mackenzie applies the same expressions to it and adds "tremendous abyss."

To any person who knows the district in which these scenes are said to have occurred, it must be evident that neither of the writers whom I have named ever saw the places which they profess to describe. To begin with the leap, there is no such ravine, or chasm, or abyss on Aultsigh as they mention; and, although the burn flows through a deep glen or pass, there is no part of it over which a boy could not leap. Aultsigh, which separates Glen-Uurquhart from Glenmoriston, formed the western march of the old sheep farm of Ruskich (which for years was tenanted by my grandfather), and several miles to the east of it is the burn of *Allt Giubhais*, forming the eastern boundary of the farm. In cutting its way through the high and precipitous rock of *Craig Giubhais*, this latter stream has formed a ravine which exactly answers the descriptions I have quoted. This is the chasm which Allan of Lundy cleared, and to this day it is known as *Leum a' Cheannaiche*, "the merchant's leap," from the circumstance that Allan, to acquaint himself with the country of the Mackenzies, travelled there before the raid as a "pack-merchant," and not as a mendicant as stated by Mr Mackenzie. That packmen were not unknown in those times we learn from our criminal records, which show that in 1602 (the year before the raid of Killichrist) one of them, named Donald Macfindlay Vic Norosiche, a native of Kintail, was seized in Glenmoriston by the laird of that glen and hanged.

Now, as to the scene of the battle. At the south-eastern base of Mealfuarvonie and in the vicinity of the Meachant's Leap there is an extensive mossy plain, which for ages has supplied the people of Wester Bunloit with peat. It is well known as Lon na Fola, "the Moss of Blood," and there the sanguinary conflict took place, and not "near" or "towards" Aultsigh.

Another point before I close. In Mr Mackenzie's version *Alexander Mackenzie of Coul* is mentioned as the person who perished in the attempt to follow Macranald, and in a footnote it is explained that it is historically incorrect to say that he so perished, as he lived to die a very old man in 1650. On the other hand, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder gives the unfortunate man's name as *Hector Mackenzie of Beauly;* while the local tradition simply tells that *a Mackenzie* met his death as described, without condescending on the particulars given by our writers. Seanachies, like bards, are, rightly or wrongly, allowed a certain license. Whether it is owing to the exercise of that privilege that the names of Mackenzie of Beauly and Mackenzie of Coul have been introduced into the tale I cannot tell, but as a Glen-Urquhart man, who takes some interest in the history and traditions of the Glen, I should like to know when and in what manner these names first came to be associated with the Merchant's Leap. Perhaps the latest seanachie of the tale can throw light on this question.

It is right to mention that a Mr Grassie, who at one time resided in Glen-Urquhart, wrote a book many years ago, in which he gave the legend of Killichrist, and pointed out the true localities of the fight and the leap.—Your obedient servant,

Inverness, May 1880. WILLIAM MACKAY.

SIR,—Mr William Mackay, in his interesting communication in to-day's *Courier* on the hitherto considered infamous, but now really famous, raid of Cillechriost, gives me an opportunity of supplying some little additional information regarding it, which may, perhaps, prove interesting to him and to others of your readers. First, however, let me tell him that the version of the story which appears in my "History of the Mackenzies," and in the "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," is not my version. It is no secret that it, as well as several others in the latter volume was written by Dr Buchan, late of the Lancashire Insurance Office here, though he was too modest to allow his name to appear in connection with them. Mr Jolly, however, let the cat out of the bag at a meeting of the Field Club, on the occasion of the reading of a paper before the Club by Dr Buchan shortly before he left Inverness. I possess Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's and Grassie's versions of the story. The first is good, but long and prosy. The latter, published in 1843, is wretchedly written, but his description of Glen-Urquhart scenery may possibly be perfect, though his descriptions of the other districts mentioned in the story, as given by him, are simply absurd. For instance, he tells us that the Chief of Glengarry held a property in the seventeenth century." in the *neighbourhood* of Lochbroom *called Groam Garranach*, in the centre of the lands belonging to the Clan McKenzie, who were extremely adverse to his neighbour's nearness."

This "Groam Garranach" is Grassie's, equivalent from "Strom Carrannach," or Strome of Lochcarron, which he ridiculously places "in the *neighbourhood* of Lochbroom." Another writer, possessing an accurate knowledge of the district, has written a version of the same story, in which he says that the leap was by Alexander of Coul at Aultsigh. This was Andrew Fraser, commonly called "Goggan," whose manuscript contains this and many others of local interest, and is in the possession of Mr Noble, bookseller, Castle Street. Of all these, I prefer Dr Buchan's version, and hence, when *compiling* "The Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," I have chosen it. There are various other traditions as to the Mackenzie supposed to have made the terrible leap. According to some he was Mackenzie of Redcastle.

Rory Mor, first of Redcastle, has a charter under the Great Seal, in 1608, five years after the burning of Cillechriost, and his son, Murdoch, who was really one of the leaders of the Mackenzies on the occasion, has a sasine as heir to his father in 1615. Others have it that the hero was a Mackenzie of Ord. John Mackenzie, *first* of Ord "visited" the burning of the church, but he lived until 1644. There is no record in any Mackenzie document or manuscript of a *Hector Mackenzie of Beauly*, and if such a person had taken the prominent part ascribed to him at Aultsigh and at Kyleakin by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the MSS. which give such a full account, especially of the latter engagement, would certainly have recorded his exploits.

I am fortunate in having temporary possession of some of these MSS. One of them is an original, and was written very soon after the burning of the church; for the writer of it says that his information regarding the events which immediately preceded this atrocious act was obtained from those who had taken a share in them. It also presents other internal evidence which goes to prove that it was written not later than 1650. I

think, therefore, this contemporary MS. may be fairly considered superior to the venerable "Catechist of Bunloit" of forty years ago, whom Grassie gives as his authority, and even to Mr William Mackay's local knowledge, though his grandfather did occupy a neighbouring farm. One of the MSS., from which I quote, is the property of Mr James F. Mackenzie of Allangrange, and is the oldest that I know of in existence. It proceeds—

"Shortly after this (that is after the taking of the Castle of Strome) Allan McRannald of Lundy made one onsett to the Braes of Ross, and brunt the Lands of Gillichrist and other adjacent towns, qrupon my Lord Kintaile sends two parties in pursuit of him—one commanded by Murdo Mackenzy of Redcastle, the other by Alexander McKenzy of Coull. Redcastle went the way of Inverness to Stratharrick, and accidentally in a town called Torrybreck he gets intelligence that Angus McRory and 36 of his followers were drinking in ane Change-house nearby. A man of Redcastle's being well acquaintt (called Donald McKennich piper) ledd them secretly to the house, setts it on fire, and every man as came out they killed. Rannald himself coming at last to the door, he sought quarters, which Redcastle would have granted him, but one Donald McCurchie said, you shall have such quarters as you gave to Donald McConochy Chyle. (This Donald was a very pretty fellow of the Clan ean oyr who was killed by this Rannald after he had given him quarters when young Glengarry harryed Lochcarron.) So when he understood there was no mercy for him, he ran out. The oyr gave such a race after him—came so near him—that he could not shoot him. Struks him with the bow on the head, which he brake, throws him flatt to the ground. But or he could recover himself he sticked him with his dirk (so we may see one ill turn meets another). Of all his company none escaped except ane subtile fellow (which I cannot forgett) who came out at the roof of the house, began to tear it and crying for watter and said wt a loud voice, Mackenzie, tho' you have a quarrell agst the Clan Rannald, I hope you have none agst my Mr and me when you burn my house after this manner. With this he went free as if he had been landlord indeed, and Redcastle turns homewards with his company."

"The oyr partie that went with Alexr. M'Kenzy of Coull went the way of Beaulie to Urquhart and to Glen Morriston, and foretakes Allan M'Rannald resting themselves on a sheill in little huts near a rough burn called Ald Sayh. Giveing the alarme, some of them with Allan fought manfully, oyrs fled, which all alive of them were forced in end to doe. But as their misfortune was they missed the foord. The Burn was so rough running 'twixt two craiggs that severalls broke their bones there. Shunning their killing they met death in their way. But Rannald being half nacked, as he fled, lopps just over it, and made his escape of all the rest. The pursuers seeing him loupe and on the oyr side notwithstanding thereof could not be persuaded he did it, and no man ever saw that place yet that would believe it, which being seall times asked of himself afterwards, he said he knew sensibly he loupt that very place, but how he came over that he knew not, except it was with the wings of fear and Providence. But give him all the world he would not try it again."

I have also before me a copy of the Letterfearn MS. by the favour of Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn. This MS. must have been written nearly as early in the seventeenth century as the one already quoted, for

the writer of it informs us that he went to the battlefield of Auldearn, fought in 1645, along with one of the officers who took part in the engagement. After describing the burning of Cillechriost he says—"The country being alarmed and gathering, they (the Macdonnells) were forced to return, for Murdo MacKenzie of Redcastle and Alexander MacKenzie of Coul were sent with some forces to pursue them." He then describes the affair at Torbreck, and continues—"And Coul having pursued Allan and his men through Urquhart and Glenmoriston, came unaware upon them while they were resting and reposing themselves in a shielling near a rough burn called Aultsaugh, where some of them stood and fought a while, in the end were forced to fly, and by reason of the rocks and deepness of the burn many of them broke their bones and were drowned in the burn, prefering that to the pursuers' swords. Allan himself beyond all expectation, and to the surprise not only of himself afterwards, but of all that knew the place, did leap over the burn cleverly and made his escape. After this their bad success everywhere, they attempted to trouble Mackenzie no more, nore his people, but give it totally over, thus these unhappy and bloody troubles ended."

Personally, I have no theory in connection with this affair. But my friend, Mr Mackay, will excuse me if I prefer plain, unadorned contemporary history like the above to the dogmatic *is* of even such a "seannachaidh" as himself, and the authority of the Lowland exciseman, Grassie, who wrote his version in 1843, about two hundred years later than the above-quoted authorities. In any case I am glad to be in a position to inform Mr Mackay, so far, "when and in what manner" the name of Alexander Mackenzie of Coul first came to be associated with this extraordinary leap. Coul was the fleetest warrior in the North in his day, and was one of the most distinguished leaders of the Clan Mackenzie in those terrible times. Whether the leap was over Aultsigh or Ault-Giubhais, it seems perfectly clear that *no* Mackenzie followed Allan of Lundy across the ravine; that, consequently, he could not have been killed in the manner described, and that it is more probable, as I suggested elsewhere, that the addition was introduced by those "licensed" seannachies of modern times to adorn the tale.—Yours faithfully,

"Celtic Magazine" Office, Inverness, May 13, 1880. A. MACKENZIE.

Literature.

POEMS AND SONGS, IN GAELIC AND ENGLISH. By Mrs Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart.

It gives us great pleasure to notice the poetical works of Mrs Mackellar in the form of a pretty volume of 140 pages. As most of our readers know, Mrs Mackellar is no mere rhymer—she is a true poet, and we venture to predict that not only will the present volume add much to her poetical reputation, but that it will also show the highly respectable position she occupies among Victorian poets. With the exception of the bard MacColl, and her own countryman, Ewen Maclachlan, she is perhaps the only Gaelic bard who has made a mark in the composition of English

poetry. She tunes her lyre with equal ease in dulcet strains to captivate either the Saxon or the Gael, and some of her English verse will bear favourable comparison with those of most of our modern English lyric poets. And while she thus maintains a good position among English song-writers, she will be found to stand in the front rank of the Gaelic bards, not merely of the present, but of the past.

Mary Mackellar (neé Cameron) was born and brought up in Lochaber, where she acquired full knowledge of the local Gaelic with all its richness, drinking at the same time poetical inspiration at the foot of Ben-Nevis as if it were Helicon. In course of time she married, and with her husband, Captain Mackellar, visited the principal ports in Northern Europe. She thus had an opportunity of seeing life under various phases—from the quiet, unsophisticated village life in Lochaber to all the activity of the great towns. She became fully conversant with the world as it is, and in her poems we have depicted life and scenes as seen by herself.

In early years the muse manifested herself to Mrs Mackellar, and some of the pieces in this volume were composed many years ago. But the great bulk of those now published were composed when she roved about as a sailor—rovings, by the way, of which she some time ago gave interesting accounts in the columns of the weekly edition of the *Free Press*. When in Hanover in 1866 she composed one of the best lyrics in the Gaelic language. The water there she found far from palatable, and it compared most unfavourably with the crystal springs that gushed out from the foot of Ben Nevis. The contrast roused within her strong feelings for the old land, and she sang the praises of her native Highlands in flowing verse, finding consolation in the fact that her own Lochy she would soon see :—

'S n uair ruigeas mi tìr an àigh,
Tìr mo dhàimh 'us luchd mo ghràidh,
Nàile, theid mi fhìn gun dàil
A dh'ol mo shàth á Lòchaidh.

A sprig of Highland heather which she received in a distant land awakened thoughts of her dear native mountains, misty glens, winding rivers, and sylvan glades, and these thoughts she embodies in excellent verse—

Thou hast come with the smell of my dear native land,
And tales of the freshness of moorland and lea ;
From the wild misty glens, where in glory thou bloomest,
A whisper of love thou has brought unto me.
O dear to my heart are thy sweet purple blossoms,
That grow 'mong the brackens that curl on the braes,
And by the green banks of the clear winding rivers,
Whose murmurs I hear, as upon thee I gaze.

We could multiply quotations, but it is unnecessary, for several of Mrs Mackellar's best poetical compositions in recent years have appeared in our own columns, such, for instance, as her spirited song to Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, and her pathetic elegy on the younger Norman Macleod—the former in the tongue of the Gael, the latter in that of the Saxon. Being thus so well known to our readers, it is sufficient to say that we heartily welcome the publication of her poetical works in their present form, and we sincerely hope that the poet may long be spared to sing in flowing verse the praises of her native Highlands.

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

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IX.

It will be remembered that Donald Dubh, son of Angus Og, and grandson of John, last Lord of the Isles, was still a minor, and, at the time of his grandfather's death, in 1498, a prisoner in the Castle of Inchconnell. The Islanders looked upon him as the legitimate heir of John, last Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, and having been set at liberty by the gallantry and fidelity of his relatives, the Macdonalds of Glencoe, he at once proceeded to the Lewis to solicit the aid of Torquil Macleod, then a very powerful chief, and married to the aunt of Donald Dubh, Katharine, daughter of Colin, first Earl of Argyll. Donald's cause was warmly espoused by the Lord of Lewis, a fact which had great influence with the other Island Lords, as they naturally concluded that Torquil Macleod must have had ample proof of Donald's legitimacy; otherwise he would not have anything to do with him; and from his intimate relations with the Argyll family, he was supposed to have had every facility of procuring accurate information regarding the marriage of Angus Og to Macleod's sister-in-law, Katherine of Argyll. At first sight it would seem almost inexplicable that the first Earl of Argyll should have continued to maintain the illegitimacy of his grandson, and the second Earl, Archibald, that of his nephew; but if their own positions be kept in view—the latter being Lieutenant of the Isles, as well as the grasping character of the race—we can easily account for the position which these Earls assumed. They had their eye on the extensive and valuable island possessions of the Isles for themselves, and it was in their view a venial crime to sacrifice the reputation of a daughter or a sister in comparison with the sacrifice of their chances—now so much increased by the confusion among the Islanders for want of a chief and leader—of possessing for themselves the vast territories of the Lordship of the Isles and Earldom of Ross. And Archibald would the more readily be induced to adopt this selfish view, when he found that the claims of Donald Dubh, even if he were admitted to be the legitimate offspring of Angus Og of the Isles, were very materi-

ally weakened, and likely to be contested by others of the Macdonalds on the ground of the undoubted and admitted bastardy of his father. The news of young Donald's escape, as well as its effect upon the disaffected Island chiefs, soon reached the King. Torquil was charged to deliver up the person of the rebel, who is described as being at Macleod's "rule and governance," under the penalty of treason. This he declined, whereupon he was himself denounced as a traitor, and all his possessions were formally forfeited to the crown. The Earl of Huntly was sent to Lochaber and the neighbouring districts to collect the crown rents by force if necessary, and soon afterwards, in 1502, a commission was issued in favour of Huntly, Lord Lovat, and William Munro of Fowlis, to enable them to proceed to Lochaber and Mamore, and to let the King's lands there for the space of five years to "true men." They, at the same time, received strict orders to drive all "broken men" from the district. This injunction, considering the disorganised state of that part of the country, meant the expulsion of the entire population; for in those days all who were not governed by a responsible head or chief would come under this designation. Lewis, forfeited by Torquil Macleod, was treated in the same manner, and we find that a grant of the lands of Mamore—Duror and Glencoe—was made to Duncan Stewart of Appin, who had been at the time actively employed carrying out the King's behests in the Isles. Great efforts were made by the King to win over some of the most powerful of the Highland chiefs, especially Ewen MacAllan, or Allanson, of Lochiel and Lachlan Maclean of Duart. These gentlemen were in constant communication with the Court, and finally proceeded thither with the view of completing negotiations previously carried on by correspondence; but no sooner did they return to the north than they seem to have forgotten everything "except the duty by which they fancied themselves bound to support the claims of the alleged heir of Innisgall."

The causes which led up to this rebellion of the Islanders under Donald Dubh, and which so embittered the feelings of the Highlanders against the Government of the King are pretty fully explained by various writers. Tytler informs us that from 1495 to 1499, in the autumn of which latter year the monarch held his court in South Cantire, all appears to have remained in tranquillity; but after his return, a complete change took place in the policy of the King, from causes which cannot now be ascertained. And the wise and moderate measures, some time previously adopted, were succeeded by proceedings so severe as to border on injustice. "The charters which had been granted during the last six years to the vassals of the Isles, were summarily revoked. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, was installed in the office of Lieutenant, with the ample and invidious power of leasing out the entire lordship of the Isles" (the Island of Isla and the lands of North and South Cantire alone excepted). "The ancient proprietors and their vassals were violently expelled from their hereditary property; whilst Argyle and other royal favourites appear to have been enriched by new grants of their estates and lordships. We are not to wonder that such harsh proceedings were loudly reprobated; the inhabitants saw with indignation their rightful masters exposed to insult and indigence, and at last broke out into open rebellion," the object of which was to place Donald Dubh on the throne of his ancestors of the Isles. After describing the release of Donald from the Castle of Inch-

connel by the MacIans of Glencoe, and his visit to Macleod of the Lewis, Tytler proceeds—"Although James received early intelligence of the meditated insurrection, and laboured by every method to dissolve the union amongst its confederated chiefs, it now burst forth with destructive fury. Badenoch was wasted with all the ferocity of Highland warfare—Inverness given to the flames; and so widely and rapidly did the contagion of independence spread throughout the Isles that it demanded the most prompt and decisive measures to arrest it. But James' power, though shook, was too deeply rooted to be thus destroyed. The whole array of the kingdom was called forth. The Earls of Argyle, Huntly, Crawford, and Marshall, with Lord Lovat and other barons, were appointed to lead an army against the Islanders; the castles and strongholds in the hands of the king were fortified and garrisoned; letters were addressed to the various chiefs, encouraging the loyal by the rewards which awaited them, whilst over the heads of the wavering or disaffected were suspended the terrors of forfeiture and execution. But this was not all: a parliament assembled at Edinburgh on the 11th of March 1503, and in addition to the above rigorous resolutions, the civilsation of the Highlands, an object which had engrossed the attention of many a successive council, was again taken into consideration. To accomplish this end, those districts, whose inhabitants had hitherto, from their inaccessible position, defied the restraints of the law, were divided into new sheriffdoms, and placed under the jurisdiction of permanent judges. The preamble of the Act complained in strong terms of the gross abuse of justice in the northern and western divisions of the realm—more especially the Isles; it described the people as having become altogether savage, and provided that the new sheriffs for the north Isles should hold their courts in Inverness and Dingwall, and those for the south, in the Tarbet of Lochkilkerran. The inhabitants of Dowart, Glendowart, and the lordship of Lorn, who, for a long period, had violently resisted the jurisdiction of the justice-ayres or ambulatory legal courts, were commanded to come to the justice-ayre at Perth, and the districts of Mawmor and Lochaber, which had insisted on the same exemption, were brought under the jurisdiction of the justice-ayre of Inverness. The divisions of Bute, Arran, Knapdale, Cantire, and the larger Cumbrae were to hold their courts at Ayr, whilst the deplorable condition of Argyle was marked by the words of the Act, 'that the court is to be held wherever it is found that each Highlander and Lowlander may come without danger, and ask justice,' a problem of no easy discovery. The districts of Ross and Caithness, now separated from the sheriffdom of Inverness, were placed under their judges; and it was directed that the inhabitants of these three great divisions of the kingdom should as usual attend the justice-ayre of Inverness."*

In addition to his commission of Lieutenandry, with full powers over the Lordship of the Isles, the Earl of Argyll a few months later received the appointment of Keeper of the Castle of Tarbert and Bailie and Governor of the King's lands in Knapdale, while at the same time Alexander, Lord Gordon, eldest son of the Earl of Huntly, received grants of various lands in the district of Lochaber, which previously formed part

* Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. ii., pp. 271-3.

of the Lordship of the Isles. The Islanders, about the same time, became aware that steps were being taken to expel the vassals of the old Lordship from their ancient possessions, and it was only natural that these high-handed measures, and the great danger in which they now found themselves, should have exasperated their feelings, and induced them to form a powerful combination under their newly liberated leader, Donald Dubh, whom they rightly, or wrongly, regarded as their hereditary lord, for the protection of their mutual interests. Without waiting to be attacked they advanced into Badenoch, the property of one of their principal enemies, the Earl of Huntly, who afterwards, when the other lords already named led a large force against the Isles, undertook to seize and garrison the castles of Strome in Lochcarron, and Eileandonain in Kintail, then thought "rycht necessar for the danting of the Ilis," provided the artillery and ammunition necessary for besieging these strongholds were sent to him by sea at the King's expense. From this it would appear that the Mackenzies under Hector Roy of Gairloch, who then acted as tutor to John of Killin, then a minor, sided with Donald Dubh against the Government. It would also account for certain differences which took place between Hector Roy and his ward regarding the possession of the Kintail stronghold a few years later, when the former was ordered by the Privy Council to give it up to his nephew and chief, John Mackenzie, IXth Baron of Kintail.

In April, 1504, the Royal army had its rendezvous at Dumbarton, and from this place artillery and warlike stores of every description then available, including "gun stanes," were sent forward for the siege of the stronghold of Cairnburgh, a fort on an isolated island on the west coast of Mull. The Earl of Arran received two commissions against the Islanders, and, at the same time, the Earl of Argyll, Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan, and MacIan of Ardnamurchan, favoured, and were in regular correspondence with, the King,* who did not proceed to the Isles in person on this occasion. The rebellion was found to be of a more formidable character than was anticipated, and very little progress was made to repress it in this campaign. Next year, the insurrection becoming more alarming, the King determined to lead his army in person. He invaded the Isles with a powerful force from the south, while Huntly attacked them from the north, and took several prisoners, none of whom, however, were of very distinguished rank or influence. At the same time the Royal navy was employed under Sir Andrew Wood and Robert Barton. This expedition resulted in breaking up the confederacy of the Island lords; many of them submitted to the Royal authority, among the first being the powerful Chief of the Macleans, Lord of Duart, which act on his part also implied the submission of Nacneil of Barra, of Macquarrie of Ulva, two

* In 1504 great efforts had been made, but with little permanent success, and the progress of the insurrection became alarming. Macvicar, an envoy from Macleod, who was then in strict alliance with the King, remained three weeks at Court. MacIan also had sent his emissaries to explain the perilous condition of the country; and with characteristic energy, the King, as soon as the state of the year permitted, despatched the Earl of Huntly to invade the Isles by the north, whilst himself in person led an army against them from the south; and John Barton proceeded with a fleet to reduce and overawe these savage districts. The terror of the Royal name; the generosity with which James rewarded his adherents, and the vigorous measures which he adopted against the disaffected, produced a speedy and extensive effect in dissolving the confederacy.—*Tytler's History of Scotland.*

chiefs who, since the forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles, had followed the banner of their powerful neighbours, the Macleans. Maclean of Lochbuy soon followed the example of his chief, while the Macdonalds of Largie (MacRanald Banes), a powerful sept of the Macdonalds of Islay, also came in. Ranald MacAllan, the heir of the Chief of the Clanranald Allansons, was already in high favour at Court; so that the power of the Islanders was now almost completely shattered. Some of the great chiefs, however, still held out, the principal among them being Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, though his chief, Macleod of Harris, had all through been loyal to the throne. He had taken such an active and leading part in the rebellion of the Islanders under Donald Dubh that it is extremely probable he entertained little hope of obtaining remission for his offences, and this probably determined him in his resolution to hold out after the other leaders made their submission to the King. In 1506 he was solemnly forfeited in Parliament for not appearing to stand his trial for high treason, and to execute this sentence the Earl of Huntly was despatched with a powerful force to the North Isles. He besieged and took the Castle of Stornoway, and reduced the whole Island of Lewis to obedience by the aid of Mackay of Strathnaver, who accompanied him in this expedition, and who was rewarded for his services by a life-rent grant of the lands of Assynt and of Coigeach, part of the lands forfeited by Macleod, accurately described by Tytler as "the great head of the rebellion." Macleod himself does not, however, appear to have been taken; and it is uncertain what became of him after; but we find a charter under the Great Seal in favour of his brother, Malcolm Macleod, of the lands and Lordship of the Lewis, "de novo," dated 29th June 1511, under which his nephew John, the son of the forfeited Torquil, was excluded from the succession. According to Gregory—"Although this tedious rebellion was at length suppressed, it does not appear that the projects of the Government for expelling the old inhabitants from the Lordship of the Isles, and substituting 'true men' in their room, had made any sensible progress. On the contrary the clans of the Isles and adjacent coasts continued to occupy, many of them, perhaps contrary to law, their ancient possessions. Donald Dubh, the alleged heir of the Isles, for whose sake the Hebridean chiefs had made such sacrifices, again became a prisoner, and was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, where he remained until he made his escape a second time, nearly forty years after this period, under the regency of the Earl of Arran," when the faithful Islanders again rallied round him, and supported him in his claims to the Lordship of the Isles and the Earldom of Ross, as the last male heir, in the direct line, of John, the last lord who legitimately held the ancient honours.

Meanwhile we must leave him in his long and weary captivity of forty years, and proceed to describe the state of the vassals of the Isles during his imprisonment, including the fortunes of another who in his absence claimed the same ancient honours. During the recent rebellion under Donald Dubh, the lands of Clanchattan, as vassals of the Earl of Huntly, and those of the Stewarts of Appin, as followers of the Earl of Argyll, suffered severely from the incursions of the Islanders, who were infuriated against the former especially for separating themselves from the vassals of the ancient Lordship of the Isles, for joining the enemy, and for claiming lands in the heart of Lochaber; while the Stewarts, under the protection

of Argyll, encroached upon the ancient lordship from the opposite side. The Camerons, since 1497, forcibly occupied the lands of Glenluy and Locharkaig without any acknowledgment to the representatives of the ancient superiors, in consequence of which they suffered severely from the Islanders by the plunder and devastation of their lands of Badenoch. These feuds, which in former times would have been settled by the arbitration of the sword between the injured parties and the aggressors, were on this occasion, by the influence of the King, Huntly, and Argyll, settled by decisions of the Privy Council, or of arbitrators chosen mutually by the parties themselves.

The King was not satisfied with a mere compulsory obedience to the statutes of the realm, but took steps for the introduction to the Highlands of a knowledge of the laws by means of natives trained at the expense of Government. A document is still in existence granting a piece of crown lands in the Isle of Skye by James IV. to Kenneth Williamson to support him at the schools, with a view to his studying and making himself master of the laws of Scotland, and of afterwards practising as a lawyer within the bounds of the Isles. The document, published in "The Transactions of the Iona Club," page 22, is as follows:—"A letter of gift maid to Kanoch Wilyamson, induring the king's will, of all and hale the lands of [the] *Terunga* of Kilmartine, and the half of [the] *Terunga* of Baramosmor in Trouternes, with their pertinentis, extending yerely to sax marks of old extent, liand in the Lordschip of the Ilys, to hald the said Kanoch at the Skolis, and for to lere and study the kingis laws in Scotland, and eftirwart to exerce and use the samin within the boundis of the Ilis, &ca. At Strivelin, the xj of Aprile, the yere of God im vc and viij yeris (1508), and of the kingis regne the xxi. yere."

During the remainder of this reign justice seems to have been administered throughout the kingdom with great impartiality, and in the Highlands in a manner hitherto unknown. The King himself was becoming so popular among the leading Islanders, and the royal authority so well established that "from the suppression of the insurrection of 1506 to the disastrous battle of Flodden in 1513, the West Highlands and Isles seem to have been free from any serious disturbance." Various appointments were confirmed which made the royal authority felt in the north. The heritable Sheriffdom of Inverness, which embraced the county of that name and those of Ross and Caithness, was conferred upon the Earl of Huntly, who was empowered to appoint deputies to hold courts respectively, for the district of Badenoch, at Kingussie; for Lochaber, at Inverlochy; for Ross, at Tain or Dingwall; and for Caithness at Wick. Huntly was by the same charter, dated 16th January 1508-9 "appointed governor of the Castle of Inverness, with a large grant of lands for the support of a garrison. Power was given him to add to the fortifications; and he was, at the same time, bound, at his own expense, to build upon the Castlehill of Inverness a hall of stone and lime upon vaults. This hall was to be one hundred feet in length, thirty feet in breadth, and the same in height; it was to have a slated roof, and to it were to be attached a kitchen and chapel of proper size. The same nobleman had previously obtained a grant of the site of the Castle of Inverlochy, where he was bound to build a 'tower and strength with a barmekyn,' which, however, had not been done—owing to the Earl's constant employment in the King's

service—so late as the year 1511. From this period, the great power formerly enjoyed by the Earls of Ross, Lords of the Isles, was transferred to Argyle and Huntly; the former having the chief rule in the South Isles and adjacent coasts, whilst the influence of the latter prevailed in the North Isles and Highlands. The general effect of the vigorous Government of James IV. was a decided improvement on the state of the Isles during the latter part of his reign, which was accompanied, however, by great changes in the relative position of many of the principal insular families. . . . . In the course of James' frequent expeditions to the West Highlands, the children of Sir Alexander de insulis of Lochalsh, who were all young at their father's death, had fallen into his hands. It appears that they were brought up in the Royal household, and we may presume that their education was carefully attended to. Donald, the eldest son—called by the Highlanders Donald *Gallda*, or the Foreigner, from his early residence in the Lowlands—speedily became a great favourite with the King. He was allowed to inherit his father's estates, or a great part of them, and was frequently permitted to visit the Isles. This privilege he did not abuse during the life of James IV.; and but for the untimely death of that monarch, he would, no doubt, have received still greater marks of favour."*

The position of the various families of the Macdonalds were now in most cases more unfortunate than they had ever been before. John, the eldest son and heir of Hugh of Sleat, made over all his estates to the family of Clanranald. They were thus without any legitimate means of subsistence, viewed with jealousy by the Government, and ultimately became by force of circumstances rebels and murderers. The Clann Ian Mhoir of Isla at this period possessed no heritage in Scotland, but resided on their estate of the Glens, in the north of Ireland. The Macdonalds of Lochaber, or Keppoch, had their own local troubles on hand, which terminated in the deposition of one of their chiefs by the elders of the tribe, while they held their lands as occupants merely "without any legal rights to the heritage." The family of Moydert appear hitherto to have been in high favour at court, but in 1509 their chief, Allan MacRuari, was tried, convicted, and executed in presence of the King, at Blair Athole, for some unrecorded crime, at which place, according to MacVurich, his body lies interred. His successor, Ranald MacAllan, in 1513, met with the same unfortunate fate as his father, being executed under similar circumstances of obscurity, at Perth, and, like his father, tried in presence of the King. While the other families of the Isles were thus in misfortune, in consequence of the measures adopted by Government after 1493, the Clann Ian of Ardnamurchan, as the result of having throughout recent rebellions sided with the King, greatly increased in power and became proportionally obnoxious to the other Islanders. The family of Glencoe shared in the common misfortune, while other leading vassals of the old Lordship improved their positions, or, as in the case of those forfeited, were restored to their estates. But we prefer to leave a full account of the various Macdonald families and their doings and vissicitudes until we come to deal with each

* Gregory, who quotes the Treasurer's Accounts, A D. 1507 to 1512, and Acts of the Lords of Council, xxiv., fo. 186.

of them under separate headings in their order of descent from the main stem.*

The events which led up to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which James IV. with the flower of the Scottish nobility so chivalrously sold their lives, are so well known, as well as all the facts regarding the battle itself, that it is as unnecessary, as it would indeed be out of place here, to reproduce them. In this memorable engagement the Highlanders took a leading part, Sir Donald (Gallda) Macdonald of Lochalsh, who had been knighted under the Royal banner on the field of Flodden, leading a large body of the Islanders to that fatal and ever memorable engagement. Though they distinguished themselves in the characteristic and heroic manner of their race, it is held by most authorities that their peculiar mode of fighting rather helped to insure the defeat of the Scottish army on this occasion than serve to advantage against the better disciplined hosts of England. Tytler, in his description of the battle,† its causes and results, makes the following reference to the Highlanders :—"On the right the divisions led by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle were composed chiefly of the Highlanders and Islesmen; the Campbells, Macleans, Macleods, and other hardy clans, who were dreadfully galled by the discharge of the English archers. Unable to reach the enemy with their broadswords and axes, which formed their only weapons, and at no time very amenable to discipline, their squadrons began to run fiercely forward, eager for closer fight, and thoughtless of the fearful consequences of breaking their array. It was to little purpose that La Motte and the French officers who were with them attempted by entreaties and blows to restrain them; they neither understood their language nor cared for their violence, but threw themselves, sword in hand, upon the English. They found, however, an enemy in Sir Edward Stanley, whose coolness was not to be surprised in this manner. The squares of English pikemen stood to their ground; and although for a moment the shock from the mountaineers was terrible, its force once sustained became spent with its own violence, and nothing remained but a disorganisation so complete that to recover their ranks was impossible. The consequence was a total rout of the right wing of the Scots, accompanied by a dreadful slaughter, in which, amid other brave men, the Earls of Lennox and Argyle were slain." Among the others killed were the Earls of Huntly, Athole, Caithness, and Glencairn; the Bishops of Caithness and of the Isles; Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy; Lachlan Maclean of Duart; Campbell of Lawers, and several other Highlanders of note. Quoting the same authority—"The names of the gentry who fell are too numerous for recapitulation, since there were few families of note in Scotland which did not lose one relative or another, whilst some houses had to weep the death of all. It is from this cause that the sensations of sorrow and national lamentations occasioned by the defeat were peculiarly poignant and lasting; so that to this day few Scotsmen can hear the name of Flodden without a shudder

* Meanwhile we shall be glad to receive any information from those interested in these families, which may enable us to give a full and complete account of their history with accurate genealogies, to the present time, in the same manner as we have been able to do in our recently published "History of the Mackenzies" of the principal families of that name.

† Vol. ii., pp. 292-294.

of gloomy regret. . . . The news of the discomfiture of the Scottish army at Flodden spread through the land with a rapidity of terror and sorrow proportionate to the greatness of the defeat, and the alarming condition into which it instantly brought the country. The wail of private grief, from the hall to the cottage, was loud and universal. In the Capital were to be heard the shrieks of women who ran distractedly through the streets, bewailing the husbands, the sons, or the brothers, who had fallen, clasping their infants to their bosoms, and anticipating in tears the coming desolation of their country."

Notwithstanding the favours and honours which had been extended to Donald Gallda of Lochalsh by the late King, no sooner did he return to the Isles after Flodden than a new plot was organised to proclaim him Lord of the Isles, in spite of the fact that Donald Dubh, the recently elected holder of that high honour and position, was still alive, though still confined in the Castle of Edinburgh. In November 1513, only two months after his arrival in the north, he marched to Urquhart with a large body of Highlanders, among whom we find Alexander MacRanald of Glengarry, and Wiland Chisholm of Comar, and there expelled the garrison from the Castle of Urquhart, seized the stronghold, plundering and laying waste at the same time the adjoining lands, then the property of John Grant of Freuchy. Almost simultaneously Lachlan Maclean of Duart seized the Royal Castle of Cairnburgh, near Mull, and some time afterwards, with the aid of Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, possessed himself of the Castle of Dunskaich, in Sleat, shortly after which Sir Donald was formally proclaimed Lord of the Isles. This position he was able to maintain for several years, but his history in detail must stand over until our next.

(To be Continued.)

THE MACAULAYS OF LEWIS.—At the last monthly meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, a paper was read on the "Traditions of the Macaulays of Lewis," by Captain F. W. L. Thomas, R.N., F.S.A. Scot., in which he says that the Clan Aulay takes its name from the Gaelic form of the Scandinavian Olaf; that thirty of this name are registered in the Icelandic Land-book, and that thirty-five are noticed in the Annals of the Four Masters. According to the mythical history of Lewis, the Macaulays are the descendants of Amhlaebh, one of the twelve sons of Olvir Rosta, whose authentic history is given in the Orkneyinga Saga, and who is otherwise said to have been the eldest son of that Norse King of the Isles who had the kingdom given to him by a son of Kenneth M'Alpin. The want of any real tradition as to the first of the Macaulays has been supplied by historical induction. In 1188 Reginald, son of Gottred, became King of Man, and his brother Olaf had Lewis in appanage. In 1226 Olaif became King of Man and the Isles, but there is no tradition whatever of him in the Lewis, and there is historical proof that a Macaulay was settled in the island long before his time. It is recorded in the Orkneyinga Saga that Gunni Olafson (that is, Macaulay) the brother of Swein of Gairsay, was expelled from the Orkneys by Earl Harald, and fled to the Lewis, where he was received by the chief Liotolf, who was, no doubt, the first of the Macleods. The traditions of the Mackenzies show that the Macaulays were once dominant in Lochbroom, and this is confirmed by the fact that Ullapool is an old Norse name, meaning the homestead of Olaf. Captain Thomas quoted largely from Dr G. Mackenzie's manuscript History of the Mackenzies, and the Earl of Cromartie's Genealogy of the same family, the Chronicle of Ross, and other incidental sources of the history of the Macaulays, subjecting the whole to a critical examination, so as to extract from them a consistent history of the Macaulays in Ross-shire. He then gave a careful and elaborate *resumé* of the traditional history of the Lewis clan Macaulay, whose name in consequence of the genius of one of its members, is now known throughout the civilised world. Their traditions were drawn from various sources, but chiefly from the work of Donald Morrison of Stornoway, in nine manuscript volumes, of which the first is nearly filled with traditions of the Macaulays. Among those elected Fellows of the Society at this meeting were Mr Barron, of the *Inverness Courier*, and Mr Cran, Kirkton.

THE EMIGRANT.

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The eighteenth century died out amidst the crash of falling dynasties, the struggle of contending nations, the subversion of religious truth, and the sufferings of the Reign of Terror. It was a dark and memorable epoch in the world's history—a landmark of terror written in the blood and tears of peoples.

The Revolution in France had culminated in the overthrow of monarchy and the sacrifice of its unfortunate representatives on the so-called altar of freedom, while the national love of glory had, under the great captain of his age, been flattered by a period of unexampled military achievements, until, in the words of their historian, "its flag had been carried victorious from one end of Europe to another." Russia and Prussia, true to their instincts of territorial acquisitions, had for the third time partitioned prostrate, defenceless Poland, obliterating its very name amongst nations, and subjecting its inhabitants to humiliations unworthy of great Powers—a policy which condemned them to the scorn and obloquy of all future ages.

Nor was the God of War allowed to slumber in our own island! Invincible on the sea, the fame of our naval exploits resounded throughout the world—the victories of Howe, Nelson, and St Vincent, confirming our supremacy on our native element, and constituting us the guardian of weak and oppressed nationalities, as surely as our shores were a refuge and asylum to the homeless, the exile, and the enslaved. Well and truly was the position of England at the time described by the poet when he says :—

There she sits in her island home
Peerless amongst her peers,
And humanity oft to her arms doth come
To ease her poor heart of tears.

With the nineteenth century commenced that disastrous period of war which, with slight intermissions, endured for fifteen years—desolating the country, and draining it alike of men and material, and leaving at its close such a legacy of debt and discontent, as it took forty years of unexampled prosperity to extinguish.

It was from this "unfathomable coil of discontent" that our country's chief danger was to arise. Threatened with invasion which it required our utmost resources to resist, with deficient harvests, raising food to famine prices—paralyzed commerce—and heavy taxation—these brought in their wake the demon of discontent, than which a government has no more subtle enemy to contend with.

In the present age the word has happily lost its significance, but it was very different in that of our forefathers, when encounters between "the Radicals" and military were the too frequent communications of the press. An armed, resolute, secret organisation, stalking silently through the country, sapping the allegiance of an intelligent artizan class keenly alive to their wrongs, and whose experience of life was hard work and dear bread, was an object of the deepest anxiety to those who desired to see the country well and quietly governed. Actuated no doubt by the

revolutionary spirit distracting France, large partisans to such principles had been found on this side of the Channel, especially in the densely crowded manufacturing districts, and although the watch-cries of "Liberty," "Equality," and "Fraternity," were unknown amongst them, the same aspirations after freedom inspired the calmer-thinking Briton, as had incited their more excitable neighbours, to deplorable excesses.

To obtain this boon, so earnestly but hopelessly desired from their rulers at home, their eyes instinctively turned to the great Western Republic, then beginning to reap the first fruits of its independent self-government. Nor was it to be wondered that it was to *that* quarter the disaffected should look for deliverance from the thraldom of the old world; for—sprung from the same stock, governed by the same laws, but above all holding the same faith—it was only natural that the bonds which united them should in the hour of adversity be drawn closer than they could possibly be to any other nation. Too eager in the pursuit of their object to regard in an unbiassed spirit the opposite side of the case—they could only see adversity in connection with things as they *were*, and prosperity with that which their heated imaginations believed they should be—and "better to bear the ills we have than fly to others which we know not of," was a truism they had yet to learn the full meaning of.

Amongst the many holding such opinions at this time, who believed that under the "Stars and Stripes" they could enjoy that free expression of opinion, and escape the taxation and abuses of government which made their own country unsupportable to them, was a Scotch family of the name of Neilson. The son of a respectable tenant farmer in Midlothian, John Neilson was one of those characters so often produced by the times and circumstances in which they live, becoming remarkable in their day and generation, as the opinions into which their energies are enlisted obtain permanency—always ready to stand in the front of the battle when questions affecting the masses are discussed, and constituting himself an authority and reference in all matters affecting the rights of the people. Clear-headed, with great fluency of language, and a large amount of knowledge on the subject under review, no fitter person could be chosen as a Radical leader and delegate than the young enthusiastic farmer. These advantages were, however, marred by his violent antagonism to those in a higher class, and he could ill brook the restraints of laws which, in his opinion, made the interests of the humbler succumb to those of the higher. To prevent the evils which the spread of such revolutionary opinions amongst an ignorant and, it must be owned, heavily burdened class, Government had recourse to measures which, seen through the lapse of years, appear as unnecessary as they were severe. It must, however, in extenuation, be remembered that the outbreaks in France and Ireland, which shook those kingdoms to their foundations, were preceded by rumblings so low and indistinct as scarcely to have aroused attention.

There are many now living whose memories can carry them back to that gloomy period in our nation's history, when Lord Castlereagh's famous, or, more properly speaking, infamous "Six Acts" appeared, and can recall the paralizing effect which the suppression of public discussion had upon the community through the length and breadth of the land!

In no part of the kingdom was the prohibition received with such an outbreak of indignation as in Scotland, which will not surprise those who

know the characteristics of its people, with their determined resistance to any infringement of their rights, whether political or religious. In corry, town, and hamlet, it was canvassed with an earnestness and determination of purpose by men, to whom resistance and the risks it involved were treated as matters of indifference compared to the brand which posterity would attach to their names for quietly submitting to so arbitrary a measure. And in truth the most devoted adherent of constitutional laws and government found it difficult to uphold a policy so inimical to the feelings of a free people—for while they were denied the power of remonstrance—the pressgang and recruiting sergeant were draining the country of its bone and muscle—the demands of the taxgatherer at the same time becoming more and more imperative, not only for the replenishment of our own exchequer, but to subsidise those of foreign countries.

On several occasions Neilson was known to have attended meetings of the "Friends of the People" (a great Radical association), and to have expressed himself strongly, denouncing in no measured terms the conduct of the government, and insinuating that in no country in Europe would such tyranny be endured for a single moment!—language only too well calculated to drive the disaffected into acts of open rebellion. Henceforward he was closely watched, the authorities taking cognisance not only of his own actions, but of that of his friends and associates.

To remove him at such a momentous juncture from a part of the country alike dangerous to his freedom and well-being, some friends suggested the propriety of his taking a farm in one of the most fertile counties in the Highlands, whose totally uncultivated state would afford ample scope for the carrying out of those modern improvements in agricultural thesis beginning to be adopted in the south. At a period when the cultivation of the soil in the North of Scotland has attained the perfection it now presents, it is difficult to imagine the deplorable aspect of the low-lying part of the country in which Neilson was about to settle at the time of which I write. Acres upon acres of land, now alike the boast and pride of landlord and tenant, were then an unbroken area of bog and morass, the home of the plover and snipe—where bog myrtle, cotton flower, and wild orchis flourished in unchecked luxuriance—varied by thickets of whins, which grew on such portions of the ground as were not submerged by the winter floods. In the midst of this desolation were scattered the miserable turf bothies of the crofters, who, with immense labour, had reclaimed some patches of land, and cultivated in a most primeval style so much barley and rye as, after paying their rent (then imposed in bolls and small customs of fowls and eggs), enabled them to eke out a bare living for themselves and families. Yet were those humble dwellings inhabited by a pious, virtuous, and uncomplaining peasantry, who bore these hardships in the true spirit of the Gospel—receiving with heartfelt thankfulness the smallest ray of brightness which shone into the darkness of their night, and cherishing such an attachment to the owners of the soil as would be incomprehensible to the present receivers of parish pay. Receiving compensation for their leases, the crofter tenants removed into the neighbouring towns and villages, became absorbed in the labouring and artizan class, and the system of payment by "victual," which had existed in the district for centuries, gave place to large expensively worked farms, and a new era in the agricultural condition of

the country commenced. Entering with all the energy of his character into the new undertaking, Neilson began by draining, liming, and enriching the soil, and by the use of new and suitable implements and machinery, laid the foundation of that agricultural fertility which has made that district a proverb for prosperity in the present day.

From far and near old men whose sole idea of tillage was derived from the use of the cas-chrom, came eagerly to see the wonders effected by the "Sooth contree chiel wha takes the grain frae the straw wi' a machine he ca's a thrashing mill." While the novelty and eclat attending on such success continued Neilson was satisfied and happy, but as time wore on curiosity subsided, applause became faint, and with the change his restless, impatient spirit wandered in pursuit of some new excitement, and naturally turned to what was in truth the overmastering passion of his mind, politics, and, as a consequence, to a change of country. Again was his whole being animated by an uncontrollable desire to become a citizen of a country where, according to his idea—liberty having vanquished its oppressors—an earthly paradise—the model of all nations—a veritable Utopia might be enjoyed.

With a power of argument he scarcely believed himself possessed of, he expatiated to his wife on the immense advantages to accrue to his family from becoming settlers in a country where land was to be got almost for the asking of it, and where natural abilities were brought forward and universally acknowledged and rewarded, so that the highest position in the state was open to, and attainable by, the most deserving of it. Then, with the knowledge he possessed of modern farming, was there any degree of affluence and prosperity he might not aspire to? To Mrs Neilson, with her Celtic love of home (for she was a Highlander), the bare idea of quiting for ever the land of her birth and affections was one of intense misery—the very opposite in every respect from her husband—she might have been the original of Wordsworth's beautiful picture, "A woman of a steady mind, tender and deep in the excess of her love, not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy of her own thoughts, a being who, by adding love to peace, might live on earth a life of happiness." The prosperity and easy circumstances they were then enjoying were to her unambitious nature amply sufficient for all reasonable desires, and strove to set before him the reverse of the glowing picture his vivid imagination had portrayed. Alas! that it should so often happen, the clear dispassionate reasoner was overborn by the wayward theorist, and, sinking her own judgment in what, as a wife, she felt to be her duty, she determined to sever the ties which bound her so strongly to Scotland, and accompany her husband across the Atlantic.

It was in the early summer of the year 182– that a large and strongly built ship lay moored in a beautiful bay in the North Highlands, where she had come for the purpose of carrying away a greater number of emigrants than had quitted these shores for many years. Recent evictions had thrown an immense number of the poorest cotters out of the miserable sheilings which had barely sufficed to cover their heads from the elements, who in their forlorn condition hoped to find in a distant land that shelter which the prevailing desire after large sheep farms denied them at home. To these were added many small but industrious shopkeepers from the adjacent towns, whose families had in size outstripped their profits, with

not a few stout, active farm servants, who, with spade and axe, have made Canada what it now is.

For many days previous to the sailing of the "Pictou," innumerable small carts, of most primitive construction, might be seen wending their way towards the coast, laden with the scanty remains of furniture and clothing saved by the poor houseless beings from the wreck of their ruined dwellings. In the midst of their worldly goods sat the aged and infirm of each family, clasping in their feebleness the infant members; the intermediate generation, accompanied by the children of more advanced years, walking on either side of the carts, invariably followed by the faithful collie dog, the friend and companion of the household, and parted from whom the little ones would have been disconsolate. It was a sad and painful exodus to contemplate, for foot-sore and weary they had journeyed from the most remote and inaccessible parts of the Highlands, from regions so cut off from want of roads from the outer world, that their only knowledge of what took place in it was derived, in a great measure, from the wandering packman, who lightened the winter evenings by reading some newspaper of ancient date which he had picked up with his stock of ballads in the neighbouring town. The conflicting feeling which struggled for the mastery at their aching hearts was only too visible in their careworn, anxious faces to bear concealment. A deep sense of injury inflicted was opposed by the national creed (most potent of influences with Highlanders), which led them, as they expressed it, to believe that "what's to be, be to be," nerving them to the encountering of any amount of hardships, sufferings, and toils, which an all-wise Providence *must* appoint as necessary to prepare them for happiness hereafter. Along mountain tracks, through bogs and peat mosses, which sorely tried their feeble powers, the small Highland ponies, heavily laden as they were, had made slow progress, and it was after several days of toilsome travel and great bodily weariness that the beautiful and capacious bay, bearing on its waters the vessel which for a time was to be their home and resting-place, gladdened the eyes of the poor wanderers.

Wonder not that it was a sight hailed by them with unspeakable joy, for had they not seen their fires extinguished, their miserable furniture turned out of doors previous to the complete demolition of their wretched sheilings, and with an anguish no words can express, driven by armed military, like criminals, to seek shelter, where none was to be found, on the open moorland? It was evening! and as the June sun went down in all its summer glory, its last rays rested on as grand a scene as ever delighted the eye of a poet or painter, and one which would never fade from the memory of those who were seeing it set in their native land for the last time. In the far distance a lofty mountain, on whose hoary brows no summer sun could melt the snow which as a crown of glory encircled it throughout the year, stood out in strong relief against the clear blue of the northern sky. At its base lay a cultivated and richly wooded district, intersected by villages, mansions, and cottages, and nestling at the foot of the high wood-crested promontory, which cast its lengthened shadows across sea and shore, lay the bright little port of embarkation.

Not a breath of wind moved the air; the only sound that broke the stillness was when a boat shot out from the side of the vessel containing a parting friend, to whom the final "Farewell" was hard to say, and who

lingered on until the last moment ere it could be uttered. Suddenly the silence is broken by the wild, wailing, melancholy tones of the bagpipes blending with the broken voices of the departing exiles as they burst forth in that most soul-stirring of Gaelic dirges, "MacCrimmon's Lament." As the last words, "We return! we return! we return no more!" died away on their lips, most of the old men stood up and reverently uncovered their heads, while they gazed eagerly around them, as if to imprint on the retina of their memories every feature of that much loved country to which they were bidding a final farewell. Seated in groups on the deck the more aged of the women, their faces buried in their hands, wept bitterly, as swaying themselves to and fro they bemoaned, in the touching accents of their native language, the sad fate which was driving them in their old age from their dear country. A few hours later and the rising sun shone on a speck pursuing its way mid ocean to another hemisphere, whose deck was crowded by many whose tear-bedewed eyes were looking their last on the rapidly receding mountains of Rossshire and Sutherland. A late divine has truly said—"That all beyond the sea is to the ignorant poor man a strange, mysterious land—he is going from the helps and companionships of life, scarcely knowing what is before him. It is at such a moment, when a man stands upon a deck taking his last look of his fatherland, that there comes upon him a sensation, new, strange, and inexpressibly miserable—the feeling of being alone in the world." In long after years weary labourers in the Far West sitting of an evening at the doors of their log huts were wont to recount, with voices tremulous with agitation, to a generation who knew not Scotland, the sorrow of that day when their dear distant land faded from their sight for ever.

Although bound for Quebec the emigrant ship took out many passengers whose destination was the United States, citizens of which they intended to become, and amongst their number were the Neilsons. I shall not enter here on the miseries endured by the poor exiles during this passage. The system of moving large bodies of people was not then understood as it now is, and through over-crowding, insufficient supply of water, and proper regard to cleanliness, that fearful scourge, "emigrant fever," broke out, which, attacking an assemblage of weak, badly fed people, soon thinned their ranks, leaving those who remained ill calculated to encounter the hard work of "clearing" which lay before them.

Time, ever on the wing, rolled on with noiseless footsteps, and days, and months, and years had come and gone since the Neilsons had become citizens of the great Western Republic, to find, alas! that the sanguine expectations of the head of the family were too high to be realised even in such a land of freedom as his ardent mind had pictured it. Professedly emigrating for the purpose of purchasing land and becoming a farmer, he, unfortunately for himself, was immediately, on arriving at New York, thrown into the society of a party virtually opposed to the Government, and being desirous to overthrow it, believed that the most certain means of securing such a result was through the medium of a newspaper. It is said with truth "that every man in the United States reads a newspaper, for as every man has a direct personal interest in public affairs, and it being the policy of the community to facilitate their distribution, they penetrate everywhere, and may be said indeed to constitute the general reading of all classes." A very slight acquaintance was sufficient to show

them that politics was the peculiar bent of Neilson's mind, and that the shrewd, combative Scotchman was exactly the person suited to become (subject to their supervision) editor of a newspaper in which their opinions and principles were to be promulgated.

We must suppose that Neilson could have possessed few of those qualities which in a later age made his countryman, Gordon Bennet, the *beau ideal* of an American journalist; more scrupulous, perhaps, and not sufficiently partisan to suit the violence of Republican feeling; but certain it is the speculation failed utterly, and after expending in fruitless litigation with his employers the small capital he brought with him, he was compelled to eke out a miserable existence by writing party squibs, which died the death such literature generally does—on the day of their birth. We will not attempt to describe Mrs Neilson's sufferings during her husband's declension and fall, nor dare to follow the workings of her breaking heart, as hope after hope was extinguished, and we cannot doubt but there was a bright future in store for one who had borne the trials of life in so patient and uncomplaining a spirit, for "as the shadows lengthened across the little landscape of her life," she saw more clearly that it was through much tribulation she was to attain eternal happiness. Forlorn, but not desponding, she did all that lay in her power to cheer the remaining days of her irritable, broken-spirited husband, whose continual regret of what he *might* and *ought* to have done it was difficult to bear, considering how hardly she had laboured to impress such opinions on him.

Meantime she had seen her children, one by one, depart from her side with little hope of their ever again meeting; some with characteristic energy to penetrate the gloomy, and then scarcely known defiles of the Rocky Mountains, to perish, perchance, midst the boundless unexplored wastes of Prairie—the pioneers of a civilisation which was to extend to the distant shores of the Pacific. But those scattered units were not to be lost amidst the immensity of the American Continent. The name of Neilson, which went down in clouds and darkness, was again, after many years, to rise on the world's horizon in the persons of his descendants. To them it was reserved to develop some of the great natural resources of the country—to extend its commerce, enrich its literature, and assist in making the "Atlantic cities" of the Union the emporiums of wealth and intelligence they now present to the most superficial observer.

The wildest and most sanguine dreams of the Scotch Radical as to the future of the country were to be more than realised; and although, like the great Jewish lawgiver, he was not permitted to enjoy the land of promise, to his children's children it was decreed to see such fabulous prosperity attained physically and materially as should place the "American Union" in the foremost rank of the civilized world. And if the political progress of the country has not kept pace with the material, if bribery and coercion have in their representative system been the rule and not the exception, if speculative "things" by which the public are defrauded that a "clique" may be enriched, have lowered the tone of their legislative body, and cast a blot on the reputation for fair and upright dealing of its people, it can only be hoped that as the country becomes awake to its responsibilities, and casts aside the passion for money, which at present blinds it to better and higher things, it will inaugurate an improved system of morality and administration. M. H. W.

THE CELTIC SIDE OF BURNS.

—o—

At first sight it would appear difficult even to the most diligent student of Scotland's greatest national bard to account for Burns' extraordinary sympathy with, and love for, the sentiments and aspirations of Highlanders. That he evinced these feelings in a remarkable degree can be abundantly shewn; and that such were only the natural and necessary outcome of his ardent patriotism—Celtic at least in its intensity—as a man, and his many-sided genius as a poet, it is the purpose of these articles to demonstrate.

Let us look for a moment at his songs. His "Mary in Heaven" (with its still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for her), which Lockhart characterises as "the noblest of all his ballads," was his "Highland" Mary and "Highland" Lassie O, whose loveliness and too early death the poet describes with so much beauty and pathos in these three inimitable songs. "My Heart's in the Highlands," composed by him to the Gaelic air of *Failte na Misg*, regarding which Allan Cunningham—himself no mean poet—writes:—"Burns had the north of Scotland spirit strong within him. His language is tinged with that of the district of the Keith-Marischall" (the poet's father was born on the lands of the noble family of Keith-Marischall in Kincardineshire), "and his love of the wild woods and lonesome glens is Celtic rather than Saxon. This accounts for his love of Ossian's poems: no one can properly feel the poetry of those compositions who shares not in the blood of the Gael, and is unacquainted with Highland scenery and Highland chivalry." Burns himself says, speaking of his forefathers, "they followed boldly where their leaders led," and hints that they suffered in the cause of Prince Charles Edward in the fatal 1745. Be this as it may, it is unquestionable that the feelings of the poet were very early coloured with Jacobitism. In one of his letters to Thomson, Burns calls himself the voice of Coila, in imitation of Ossian, who denominates himself the voice of Cona. He was an ardent admirer of the Celtic bard, and like the Great Napoleon, carried his poems frequently about with him. The quotation from his letter to Thomson may be given. "What with my early attachment to ballads, ballad-making is now as completely my hobby-horse as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race (God grant that I may take the right side of the winning-post!), and then cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing, 'Sae merry as we a' hae been,' and, raising my last looks to the whole human race, the last words of the voice of Coila shall be 'Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!" These are the names of two northern songs. Then we may glance at his famous song of "The Whistle," which was inspired by a sentiment of old Loda in Ossian's *Caric-thura*:—

> Old Loda still rueing the arm of Fingal,
> The God of the bottle sends down from his hall—
> This Whistle's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
> And drink them to Hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more!

Old Poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

The story of the Whistle is curious:—A Dane came to Scotland with the Princess of Denmark in the reign of James VI., and challenged all the topers of the north to a contest of the bottle. A whistle of ebony was to be the prize of the day; this he had blown in triumph at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, and Warsaw, and was only prevented from doing the same at the Scottish Court by Sir Robert Laurie, the laird of Maxwellton, who, after a contest of three days and three nights, left the Dane under the table, "and blew on the whistle his requiem shrill."

On Friday, the 16th October 1790, the whistle was again contended for in the same element by the descendants of the great Sir Robert:—

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins,
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

And that their deeds might not be inglorious, they chose an inspired chronicler to attend them:—

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

This is one of the most dramatic of lyrics; all is in character, and in the strictest propriety of sentiment and language. The contest took place at Friar's Carse, a place of great natural beauty; but the combatants closed the shutters against the loveliness of the landscape, and lighting the dining-room, ordered the corks of the claret to be drawn. They had already swallowed six bottles apiece, and day was breaking when Craigdarroch, decanting a quart of wine, dismissed it at a draught. Upon this Glenriddel, recollecting that he was an elder, and a ruling one in the kirk, and feeling he was waging an ungodly strife, meekly withdrew from the contest, and

Left the foul business to folks less divine.

Though Sir Robert could not well contend both with fate and quart bumpers, he fought to the last, and fell not till the sun rose. Not so Craigdarroch and not so Burns; the former sounded a note of triumph on his whistle:—

Next up rose our bard like a prophet in drink,
Craigdarroch thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come, one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

The poet drank bottle for bottle in the arduous contest, and when the day dawned seemed much disposed to take up the conqueror. The whistle, it is said, is still kept as a great curiosity in the family of Craigdarroch.

We conclude this article by quoting the Poet's "Highland Welcome," which he composed *impromptu*, when called upon for a toast at table

and bidding farewell to the hospitalities of the north during one of his tours through the Highlands—of which more anon :—

> When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
> A time that surely shall come ;
> In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
> Than just a Highland welcome.

And we may add the following *morceau* found in a memorandum book belonging to Burns, and called the Highlander's Prayer at Sheriffmuir :— "O Lord, be thou with us ; but if thou be not with us, be not against us ; *but leave it between the red coats and us.*" J. C.

DONALD THE FIDDLER.

—o—

CENTURIES ago, when the good old town of Inverness was yet in its infancy, there lived in one of its meanest streets a well-known character called Donald the Fiddler. He was a tanner by trade, and might have earned good wages, for at that time tanning was one of the principal industries of the town ; but Donald was a lazy fellow who much preferred to roam about playing his fiddle than working at his useful though not odorous calling. He was a married man, and stood not a little in awe of the sharp tongue of his bustling, shrewish wife.

It happened one morning that when Donald woke from his heavy sleep, induced by the strong potations of the previous evening, he found his wife already up and out, not, if the truth be told, an altogether unprecedented occurrence.

Not feeling very much inclined for work, and his wife not being present to drive him to it, Donald determined to take his fiddle and enjoy a ramble into the country. He remembered hearing that there was to be a marriage at Petty, where he and his fiddle would be sure of a welcome. He had managed with many a yawn and stretch to get into his clothes, and was just slinking out of the door when, as ill-luck would have it, he met his wife full face. One glance at Donald and his fiddle was enough for her. Putting down the basket of clothes she had been washing in the river, she approached her good-for-nothing spouse with arms a-kimbo and treated him to a "bit of her mind."

At a few yards distance from their house was the fosse or ditch which ran round the burgh, and which was the receptacle of so much refuse from the numerous tanpits and malt-kilns that it was commonly called the "fou," or foul pool. It was protected by a paling, but through the negligence of the proper authorities, this defence was often broken and dilapidated. Thus it happened, that as Donald slowly retreated before the menaces of his enraged wife, he reached an unprotected part of the fosse, and just at this moment the virago having worked herself up to a pitch, raised her by no means slender arm and aimed a blow at her husband, to avoid which Donald made a quick backward step, lost his balance, and before he knew where he was had fallen head over heels into

the "fou." This performance was greeted with shouts of laughter from the neighbours, who had been attracted to the spot by the previous quarrel. Their laughter was renewed as they watched poor Donald spluttering and floundering about in the mire, until he succeeded in clambering out, a wretched object, on the other side, when, uttering maledictions on his tormentors, he took to his heels and quickly ran out of sight. He did not go to the marriage at Petty; but after getting himself somewhat cleaned, spent the day drinking and idling with his worthless companions, and it was long after nightfall before he left them to return home. He had a long way to go, for he was on the opposite side of the river to the town, but he knew his way, and it being a bright, moonlight night, he walked briskly on. It was with a feeling of relief that he passed Tomnahurich, that strangely shaped hill, which rises so abruptly from the surrounding level ground; for it was reputed to be the haunt of the fairies, indeed, its very name implied that fact. So with a half-fearful glance up at the uncanny mountain, he hurried on.

After a while he began to feel weary. He did not think the way was so long. Surely he ought to be able to see the river by this time? The night is growing cold and he is very sleepy; but he stumbles on over the uneven and broken ground a little longer, until he pulls himself up short with an exclamation of supreme astonishment. "Why! what is this?" Here he is again under the very shadow of the fairy hill. He has been walking in a circle for the last hour. Tired out, perplexed, and annoyed, he sits down trying to collect his scattered ideas; but fatigue and the fumes of the drink he had taken overpower him, and he falls sound asleep.

How long he sleeps he does not know, but it is still moonlight when he is aroused by some one shaking him and calling him by name. On opening his eyes he sees an old gentleman very richly dressed in black velvet, slashed with crimson satin, with a fine cloth cloak, trimmed with fur, thrown over his shoulders, and a tall, peaked hat on his head. As Donald rose to his feet rubbing his eyes, the old gentleman said, "Be quick, Donald, and come along with me. I have often heard of your skill as a fiddler, and as I have a large party of friends at my house to-night, I want you to come and play for them. I will pay you well; see, here is a gold piece to begin with, and if you please me I will give you another after you have done."

Donald was delighted at his good luck in meeting such a liberal patron; but asked the gentleman in a tone of surprise where his house was, as he could not remember any house within some distance of where they stood. "Oh!" replied the old gentleman, "my house is close by, just a few steps this way and you will see it." And sure enough there was a splendid mansion lighted up with innumerable lamps, the court-yard full of servants in grand liveries, handsome carriages and spirited horses, while more guests kept arriving every minute. Donald was quite overwhelmed at the sight of all this magnificence, and would have drawn back; but the old gentleman taking his hand drew him forward, and together they entered the mansion. If Donald was astonished before, he was now doubly so. He was ushered into a sumptuous ball-room illuminated with thousands of parti-coloured lamps, and filled with a gay assemblage of handsome men and lovely ladies, all dressed in the richest materials,

and glittering with countless gems, which flashed in the many hued lights of the silver lamps, while the air was heavy with sweet perfumes, and above all arose soft, voluptuous strains of enchanting music. Donald had never heard music like it before, nor could he tell what instruments were used to produce such enrapturing sounds; and much he marvelled that his poor fiddle should be deemed worthy of being heard in comparison; but he concluded it was in request for reels and strathspeys. And such seemed to be the case, for he was soon told to play his liveliest airs, to which the whole of the company danced.

Faster and faster they go, round and round, jumping, flinging, and capering, till poor Donald's eyes are dazzled at the rapidly whirling figures, the gorgeous dresses, and the brilliant jewels seem to be mixed up into one glittering indistinguishable mass. His arm aches, his fingers are tired, still the dancers show no sign of fatigue. On they fly, round and round, in and out, through the giddy mazes of the never ending reel. Donald would fain stop playing for them, but something, he knows not what, compels him to continue. He discovers to his terror that he cannot cease. His limbs tremble, his head swims, heavy drops of perspiration drop from his heated brow. He looks on the dancers with dismay. No sign do they show of giving up; they move as gracefully, spring as actively, and look as cool as when they commenced.

Slowly the idea dawns on his perturbed mind that these tireless dancers must be more than human, and that he himself must be under some enchantment. This terrible thought gains strength as he struggles in vain to drop his fiddle. Now thoroughly frightened, he calls out, "Holy Saint Mary, help me; what shall I do." The words were no sooner uttered than he felt himself free. In a moment the dancing ceased, the brilliant company vanished, the glittering lamps went out, the splendid house and servants all had disappeared, and Donald found himself once more in the open air, standing under the shadow of Tomnahurich, on whose dark summit the sun was now brightly shining.

"Mercy on us," ejaculated the astonished Donald, "I must have been all night with the fairies. It's far on in the day now; whatever shall I say to the wife? she'll no believe me at all." Thinking over his strange adventure Donald slowly bent his steps homeward, but when he reached the river he stopped short, looked, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. What's this! the town looks bigger than it used to. He certainly never saw those buildings before. What could it mean? He crossed the river and entered the town, so strange and yet so familiar. He looks round with wondering eyes. Yes! there is the castle, he recognises that; there are the principal streets, he knows them although they are improved and lengthened; the churches, too, look about the same, but where did all these new houses and streets come from? and the people, too, are all strange, not one acquaintance does he see. They are all dressed so strangely too. Utterly bewildered, poor Donald turns his wondering steps towards his own house. Wonder on wonder! he cannot find it, and what is more, even the fosse itself has disappeared. He turns to the bystanders who crowd round and gaze on him with intense curiosity. He asks for his wife, for his neighbours, for his employer; but he gets no answer. They do not know who he is talking about, and enquire with surprise, "Who he is? and where he comes from?" He tells them that

he is Donald the Fiddler, that he lived close to the fosse at this end of the town, and that he had been all night with the fairies in Tomnahurich. This only makes them laugh, and call him a madman, until an old man says that he recollected his father telling him that when he was a boy there used to be a "fou" about here, but that it was covered in years before the speaker was born. He then asked Donald in what year he left his home, and great was the astonishment of all when Donald mentioned a date just a hundred years before, so that instead of being one night in Tomnahurich he had been there a century. Thinking the people were mocking him, Donald wandered off by himself to think over the unaccountable circumstances. He soon found himself opposite St Mary's Chapel, one of the few buildings he recognised. The door stood invitingly open. Service was about to be held, and the people were passing in. Donald remembered with a thrill of gratitude that it was by means of his appeal to St Mary that he had been set free from the fairies, and he determined to enter the church to return thanks for his deliverance.

The congregation noticed his entrance, and his strange antiquated appearance drew all eyes upon him. Their curiosity, however, soon changed into horror, as they saw that at the first words of the holy service Donald fell down a mouldering mass of decaying bones.

The good fathers of the monastery buried poor Donald's ashes, said masses for the repose of his soul, and duly recorded in the chronicles of the church the miracle performed by their patron saint; and although the written chronicle and stately church have long since disappeared, the legend still remains.

M. A. ROSE.

INVERNESS HIGHLAND RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—The headquarter companies paraded on Thursday evening, the 17th of May, for the first time in their new uniform, in Bell's Park, and the novelty of the spectacle attracted a large concourse of spectators. As regards military appearance, the very vast improvement, in the adoption of the 71st doublet and the 42d kilt was generally remarked. Lieutenant-Colonel Cluny Macpherson was present, and made a minute inspection of the new clothing. There were about 280 on parade, the four companies being pretty well equalised. At the close of the drill, Cluny paid a high compliment to the companies for the manner in which they had turned out. He had never seen in his experience a regiment of the line turn out so strictly correct as regards uniform as this battalion had done that night. In the whole four companies there was only three or four men he had to find fault with. The general outfit he was highly pleased with, and it was very evident the outfitters had done their duty. He need not say he was proud to command the men of Inverness-shire, and he was delighted to see the perfect way in which they had gone through their various manœuvres. Major Rose then congratulated the battalion on the high compliment paid them by Cluny as a military authority and Highland costume critic, and called for three cheers for the Lieutenant-Colonel, which were most heartily awarded. The battalion then marched "round the bridges" accompanied by a large crowd, the streets in several places being lined with spectators. The outfitters of the four companies were Messrs Macdougall & Co. of the Royal Tartan Warehouse, and both to officers and men their accuracy of fit and punctuality in delivering have given the highest satisfaction.

THE EDITOR IN CANADA.

VIII.

Leaving Guelph I passed through the richest portion of Canada on the way to Woodstock, passing through Galt, Preston, and Paris. As stated in my last, I had already experienced a Canadian winter storm, the glass having been down to zero; but I did not feel any colder than on an ordinary winter day in the Scottish Highlands. I walked about quite comfortably, without an overcoat, while my Canadian friends wrapped themselves up to the ears in thick winter clothing and furs. I could not understand how they seemed to feel the cold so much more than a stranger, and, to quote my own letters in the *Daily Free Press*, "I expressed my surprise that people whom one would expect to have found thoroughly hardened to it, should feel the cold more than I did. I was told, if I remained for a second winter in the country, that I would feel the severity of the winter as much as they did; that the heat of summer made one much less able to stand the winter cold; that the blood became thinner; and that one was much less able to resist the cold the second winter than during the first on Canadian soil. There was some force in the heat argument, but it did not altogether satisfy me. I am, however, perfectly satisfied that I have discovered the cause of the non-resisting powers of the Canadian generally against the winter cold in comparison with a new arrival from this country. The first article that meets you on your entrance into a comfortable Canadian house is a reeking stove in the lobby, immediately inside the front door and opposite the doors of the principal rooms. In most cases a pipe from this stove passes upstairs and through all the bedrooms in the house, while generally the sitting-rooms have independent stoves of their own, in addition, in some cases, to ordinary fireplaces such as we have at home. You are consequently living in an oven. Shops and offices are heated in the same way, and the railway carriages I found, in many instances, almost unbearable—positively suffocating. In these otherwise comfortable cars there is a stove in each end, and, often, steam pipes running along at the sides, making each of them a sumptuously-seated bake-house in which you are almost stewed. You put off your overcoat in spite of you. You perspire, and the pores of your skin are opened wide to receive the cold into them when you get out into the bitter but bracing atmosphere at your journey's end. This is what thins the Canadian blood. This is what takes away the natural cold-resisting power of the new immigrant; and this is the cause of the pretty common prevalence of pulmonary disorders to which so many of the Canadians become the victims."

In Woodstock I remained for only a day, and had little opportunity of seeing the Highlanders in the place, though there were not a few good representatives of the race. Here I again met Mr Laidlaw, M.P., referred to in my last, on a visit to his son, proprietor and editor of the local newspaper. These gentlemen were kind enough to spend most of the day with me, and showed me over the place. I had quite made up my mind to

visit a fine settlement of Highlanders, whose parents or themselves were almost to a man evicted from their ancient possessions in the county of Sutherland, and who are here, no thanks to their heartless oppressors of the house of Sutherland, in excellent circumstances, in the Highland village of Embro, in the township of Zorrah, a few miles from Woodstock. A heavy fall of snow came on just as I arrived in the town, and I had most reluctantly to forego my proposed visit to this interesting colony of my expatriated countrymen. I had an agreeable chat with several members of the congregation so recently ministered to by the Rev. Mr Mactavish, now of the Free East Church, Inverness, and then proceeded westward thirty-eight miles further to

LONDON,

a prosperous and rising city, the capital of the Canadian county of Middlesex, with a population of 35,000 inhabitants, and substantially built on a Thames of its own, in Western Ontario. It was first laid out by the Crown in 1826 with the intention, it is said, of founding a town to be called London. It was not, however, until 1832 that it began to show signs of increase of population, and vitality, there being no means of communication with the outer world, but soon after the latter date it began to exhibit the appearance of a thriving Canadian village. In 1836, having then a population of slightly over a thousand souls, it was allowed to return a member to the local legislature, its assessable value in that year being under £7000. In 1846 it assumed the dignity of a town, and in 1855, having increased in population to 10,000, it became a city, and has been progressing at a remarkably healthy and steady rate ever since. It contains several very fine buildings, the most prominent being the court-house and prison, a stately edifice, which cost over £10,000. There are also several colleges and numerous schools; a great many churches, some of which are very fine buildings, especially St Paul's Cathedral—beautifully surrounded by trees and shrubberies, arranged with excellent taste. Oil-refining is the principal industry in and about the city, and it has proved the means of adding very largely to its growth and prosperity. The manufacture of agricultural implements is also carried on most extensively, the productions of London in this department taking first rank in the Dominion, and exported largely to all parts of Canada, and even to the United States and Europe.

London is the commercial centre of the finest agricultural region of Canada, and several lines of railway converge upon it. Here I found awaiting me a depth of from 15 to 18 inches of snow, accompanied by a pretty keen frost. I had seen sleighing on a limited scale while in Kingston about a month previously; but here the streets were covered with these favourite machines sliding past on the snow with a grace and ease which you cannot but much admire. The occupants are warmly clad, and generally provided with handsome and comfortable-looking rugs of buffalo, bear, and other skins, while the gentle jingle of the bells, which have, by Act of Parliament, to be worn on all sleighs, to warn the foot passengers of their otherwise silent approach, makes a most agreeable music. Among the leading men in connection with the oil-refining industry I found Colonel Walker, a fine Argyleshire man, who has made for himself a considerable fortune. The Highland element, however, is

not prominent in the city, though several well-to-do Highlanders, in excellent circumstances, are to be found engaged in farming operations in the surrounding districts, where, competing with other nationalities, they have proved themselves quite able to rival their neighbours.

I intended to have continued westward to Detroit, and on to Chicago, in the United states, but now the winter was upon me in unmistakeable earnest. I had already travelled over 2500 miles by rail in Nova Scotia and Upper Canada, 1800 of which were almost in a strait line from Pictou, in the Lower Province, to where I now stood. I had gone over another 1000 by boat, stage, and hired conveyance, independently of the 3000 miles across the Atlantic; and I had yet many miles to go before embarking on my way home at New York; so I decided that London should, for the present, be my western terminus, and on Monday morning I took train on the Great Western Railway to the city of

HAMILTON,

a distance of 76 miles in the direction of New York, on my way to the Falls of Niagara. This is a city of about 35,000 inhabitants, and of considerable commercial enterprise. As late as 1831 it had only a population of 653 souls. Here I met several Highlanders, among them Sheriff Mackellar, a very popular Argyleshire Celt; and a gentleman who had for many years taken a leading position in Upper Canadian politics. I had heard him spoken of in all parts of the Dominion, as a thoroughly warm-hearted, patriotic, hospitable Celt of the very best type. I naturally expected to meet with a good fellow; and I was not disappointed. I found him comfortably ensconced in his chambers in the very fine new City Court-house, his inner sanctum handsomely covered with a splendid tartan carpet, the only drawback in connection with it being that you felt vexed to trample on such a beautifully patriotic idea. He spoke his native Gaelic with the utmost grace and purity, and hanging on the walls I noticed a lithograph copy, beautifully written and neatly framed, of a Gaelic letter from the Sheriff to the Marquis of Lorne, which, in 1878, he had sent to the Governor-General, with a Christmas present of a brace of native birds, and his Excellency's reply, also in Gaelic. I procured copies, and have much pleasure in placing them on permanent record. They are as follows:—

Sheriff Mackellar to the Marquis of Lorne.

Do'n Ard Dhuin-Uasal, Sir Iain Caimbeul, Morair Latharna, agus Ard-Uachdaran Chanada.

Gu'm bitheadh e taitneach do ar n-Oirdhearcas.

Tha mi 'gabhail danachd a chuir da'r n-ionnsuidh fa chomhair Latha Nollaig, 'tha dluth air laimh, da choileach fhrangach, a' chum agus gum faic sibh a ghne eunlaith a tha ann san tir so.

Tha dochas agam gu'n gabh sibh iad mar chomharradh air an urram agus an dilseachd 'tha mi ag altrum araon a thaobh ar n-Oirdhearcas fein agus a thaobh ar CEILE RIOGHAIL, nighean ar Banrighinn Ghradhaichte.

Gum bitheadh sibh araon a' sealbhachadh slainte agus mor shonas car iomadh bliadhna 'se iarrtas cridh ar seirbheiseach umhal.

(Signed) GILLEASBUIG MAC EALLAR,
Fear a mhuinntir Inbhir-Aoradh.

Baile Mor Hamilton,
An treas-la-fichead do'n dara-mios-deug, 1878.

The Marquis of Lorne to Sheriff Mackellar.

TIGH AN RIAGHLAIDH, OTTAWA,
An ceathramh-la-thar-fhichead do'n dara mios-deug, 1878.

Tha 'm Priomh Uachdaran ro thaitneach le litir chaoimhneal Mhaighstir 'ic Eallar agus taingeal air son an fhailte Ghaidhealach a chuir e da ionnsuidh. Tha e 'cuir meas air mar ghibht'o aon do mhuinntir Inbhir-Aoradh a choisinn cliu da fhineadh agus da ainm anns an t saoghal ur; agus mar dhearbhachd air a ghradh do'n Bhan-righinn 'tha air altrum le pobull na duthcha so.

(Signed) LORNE.

Among the other decorations of the rooms was a cast of the head and neck of some wretched criminal whom it became the duty of the Sherift to see executed shortly after his appointment; and he seemed to look upon the ugly image with a peculiar interest, with which, I must confess, I neither sympathised nor in any degree shared. After an interesting conversation he was good enough to offer his services in introducing me to a few of the Highlanders of the city, the first on whom we called being the Rev. D. H. Fletcher, an Islay man, who here presided over a large and thriving congregation, and who, with a few other brother Highlanders, I had the pleasure of meeting again in the evening at Sheriff Mackellar's hospitable table. Among others whom I had the pleasure of meeting was James Adam, an Invernessian, and a famous shot, who on various occasions distinguished himself at Wimbledon as one of the Canadian team, and who, for one year, had the coveted honour of being the champion rifle shot of the whole American continent. Thomas H. Mackenzie, who served his apprenticeship with John & Simon Fraser, drapers, Church Street, Inverness, emigrated in 1830 with a capital of only £15, but he carried on business on a large scale for many years in a general way, and afterwards as a wool-dealer, he being the first in Upper Canada who broke through the old system of barter in the wool trade and paid in cash for his purchases. He was also the first who exported combing wools from Canada to the United States. He saw Hamilton growing from a population on his arrival of 653 souls to its present dimensions, and he still continues to carry on a good business in the city. Robert Chisholm, Chief of the Caledonian Society, is a Caithness Gaelic-speaking Highlander; and another leading Celt is Angus Sutherland, from the county of the same name. Last but not least I had a short interview with William Murray, a Breadalbane Highlander, whose name is revered among the admirers of the muse in the New World as a very respectable poet. The Celtic spirit does not, however, seem to be very warm, or at least demonstrative, in the City of Hamilton; nor is it really so in any of the principal towns of Upper Canada, if we except, perhaps, Toronto. Indeed, in all the districts bordering on the United States, the influence of the neighbouring Yankee is everywhere seen and felt; some of the younger generation not hesitating even to declare their opinion that in many respects it would be better that Canada should form a Union with the great American Republic. In my exceedingly comfortable quarters, the Grigg House, London, I was recommended to the St Nicholas Hotel in Hamilton, but for various reasons, which it is quite unnecessary to detail, I cannot repeat the recommendation to any of my friends who may chance to visit the city.

I must now proceed, still travelling by the Great Western Railway of Canada, through a beautiful, rich, and most interesting country, having

Lake Ontario in full view on the left, a distance of 43 miles to the far-famed

Falls of Niagara.

I have already attempted to give my impressions of this magnificent cataract in my special correspondence to the *Free Press*. I could not even attempt another description, and the reader, who may possibly desire to know what my ideas of the Falls of Niagara were, must be content with an abridged reproduction as follows:—I was told by many people in Upper Canada that I should at first sight be disappointed with the Falls, and that warning saved me from being so. My luggage was checked to the American side, but I left the train at Clifton, on the Canadian side of the railway suspension bridge which here spans the mighty Niagara river. As I left the platform I was nearly eaten up by greedy cabmen, who seemed hungering for whatever little money remained to me. Even the New York cabman is a saint in comparison with his Niagara prototype, who seems to have concentrated in his person all the vices of the Yankee and the Canadian combined. I was informed that if one of them once got possession of me a couple of pounds would not extricate me. That neither suited my inclination nor my purse. This fellow would take me to the Falls, two miles off, "for a quarter." That one would take me anywhere for the same sum—that is, one shilling. It was too good. I resented their apparent solicitude for my comfort. A few steps from the station I met a gentleman of whom I made bold to ask where the post-office was. It was close by. I called for letters which I expected, but the official in charge was sorting a newly arrived mail, and no letters could be had, however long they might have been lying there, until he had sorted the letters just arrived. I could not even get a word of him, for he enclosed himself in a sort of box, which made him proof against any eloquence I could bring to bear upon him; so I went away disgusted with the Clifton postal arrangements, or rather want of arrangements. Disappointed as to my letters I asked my newly-made friend as to the best way of seeing the Falls. He at once volunteered to show me the Whirlpool and the Whirlpool rapids, the former being more than a mile down the river, while the Falls were two miles up from where we stood. My friend was an Englishman, Robert Law, a native of Kent, and one of the leading merchants in the village.

In a few minutes we were at the end of the railway suspension bridge. The first sight of the great river was disappointing. There, and for half a mile further down, it sped, 200 feet below the steep bank on which we stood, careering past, as I afterwards learned, at the incredible rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, filling at its narrowest point a gulley 500 feet wide, it is reckoned—for it is impossible to sound it—a depth of between 250 and 300 feet, and tossing up its waves to a height of over 30 feet above its own natural level. It is impossible at first sight to realise the vastness and unfathomable magnitude of the mighty torrent as it tears through the narrow gorge below. It, however, grows upon you. You soon find that it baffles description. It is altogether grand and awe-inspiring. Sir Charles Lyell computed that at least fifteen hundred million cubic feet of water, whatever that may mean, rush through this gorge every minute since the world took its present form, or rather since

the Falls of Niagara have worked their way past the spot on which I stood, by wearing away the rock for about two and a-half miles further up the river. By this time you have lost yourself in fruitlessly attempting to measure the mighty forces before you, governed only in their mad career by the solid precipices on either side of the majestic avalanche, where it has worn for itself a channel even through the everlasting rocks. In this mood of mind I am led by my friend a few yards further on along the edge of a precipitous bank to a point where I can see the boiling Whirlpool. It is a seething and convulsive circular pond, bounded all round by a rocky bank about 200 feet high, in which the immense stream seems, to all appearance, to bury itself, and disappear into the centre of the earth; for no outlet is visible, and the rocky, encircling wall appears continuous and complete. It groans, it roars, it heaves. It is terrible, indescribable. We walk down to its banks, and find that after the current has gone round more than three parts of the circle, it rushes through an outlet in the solid rock at right angles on the American side, and getting opposite this channel you see it careering at an enormous speed through its rocky way for several miles. We now retrace our steps to the village, where I parted with my friend, and started alone, taking the Canadian side, for the Falls. A short distance above the bridge the river becomes placid and much wider, and about the same place I obtain the first view of the Falls. They do not come up to what I expected; but the deafening noise and the everlasting spray give a solemn and gloomy appearance to the place, and make you feel as if you were entering into another world. As you proceed, the majesty of the surroundings gradually grow upon you. The new suspension bridge, 1268 feet long, surrounded by the eternal mist, looks like a mere cable suspended between the lofty towers, over 100 feet high, above the bank, on either side of the river; while the bridge itself is about 190 feet above the level of the river. You reach it and find it a handsome structure for carriages and foot passengers, capable of sustaining a load of 3000 tons, while its own weight and appurtenances weigh only 250 tons; and it is computed strong enough to carry 3000 people without, in the slightest degree, affecting its carrying capacity. I, however, felt, as I passed over it, that I would rather not be one of that number.

A few yards further on you stand immediately facing the American Fall, 900 feet wide, tumbling over the side of the great gorge in an irresistible cataract of milky foam over a slightly projecting precipice, 164 feet high, into the boiling abyss below; while, a few yards further on, another fall, 100 feet wide, shoots out clear from the rock, and dashes furiously on to the great masses of rock piled in chaotic disorder at the bottom. But in spite of you, your attention is carried away to gaze in amazement on the Canadian or Horse Shoe Fall, a little up the river to your right, at right angles with the American Fall, and separated from it by a small island, which divides this immense river—the accumulated waters of the Great North American Lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie—into two, before it plunges over the precipices which form the Falls. The main body of water takes the Canadian side of the island, rushing in terrible force down the upper rapids until it bounds over the Horse Shoe Fall, 160 feet high, in a mighty, irresistible torrent of livid green, 2000 feet wide, and about 25 feet thick as it curves over the edge of the rock

into the boiling caldron below. No human being can give, or form, any adequate idea of the mighty and uncontrollable powers here at work. They are simply immeasurable, and if any power on earth can be conceived almighty here it is. The actual height of the Fall is not very much, and, excepting the channel cut by the water in the solid rock, the surrounding country is tame, not for a moment to be compared with the neighbourhood of the Falls of Foyers. The Fall is slowly but surely working its way higher up the stream. Within the last three years, thousands of tons of solid rock have been torn or worn out of the middle of the Horse Shoe Fall by the irresistible volume of water which rushes over it to the tune of one hundred million tons per hour. The gap made by the removal of this vast quantity of rock has very much altered the appearance and marred the gracefulness of the cataract.

It has been computed that the friction of the water wears the solid rock and carries the Fall further back at the rate of a foot per annum, with the result that it has receded from Queenstown, seven miles down the river, to its present position. A simple calculation will show that this would take about forty thousand years.

Walking up close to the end of the Horse Shoe Fall I was much pressed by interested parties to go down the face of the precipitous rock which formed the river bank, in an elevator, and get under the cataract. I declined; for I felt that I had only one life, and, apart from my own enjoyment of it, I could not forget that others had an interest in it, so I decided to take care of it. Further, I did not like to be sold, and I had my suspicions that it would have been 4s thrown away. I went in to the hotel close by, and a fellow, recognising the peaty flavour of my accent, attacked me in excellent Gaelic, strongly advising me to go. He had, he told me, a great difficulty to get Wilkie Collins to descend, who at last agreed, on condition that my Gaelic friend should accompany him. He did: and "Wilkie Collins exclaimed on getting under the Fall, that it was the grandest thing he ever saw, and that after being there he could never question the existence of a Supreme Being." I informed my Celtic friend that I required no new evidence on that score, and that, if I did, I could not exactly see how it was to be found in the fact of water tumbling down a precipice; if it had been going the other way—up the hill, in defiance of the laws of gravitation, something might be said in favour of the evidence which proved sufficient to satisfy Wilkie Collins. The Highlander considered me a bad subject, and no doubt somewhat heretical, and suggested that I should take the opinion of a gentleman who had just come up from visiting the lower regions. I did so, and he told me, much to the chagrin of my Gaelic countryman, that the whole thing was a sell—not worth a shilling. In fact, that he did not get under the Fall at all, but under a little drizzle that fell over the side of the rock. The Highlander was positively disgusted, after wasting all his Celtic eloquence on such an unimpressionable and unprofitable subject. I walked back and crossed the new suspension bridge, with my new-made friend, to the American side. The charge for crossing was 20 cents, but my companion, who came from the Yankee side earlier in the day, took a return ticket, on the recommendation of the official at the other end of the bridge, for which he paid, as a great favour! for the double journey, 50 cents, while it would have only cost him 25 for a

single crossing from the American side, and 20 from the Canadian side; but this is only a specimen of how they oblige you at Niagara. This was "sell" No. 2 for my friend, from both of which I had escaped, and we were both somewhat amused at the smallness of the swindle to which the Americans within the sounds of Niagara can condescend.

Some most interesting reminiscences cling about the place, one or two of which I shall place before the reader. When this vast country was possessed entirely by the Red Indian, and long before the deep solitudes of the West were first disturbed by the white man, it was the custom of the Indian warriors to assemble at the Falls, and to offer a human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Cataract, consisting of a white canoe, full of ripe fruits and blooming flowers, paddled over the terrible fall by one of the handsomest girls of the tribe, who had that year arrived at the age of womanhood. It was always considered a great honour by the tribe on whom it fell to sacrifice one of its fair ones, and it is said that even the doomed maiden herself whose lot it turned out to be thus cruelly sacrificed to a horrid superstition, deemed it an honour and a compliment to be choosen to guide the frail canoe over the terrible cliff. On one occasion the lot fell upon the only daughter of a chief of the Seneca Indians. The Indian warrior was much pained, for even in the stoical heart of the red man there are tender feelings which cannot be subdued, and chords which snap if strained too tightly. He, however, showed no evidence of feeling which could be discovered by his fellows. In the pride of endurance so characteristic of his race, he crushed down the feelings that tore his bosom, and no tear darkened his eye, as the preparations for the sacrifice were going on. His wife had recently been slain by a hostile tribe. He himself was admitted to be the bravest among the warriors. His stern brow seldom or never relaxed except to his lovely and blooming daughter—now the only joy to which he clung on earth. At length the sacrificial day arrived. The usual savage festivities and rejoicings, which preceded the terrible doom of the fair one, were going on fast and furious. The moon made its appearance, and silvered the everlasting cloud of spray which rises from the turmoil of Niagara. The girl took her seat in the canoe, which glided with its precious human freight from the bank, and swept out into the terrible rapids above the Falls from which escape is hopeless. The maiden calmly steered her tiny bark right out towards the middle of the stream, while frantic shouts and yells arose from the crowd of red warriors on the shore. The affectionate warrior chief had been seen among the rest a few moments before. Suddenly another canoe was seen shooting out from the banks to the middle of the awful current. It was occupied by the Seneca chief himself, and flying under his impulse like an arrow to destruction. It overtook the other before it reached the precipice of the Horse Shoe Fall. The eyes of the father and the child met in one last gaze of affection, and both canoes plunged together over the thundering cataract into the terrible abyss below, carrying chief and child with one bound into the depths of eternity.

In such a place it was painful to see and experience an amount of

VILLAINY AND SWINDLING

brought to the very acme of perfection which can only be measured by the surrounding sublimity and grandeur; and it is more painful still to

find that the Governments on both sides are not only parties to it, but actual participators in the spoil. You pay a toll of 25 cents, or a shilling, for crossing the railway suspension bridge on the carriage-way below. If you take a cab you pay another shilling for the driver and two for the horse and cab. The bridge belongs to the Governments of these great countries, and they actually condescend to the meanness of giving cabby back half the fare, through their officials, on his return journey, for inveigling his passenger across. Could anything be more contemptible? You feel ashamed of all the Canadian Governments that have hitherto permitted this, and feel sure this mean and disgraceful fact only wants to be known to make the American Government ashamed of itself. It is not to be wondered at that the private Company, to whom belongs the new suspension bridge, should follow the example of these great Governments, and act equally mean. You are charged 4s to be taken down, in an oilskin dress, under the Falls on either side of the river. Of this the blackmailing cabman gets one-half. You are charged 2s for going down in an elevator at various points along the banks. Of this the same robber gets a moiety. If he drives you to a merchant's shop he gets twenty-five per cent. of the full amount of your purchases, and so on throughout the whole place; and you have of course to pay indirectly for all the extra charges. If all the merchants and others combined to resist the extortion, the cabman would soon find out how powerless he was; but this can hardly be expected so long as two great Governments succumb to him, and continue to act art and part in his system of blackmail, and, shame to say, unblushingly share the profits with him. A tramway along the banks of the river, which could easily be constructed, would soon settle cabby, be a great boon to the public, and a source of certain profit and large dividends to its promoters. Let Canada wipe its hands of this blot—this hotbed of iniquity—whatever others may do; for until she does she cannot claim to have a Government fit to have charge of a decent parish, much less of a great nation, priding itself upon its advancement in the march of modern progress and civilisation. I must yet ask the reader to accompany me from Niagara to New York, Philadelphia, across the Atlantic, and home to Inverness. A. M.

GAELIC BOOKS FOR THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.—Maclachlan & Stewart, publishers, Edinburgh, have, we understand, sent by the s.s. "Potosi" a neat case, containing specimens of most of the Gaelic books at present in circulation. The collection, which numbers about 110 vols., embraces among other works a History of the Highland Clans and Regiments, Mackenzie's Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, Sinclair's Gaelic Songster, Norman Macleod's Carraid nan Gaidheal, Mrs Mackellar's Gaelic and English Poems, Gaelic Dictionaries and Grammars, Mackenzie's History of the Clan Mackenzie, Brahan Seer, and Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands, by the same author. As also copies of the Gaelic Bible, Confession of Faith, Pilgrim's Progress, and other religious works. A few of the volumes are in Clan Tartan binding, others in calf and gold, and the case, which we had an opportunity of inspecting very recently, is sure to prove an object of interest to the Celts of Victoria who may attend the Melbourne Exhibition.

THE LATE ALEXANDER FRASER, REGISTRAR, INVERNESS.—By the death of our late friend, Mr Alexander Fraser, registrar and accountant in this town, and for many years private secretary to Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., F.S.A. Scot., a notable landmark has disappeared from amongst us, and one that will be very much missed by the great majority of the most intelligent section of the community. He has done some real good work in the antiquarian field, especially in connection with "Antiquarian Notes" and "Invernessiana," two valuable works issued in recent years by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, and who, in the preface to the latter, handsomely acknowledges the aid given to him by his late secretary in the following terms :—"In the translations so graphically rendered" (of ancient Latin documents) "and in the general superintendence of the work, Mr Alexander Fraser, accountant, Inverness, has rendered most important service." He was also favourably known to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, some valuable papers from his pen having occasionally appeared in its pages ; such as those learned articles on "Northern Folk-lore on Wells and Water ; with an account of some interesting wells in the neighbourhood of Inverness ;" "The Fentons of the Aird, 1253-1422 ;" "Curiosities from the Burgh Records of Inverness," and several others. We have more from his pen beside us, and at the very time of his death he was engaged preparing papers, of peculiar local interest, for the benefit of our readers. Though acknowledged on all hands to have been the most learned antiquarian amongst us, if not in the north, and, consequently, consulted by every one who wanted out-of-the-way or otherwise inaccessible information, his remarkable native modesty and retiring disposition continued unchanged to the last. For the past twelve months or more he was engaged classifying and making an inventory of the Town Records. It was only a few months ago he was appointed Registrar for the Burgh and Parish of Inverness by the Town Council, an office which was practically forced upon him by his friends on the Board. He was a member of almost if not all our local literary societies, and took a lively interest in the proceedings of the Scientific Society and Field Club ; while he was one of the earliest life members of the Gaelic Society. He was a genuine and trustworthy friend, prepared to speak well of those even whom he disliked ; and, if this were the place to record it, we could state facts in connection with his family and private relations which would redound to his credit, even more than his unobtrusive public usefulness in the literary and antiquarian field.

In early life he carried off a Queen's scholarship while attending the Free Church Normal School in Glasgow ; afterwards he became a teacher in the Hamilton Academy, but soon removed to Edinburgh, where he attended the Arts Classes at the University. He soon obtained the appointment of Master of Pilrig Street Free Church School, which appointment he held for six years, until he was elected Master of Dr Bell's Central School, Inverness. This honourable position he occupied for several years, until he received the more congenial office in which he died—Secretary and Antiquarian coadjutor to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. He was an excellent Latin and French scholar, and well acquainted with the whole range of English literature. His death will be much felt, not only by those who, like ourselves, had the advantage of his personal friendship and often enjoyed his genial, intellectual conversations and witty sayings, but by the great body of intelligent Invernessians.

NOTES ON CAITHNESS HISTORY.

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THE CHEYNES.

No. II.

Mr Calder in his History of Caithness draws no distinction between Sir Reginald Cheyne the father, and Sir Reginald the son, and he apparently assumes that they were the same person. This is not so, as there is the most reliable evidence to the contrary. The letter sent by the Community of Scotland from Brigham to King Edward the First of England, was signed by the son as well as by the father. Their signatures, which are in the list of Scottish barons, were written in Norman-French, as follows:—"Renaud le Chen le Pere," and "Renaud le Chen le Fitz." As previously mentioned Sir Reginald the father was, in 1268, married to Mary de Moravia, who was the daughter of Freskinus de Moravia. The latter flourished between the years 1248 and 1269. In the Chartulary of Moray she appears as "Marie, spousa Reginaldi le Chen Domini de Duffus, filia quondam Freskyn de Moravia." During the times of the Cheynes, the country was in a very unsettled state on account of internal broils and hostilities with England. It appears that the father, "Reginaldus Cheyn," was one of the subscribers of the treaty between the Comyns and Llewellyn of Wales, and although fealty was sworn to Edward the First of England, the Cheynes afterwards espoused the national cause, as is established by a Charter in the year 1336 of Edward the Third, in which "Reginald de Cheyn and William de Fedreth" are declared "our Scottish enemies." The Cheynes had extensive possessions in Caithness, Sutherland, and Aberdeen.

The De Moravia family was thus very early connected with the County of Caithness—indeed it has stuck firmly to Scotch soil, and extended its branches in many directions. Several noble families are descended from it, while many of its sons have played a conspicuous part in the History of Scotland. The origin of the family is not exactly known as there are several accounts regarding it. Sir Robert Gordon, in his History of the House of Sutherland, states that the De Moravias came from Germany. He narrates that—"In the raigne of Corbred the First, nyntenth King of Scotland, the yeir of the World four thousand twentiefyve, the thriescor and third yeir of Christ—thrie hundreth fourscor and thirten yeirs after that Fergus the First had obtained the Croun of Scotland, Nero being Emporer of Rome, ther came out of Germanie a certain people called Morrayes, with their Captain Roderick, expelled out of their native country, and being inhibited to land in France, they arryved in the River of Forth, between Lothian and Fyff. These Morrayes were sworn enemies to the Romanes." It is thereafter stated by Sir Robert Gordon that King Corbred granted to the Morays lands in the north of Scotland, on account of the assistance they had given him against the Romans. He further relates that the Morays "mareid Scottish wyves." Sir Robert's statements are extremely conjectural; but there is no doubt whatever of the prominent position which the Morays have held in the affairs of Scotland.

William Fedderet, who married Christina Moravia, belonged to Aberdeen, and had his residence in the Castle of Fedderet, in the parish of New Deer. But he and his wife seem to have disappeared without much further notice of them having been taken.

On the death of Sir Reginald, Auldwick fell into the possession of the Sutherlands by the marriage of Marjory with Nicholas Sutherland, and little or nothing is known of Auldwick Castle while in their possession, For many years afterwards no trace can be discovered regarding it; but it would seem that "between the years 1390 and 1406, King Robert III. granted in heritage to Neill Sutherland the town of Auldwick in Caithness, with a burgh of barony." This Neill must have been a descendant of Nicholas Sutherland. Henry Sutherland of Duffus succeeded his father Nicholas Sutherland, and in turn Henry Sutherland was succeeded by his own son, Alexander Sutherland. Alexander increased the wealth of the family by marrying the daughter of Chisholm of that Ilk, who was Proprietor of Quarrellwood. The Earl of Sutherland also granted in the year 1444 a Charter in favour of this Alexander Sutherland of the lands of Torboll. He was succeeded by Alexander, who had an only daughter who was married to William Oliphant of Berriedale. She was named Christina, and they had a son called George Oliphant, who succeeded them, for we find that in 1497 King James IV. granted the lands of Beredaill and Aldwick in heritage to the son, George Oliphant, who was the son and apparent heir of William Oliphant, and his wife Christina Sutherland, lady of Duffus, with remainder to Charles Oliphant the brother of George, and to the heirs whomsoever of William and George. It appears that Andrew Oliphant of Beridaill was the heir and successor of the deceased Christina Sutherland, and that he had three daughters, named Margaret, Catherine, and Helen Oliphant. In 1526 Andrew Oliphant sold some lands to his uncle Laurence, Lord Oliphant, and King James the V. afterwards granted a Crown Charter of the same in his favour. From what we learn of the history of the Oliphants during these troublous times, it is evident enough that their lines were not in pleasant places. Andrew Oliphant of Berriedale purchased from the King the marriage of Christina Sutherland with his second son, William, for a considerable sum of money for the purpose of advancing him in *honour and dignity*. But after the marriage had taken place "the deceased William Sutherland of Querrelwood at the time of the serving of the briefs of inquest in favour of the said Christina, the mother of Andrew Oliphant" took "the exception of illegitimacy against her before the Sheriff." This plea, urged so strongly before the Sheriff, was remitted to the Court of Rome, where it was litigated for several years, and the greater portion of the expenses connected with it, was borne by Laurence, Lord Oliphant, who likewise maintained in his own house Christina Sutherland and her husband William. It likewise appears that William Sutherland and his friends cruelly murdered Charles Oliphant, and attempted by every means in their power to get from the heirs of William and Christina the lands which had been given to the latter. Andrew therefore, knowing that his life was very unsafe, from repeated plots against him while he had no male heir, and for various other causes, as well as the consideration of certain sums which were to be paid when his daughters married, sold to his uncle Laurence, then Lord Oliphant, "the lands of Berredale and Auldwik, in Caithness,

and the lands of Strabrok in Linlithgow, with the advowson of their churches and chapels." King James in the same year granted a charter of the lands to Lord Laurence. Andrew died in the year 1545, leaving a family of three daughters. King James in 1542 granted to Henry Kempt of Thomaston, the ward, non-entry and relief of the lands of Aldwik and Berredale, which belonged to Andrew Oliphant of Berydaill. Queen Mary in 1549 gave to Laurence, Lord Oliphant, the ward and non-entry of the same lands; and, to show the extent of the possessions held by the Oliphants in Caithness, it may be stated that Queen Mary, in 1549, likewise granted the ward and non-entry of "Sabister, Braule, Greistane, and Askary, in the parish of Halkirk; and of Claredene, Borland-Murkill, Sordale, Ambuster, Ormelie, the Water of Thurso and its salmon fishings, Thurdistoft, and Subambuster, in the parish of Thurso; the lands of Sovre, Brawlbyn, Skaill, Barrostoun, and Lybuster, with the Mill in the parish of Reay; the lands of Stavaergill and Ester-Murkil, with the mills, multures, and fishings in the parish of Olrig; the lands of Duncansbay, in the parish of Duncansbay; the lands of Dunate, Wesbuster, Barrack, Ratter, Coosback, Raister, and Haland, in the parish of Dunnet; the lands of Tusbister and Brabsterdorran, in the parish of Bower; the lands of Auldweik, Cambuster, Sarcleith, Ulbuster, Thrumbister, Stambuster, Hasbuster, Thuresetter, Nether Bilbuster, Ovir Bilbuster, Aikergyll, Reis, Harland, Wesbuster, Myrlandhorne, and the town of Wik, with the fourth of the salmon fishings, all which were in the Queen's hands since the death of Rannald, Lord Schen, or other possessor." The quotations we have given, along with many other references are taken from the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ, vol. ii., part ii.," while that very interesting work entitled "The Oliphants in Scotland," by Mr Anderson of the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, gives a very exact account of the House of Oliphant. It is unnecessary, however, to refer to all the particulars relating to the name, as described in the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," as the lands already named, embracing as they do such wide tracts of the county of Caithness, must naturally establish the great influence which the Oliphants must have had in the county. It appears that the name was originally "Olifard," and Mr Anderson thinks that the Olifards were of Norman descent. In a footnote to "The Oliphants in Scotland," he states—"In the traditionary list of the Norman knights who fought at Hastings, the Salacronica notes—

Oyssel et Ollifard
Maulouel et Maureward.

There is an old tradition familiarly known in the district about Laurence, fourth Lord Oliphant, and referred to in Calder's History of Caithness. It is believed that there was some standing dispute between Lord Oliphant and the Earl of Caithness about land, and one day, while Lord Oliphant was alone hunting on the estate of Thrumster, which then belonged to him, he was observed by the Earl of Caithness and his followers. The Earl at once gave chase, while Lord Oliphant made for Auldwick Castle. Lord Oliphant, on approaching the Castle, found to his horror that the drawbridge was not lowered. His steed, as if knowing the imminent peril in which his master was placed, exerted his full power and gave a grand leap over the moat or ditch, clearing twenty-five feet at one bound, and

landing the rider safe on the other side. This feat is generally known as "Lord Oliphant's Leap." But as there is scarcely space on which the horse could have alighted on the Castle side, the whole performance is rather *Don Quixotic* than matter of fact.

Mr Anderson quotes an entry from Lamont's Diary as follows:—

"1593, January 16. Laurens, L. Oliphant diet in Kathnes, and buriet in the Kirk of Wik."

WICK. G. M. SUTHERLAND.

Literature.

HIGHLAND LEGENDS, by Sir THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morrison. 1880.

THIS is a reprint of a very popular collection of Highland Tales originally published in two volumes, under the title of "Highland Rambles and Long Legends to shorten the way," by the well-known and popular author of "The Moray Floods," "The Wolf of Badenoch," and several other well-known works. The "Highland Rambles" were getting scarce, occasional copies met with being easily sold by dealers in second-hand books at from fifteen to sixteen shillings. The present publisher has issued the whole in one compact volume of about three hundred and forty pages, at a price within the reach of all who take an interest in such literature. For this he is to be highly commended, and he deserves such encouragement as will induce him and others to continue the publication of other works in connection with the Highlands, now so scarce and expensive as to be practically beyond the reach of any but those who can afford to buy them and pay for them as pure luxuries. Most of the legends are really excellent reading, and are already so well-known that it is unnecessary here to say more than merely mention them. The reader is already acquainted with that excellent story of "Big John Mackay," published in these columns last summer; as well as with "the Legend of Allan with the Red Jack," better known as the "Raid of Killichrist," of which also we have published a version in these pages; and "Glengarry's Revenge," a short version of which appears in the "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands." The "Legend of Christy Ross" is to us the only unattractive story in the book, which, on the whole, forms the best collection of popular Highland tales ever issued from the press; and we trust the publisher will receive sufficient encouragement to justify him in giving us at no distant date the author's Supplementary volume of Tales which is even more difficult to procure, at anything like a reasonable price, than the original "Highland Rambles" themselves. The work is very neatly printed in round, readable type, and altogether very well got up.

THE GAELIC SONGS OF THE LATE DR MACLACHLAN, RAHOY, with Prefatory Biography. Edited for the Ardnamurchan, Morvern, and Suaineart Association; by H. C. Gillies. 1880.

WE welcome this re-issue of the songs of the late Dr Maclachlan, Rahoy, with considerable pleasure, and that for several reasons apart from the

mere merit of the songs, though these by themselves are by no means insufficient to justify us in congratulating Mr Gillies on his labour of love in so correctly editing, and so patriotically placing within reach of his brother Highlanders in such a cheap and handy form, these musical warblings of the modern bard of Morven. And, first, we congratulate the Association, whose name appears on the title-page, for being the first of our recently organised Celtic Societies which has done anything of a practical nature for the encouragement and support of Celtic literature. Among modern Societies cannot be reckoned the Gaelic Society of London, which a few years ago celebrated its centenary, and which recently issued a collection of Highland songs with music. In its more recent annals the Highland Society, wealthy as it is, cannot be congratulated in the share it has taken in the encouragement of anything connected with the interest of Highlanders, or, for that matter, in justifying the original causes of its existence. The Celtic Society of Glasgow, possessing large funds, has for all practical purposes, drawn itself into a shell of inactivity and do-nothingness. The Gaelic Society of Inverness publishes its Transactions for the use of its own members; but we are not aware of anything else it has ever done to encourage others in carrying out one of the chief objects for which it professes to exist as a Society. We are not aware of anything it has ever done to support any Celtic or Gaelic authors, even to the extent of subscribing for copies of their works. It is only recently that the Society subscribed even for the *Highlander* newspaper and the *Celtic Magazine*. And now that we are quite independent of any aid they can give ourselves, we feel imperatively called upon to draw the attention of all our Celtic Societies to their neglect as such of those who are doing, single-handed, and in spite of many difficulties, substantial service in the Celtic field, while most of the Societies' labours end in visionary orations.

It would be interesting to know how many Societies subscribed for a copy of Dr Masson's proposed re-issue of "Dr Smith's Gaelic Prophets," or what effort they have put forth to obtain subscribers among their members; for it is a positive disgrace to Highlanders that the publication of this valuable work had to be given up for want of the necessary number of subscribers to secure Dr Masson against certain loss. What are the Celtic Societies doing for the forthcoming History of the Clan Chattan, by Mr Mackintosh Shaw? What are they doing in favour of that magnificent work now being prepared for the press by Mr Macintyre North? Positively nothing, we are informed, though the various societies have been appealed to. What have they done as societies to support Mr Archibald Sinclair in the compilation and sale of his splendid volume of Gaelic poetry—the "Oranaiche"? What have they done to encourage Mary Mackellar with her recently published volume of English and Gaelic poems? Have they done anything even to circulate and make known that excellent and, to Highlanders, invaluable work of the great Celtic Apostle, Professor Blackie's "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," and last but not least, Dr Waddell's powerful and erudite work on our great Celtic bard, "Ossian and the Clyde"? In short, have our Celtic and Highland Societies done anything to support those engaged in the Celtic literary field? And, if not, can the reason be explained, and is the same apathy to continue? Not a single society subscribed to

the "John Mackenzie Monument" fund, and few had the courtesy even to acknowledge receipt of our appeal for their assistance. Members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness collected over ten pounds among themselves, which, in their charity, they desired the Society to get credit for; but no other Society gave or collected a farthing, excepting the patriotic Celtic Society of Hebburn, which sent a very handsome sum.

Let us hope that in this respect we are on the eve of a new era, and we trust the example just set by the Ardnamurchan and Suaineart Association, by the publication of the small volume now before us, will be followed by others on a more extended scale, shamed into action by the example set them, and by the disagreeable facts which its publication has enabled us, and indeed compelled us, as a matter of duty, and in such an appropriate connection, to place before the reader as to the hitherto apathetic and unpatriotic conduct of the great majority of, in most cases, our misnamed Celtic and Highland Societies.

True, at the last meeting of the Federation of Celtic Societies in Glasgow, it was decided to offer prizes for the Collection of Folklore, Gaelic Poetry, and Highland Music; not however out of their own funds, but out of a proposed voluntarily subscribed fund by the more enthusiastic Highlanders. Even then it was remarked by those present that not a single word of acknowledgment escaped the lips of the advocates of this excellent proposal to those who have worked long and successfully in this field; such as the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D.; J. F. Campbell of Islay; Sheriff Nicolson; Mr Carmichael; the *Gael*; The *Celtic Magazine*; The *Highlander*; "Nether-Lochaber," in the *Courier*; and several others. It seems never to have occurred to our friends that to ignore those who have done and are doing good work is not the best way to encourage others to go and do likewise. It has been strongly and repeatedly hinted that personal jealousy is principally to blame for such apathy and conduct as this; and that it has been carried by some amongst us even to the length of refusing the same honour to the memory of the dead as among other races. Whatever the cause, let us have no more of it; but let us encourage one another in the good work to the best of our ability, and if our Celtic Societies are to do any permanent good, they must follow the excellent example just set them by one of their number, and by so doing leave some permanent record of real work done in the Celtic field, by doing something themselves and in supporting others who could do much more if only encouraged and slightly aided by the various Highland Societies throughout the country. They would also induce many of our best Highlanders, who now hold aloof, to join them.

There are twenty-four pieces, and a "Marbhrann" or Elegy on the bard by Duncan Macpherson in the small collection before us. Some of them we noticed favourably as they appeared in Sinclair's "Oranaiche." Further perusal of them only impresses us still more with their charming sweetness, exquisite rhythm, and poetical merit. The proceeds of the sale are, we understand, to be applied to the erection of a monument to the late bard, a fact which, apart from the possession of the work at a very low figure, should by itself induce every Highlander to invest in it.

We again thank the Association and Mr Gillies not only for their patriotic and praiseworthy action in publishing these beautiful songs, but especially for showing such an excellent example to sister Societies whose

larger funds better enable them to justify their existence and more pretentious claims by doing work worthy of themselves, of their ancestors, and the Celtic race.

The biography gives a special interest to the book, and the portrait of the bard, though by no means a good one, recalls him to the mind of many who, like ourselves, have the pleasing recollection of having seen him in the flesh.

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***THE HIGHLAND HANDBOOK*, and List of Shootings and Fishings, with Time-Tables. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co. Glasgow and Edinburgh: J. Menzies & Co.**

THIS guide to the shootings and fishings of the Highlands will supply a felt want, in the shape of a very neatly printed volume of some one hundred and fifty pages containing the most accurate information in the most concise and handy form in which it is possible to give it. It needs only to be stated that the proof sheets are revised and corrected by Messrs Snowie & Sons, of Inverness; Messrs Paton & Son, of London and Perth; Messrs Dougall, of London and Glasgow; as well as by Highland proprietors and their agents, to give sportsmen the utmost confidence as to the general accuracy of the information supplied. It would indeed appear that all the shooting and fishing agents, and all those interested in Highland sports, have combined to make it as perfect and complete as possible. This is as it should be; for although the Highland Handbook is published in the South, it is no secret among Highland sportsmen that it is owned and edited in the Highland Capital; and consequently facilities are very properly placed within the reach of the proprietor and editor which it is impossible to obtain anywhere else. Inverness has of late been working into its proper place in the literary world, and the proprietor of this neat pocket volume has done his share to make it so in a manner which certainly deserves, and, we feel sure, will command success.

The shootings are classified, beginning with those under £100 rental; from £100 to £200; and so on, up to the highest rental in the Highlands.

The fishing department of the Handbook only contains such as can be secured free by staying at the various hotels or for a specified rental per day, week, or month by any sportsman, traveller, or tourist. The counties are alphabetically arranged, with the hotels having free or lettable fishings in the same order. Full but concise information is then given under each hotel as to the extent of fishable water, best months, best flies, distance from hotel, easiest mode of access, and all other requisites. To quote from the editor's prefatory note to this section of his book:—"The advantages of this arrangement will be at once obvious. It saves the necessity of searching through a quantity of information regarding fishings which are strictly preserved, and which cannot on any terms be enjoyed by the tourist, angler, or sportsman; while the fishing of each district is given in a compact form, enabling the reader quickly to decide as to the kind and amount of sport obtainable at each place."

The Time-Table given is not suitable; but we understand that a table is in course of preparation, in the plan of which Inverness is to be made the centre. A very complete map of the Highlands, beautifully coloured, and worth more than the whole price of the book, is given. Altogether,

the Highland Handbook is a marvellous production for the small price of sixpence, and it is sure to find its way largely into the hands of sportsmen, tourists, and the general public interested in the Highlands.

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OFFICIAL GUIDE FROM GLASGOW TO THE HIGHLANDS, via **"The Royal Route," per Mr Macbrayne's Royal Mail Steamers.**

THIS is much more than a mere guide. It is an excellent companion. In addition to the routes and fares to and from all parts of the West Highlands and Isles, from Glasgow to Thurso, it gives a very concise and fascinating account of all the principal places of interest along the various routes. Such a collection of historical, traditional, and geological information, written in a pleasant manner, will much enhance even the enjoyment and interest inseparable at all times from a trip in any of these magnificent steamers—some of which, indeed, are veritable floating palaces, commanded and navigated by officers and men whose attention and civility have become proverbial. The Guide, which is a marvel of cheapness, is valuable even as a book of reference. It comprises about ninety pages of clear and boldly printed matter, with coloured map of all the Western Highlands and Isles showing all the various routes, all for twopence ; while the illustrated edition, in which seventeen page illustrations are given, can be procured for the small sum of sixpence. It is neatly printed by Mr Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

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QUERY.

THE MACBEANS OF KINCHYLE.—Respecting this strong old stock, from which a great many Highlanders at the present day ought to be able to derive their descent, I may be premitted to supplement the information of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, contained in your last number, by stating that Æneas Macbean, whose nephew, Lieutenant Macbean was served heir male general to him on 16th October 1759, as observed by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, was survived by Isabella Mackenzie, his wife, and also by a daughter Margaret, his only child by this marriage. This daughter Margaret was served nearest lawful heir of provision to Æneas Macbean on 22d July 1765. I do not know if she subsequently married. The marriage of Æneas Macbean to Isabella Mackenzie took place in 1718, and Æneas was previously married. Can any correspondent afford information as to the name and family of the former wife ? A. D. C.

JOHN MACKENZIE'S MONUMENT.—We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions towards the cost of the proposed railing round the monument recently erected to the late John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry":—

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.	£1	0	0
Thomas Whitefoord Mackenzie, Esq. of Lochwards, W.S., Edinburgh	1	0	0
A London "Cabar"	0	10	0

"DERMOND" is unavoidably held over this month.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

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X.

The rebellion of Sir Donald *Gallda* Macdonald of Lochalsh, almost immediately on his return from the field of Flodden, now falls to be noticed. On that fatal day fell, surrounded by a literal wall of the dead bodies of his clansmen, the brave Chief of the Macleans, Hector Odhar; whereupon Lachlan Cattanach succeeded to the chiefship of Duart, and became the principal leader in the movement to place Sir Donald Gallda on the Island throne. He accompanied him in his raid to Urquhart, on Lochness, as already seen, took the strongholds of Cairnburgh and Dunskiach; after which Sir Donald was proclaimed Lord of the Isles by Maclean and the other leading vassals of the Isles. Colin, third Earl of Argyle, was now ordered by the Privy Council to proceed against Maclean and his associates with as many of the King's lieges as he thought necessary for the purpose of putting down the rebellion. By an Act of Council, in 1514, men of influence were appointed to take charge, as lieutenants, of particular divisions of the Northern Highland Counties—Mackenzie of Kintail and Munro of Fowlis being appointed Lieutenants of Wester Ross; while Ewin Allanson, or MacAllan, and William Lauchlanson were placed in charge of the district of Lochaber. Letters were at the same time sent to all the chiefs whose properties on the mainland lay contiguous to the Isles, charging them, in case any of the Islanders landed on their territories, to resist their hostile intentions to the utmost of their power, and intimating that any of them who disobeyed these instructions would be held equally guilty with the Islanders themselves and punished accordingly.

The effect produced was neither very great nor satisfactory, and it was considered necessary and prudent to adopt measures of a more conciliatory character. John, Duke of Albany, at the time Regent, granted a commission to John Macian of Ardnamurchan, who had throughout continued faithful to the Government, to make terms with the less prominent and violent of the rebels, and to promise them the Royal favour, and re-

mission for their past crimes, if they became obedient and loyal subjects in future, and made restitution to those whom they had injured in their recent incursions. From these conditions, however, the principal rebels were exempted. These embraced the Macleans of Duart; the Macleods of Lewis and Harris; Alexander of Isla, chief of the Clann Ian Mhoir, or Macdonalds South, who now resided on his Antrim estate of the Glynns. There were also exempted the personal adherents and nearer relations of Sir Donald Gallda, with several of the smaller septs who dared not refuse to take part with the neighbouring and more powerful clans. This plan so far succeeded that several of the insurgents made their submission, and went to Court, under assurance of protection, to arrange, in person, the terms upon which they were to be pardoned and restored to favour. The Isles were thus brought for a time to a state of pacification previously unknown among their inhabitants. The Earl of Argyll and Mackenzie of Kintail, who had been guilty of some irregularities during these turbulent years, had to obtain remission from the Regent. It would appear that the intestine disorders so long chronic in the Isles were now coming to an end. In 1516 Sir Donald Gallda and Macian of Ardnamurchan submitted many of the disputes which had risen between them to the decision of the legal tribunals of the Kingdom. They came under obligations to redress injuries done to each other's properties in the past. About the same time Sir Donald frequently appeared at Court under a safe conduct from the Regent, while he was simultaneously carrying on a lawsuit against his old enemy the Earl of Argyll. "The reconciliation of Sir Donald to the Regent was apparently so cordial, and so much power was still left to him in the Isles, that, on the 24th September, 1516, a summons was dispatched to the Earl of Argyle and to 'Monsieur de Ylis,' to join the Royal Army, then about to proceed to the Borders. Some months after this the latter appears to have been in Invernes, with no good intentions, for the Earl of Huntly was directed to watch his motions; and ere long he was again in open rebellion. Sir Donald and his followers had joined with Alexander, Lord Home, in the treasonable practices which brought that nobleman's head to the block; and, after his death, had given shelter to his proscribed followers. This fact, regarding which all our historians are silent, would seem to imply that Sir Donald was first excited to rebellion by the intrigues of English agents, and serves to account for the inveteracy of the Scottish Government against him after this time.

Sir Donald is again in rebellion. In 1517, having given out to the Islesmen the false intimation that the Lieutenandy of the Isles and other important offices belonging to the Crown had been bestowed upon him by the Regent and Privy Council, he succeeded in raising a strong body of men by which he attacked and expelled his old enemy, Macian of Ardnamurchan, from his lands, and took possession of his castle of Mingarry, and, although repeatedly charged by the Privy Council to give up the stronghold and the lands to their lawful owner, he defied the Government, "razed the castle of Mingarry to the ground, and ravaged the whole district with fire and sword." His chief leaders had in the meantime discovered that he had deceived them, and that, instead of protecting the lands of which he pretended to have received charge and control, his real object was to lay them waste in the most ruthless manner. He refused

to take their advice in regard to any of his reckless and insane proceedings, and at length, taking the matter boldly into their own hands, they determined to apprehend him and deliver him up to the Regent. He, however, discovered their meditated designs, and managed to effect his escape; but both his brothers were made prisoners by Lachlan Cattanach Maclean and Macleod of Lewis, the two leaders who had hitherto been most conspicuous in supporting Sir Donald in his defiance of the Government. They had now, however, turned against him, became his most inveterate enemies, proceeded to make submission to the Regent, and to palliate their rebellious conduct in support of the Island Chief.

In 1517 the Earl of Argyll, the Macleans of Duart and Lochbuy, and Macleod of Harris, presented petitions to the Privy Council, making certain offers and suggestions regarding the affairs of the Isles and Sir Donald Gallda; and, although the petitions are separate and distinct, they are uniform in advocating the suppression of Sir Donald and his rebellion. Argyll demanded, first, that he "should be invested with very high powers over the the men of the Isles 'for the honour of the realm and the common weal in time coming.' He desired a commission of lieutenandy over all the Isles and the adjacent mainland on the ground of the vast expense he had previously incurred, of his ability to do good service in the future, and of his having broken up the confederacy of the Islanders," which commission was granted to him for a period of three years, with the exceptions that those parts of Lochaber belonging to the Earl of Huntly, the Clanchattan, and Ewin Allanson, and the Islands of Arran and Bute, were excluded from it. Second, "He claimed and obtained authority to receive into the King's favour all the men of the Isles who should make their submission to him, and become bound for future good behaviour—to promise them remission for former offences, and to engage for the restitution, not only of their heritage, but of such Crown lands as they previously held in lease, upon proper security being given for payment of the accustomed rents and duties, by the delivery of hostages and otherwise; the last condition being imperative, 'because the men of the Isles are fickle of mind, and set but little value on their oaths and written obligations.' Sir Donald of the Isles, his brothers, and the Clan Donald were, however, specially excepted from the benefit of this second article. The Earl likewise demanded and received express power to pursue and follow the rebels with fire and sword, to expel them from the Isles, and to use his best endeavours to possess himself of Sir Donald's castle of Strone, in Lochcarron. Particular instructions were given to him to demand hostages from the Clan Ian Vor, or Clandonald of Isla, and their followers, who were now the principal supporters of Sir Donald; and, in the event of their refusal, to pursue them with the utmost severity; while, on the other hand, if they should submit, their leaders, the surviving sons of the late Sir John Cathanach of Isla, were to receive Crown lands in the Isles, to the annual value of one hundred merks, to enable them to live without plundering the King's lieges, and to keep rule in time to come—they being now without heritage, owing to their father's forfeiture."

Lachlan Maclean of Duart in his petition makes the following demands:—First, "A free remission of all offences to himself and his associates; and particularly to his 'kin, men, servants, and partakers,

following—viz., Donald Maclean (his uncle), Gilleonan Nacneill of Barra, Neill Mackinnon of Mishnish, Dunslaf Macquarrie of Ulva, and Lachlan Macewin of Ardgour; it being understood that Dowart was ready to make redress of all damages committed against the Earl of Argyle and Macian of Ardnamurchan, according to the decision of certain mutual friends. This remission was authorised by the Council to be granted to Maclean, upon hostages being given for future obedience. His next demands are somewhat startling, when his own previous conduct and the history of his predecessors are taken into consideration, and might well justify the charge of fickleness of mind brought against the Islanders by the Duke of Argyle. He desired, in the second place, that Sir Donald of Lochalsh, with his associates, should be proceeded against as traitors, and their lands forfeited, according to law, for their treason and perseverance in rebellion. In the third place, he demanded that Sir Donald's *two brothers*, then in his custody, should be 'justified,' *i.e.*, executed, according to law, 'for pleasure and profit to the King and Regent, and for stability of the country;' and further stated that he would act with double zeal in the King's service, as soon as he should perceive that the Government was serious in '*destroying the wicked blood of the Isles; for as long as that blood reigns, the King shall never have the Isles in peace, whenever they find an opportunity to break loose, as is evident from daily experience.*' For his good service done and to be done—and particularly for collecting, which he now undertook to do, the King's duties, in all places 'within (south of) the point of Ardnamurchan (except those belonging to Macian, who was to answer for himself), Maclean demanded an heritable grant of one hundred merk lands in Tiree and Mull, free of all duties. This, however, the Council would not give for a longer term than till the majority of the King, an arrangement with which he was obliged to rest satisfied in the meantime. He made various other demands, chiefly regarding his lands and possessions in the Isles; and, with some trifling exceptions, these were all agreed to."*

It is impossible for the reader not to be struck with the mean and treacherous conduct of Lachlan Cattanach, the Chief of the Macleans—conduct which it is impossible to stigmatise too severely. The author of the "Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan Maclean," naturally indisposed to be unnecessarily severe in his condemnation of one of the chiefs of his own clan, says of him—"The death of the brave Hector Odhar introduces us to the name of one, in writing of whom I could wish the pen were in other hands than that of a Maclean; but as I have set out avowedly with the purpose of giving a faithful record of our race, I shall certainly 'nothing extenuate.' Lachlan Cattanach Maclean succeeded his father in the year 1513; this chief, whose natural violence of temper and neglected education led to acts of the most savage cruelty, was altogether such a character as to make one regret that the noble line of Duart's lords had ever been tarnished by his being of their number. In early youth he exhibited such symptoms of a bad disposition, and reckless indifference to the lives of his inferiors, that while residing among the Clan-Chattan, his mother's kindred, he twice narrowly escaped falling by the hand of some injured vassal. On his returning to Mull, a *Moid*, or

* Gregory, pp. 115-122.

council of chieftains and gentlemen of the Macleans, was held, at which the propriety of excluding him altogether from the succession was mooted; his advocates, however, carried it in his favour, alleging his youth as some palliative for his present wicked and ungovernable conduct, and that at a more mature age there was hope of his being less objectionable; but neither time nor circumstances seemed calculated to smooth the rugged nature of Lachlan Cattanach. The first act of his chieftainship is one for which we would grant him credit for boldness at least, were it a matter of certainty that he even deserved it. In the seizure of the royal castle of Cairnburgh, near Mull, and of Dunscaich, in the Isle of Sky, he was aided by braver spirits than his own; in this as well as in other exploits in which he had embroiled himself with his sovereign, he was powerfully assisted by his uncle Donald, and the Macleans of Lochbuy and Ardgour, by Macleod of Dunvegan, and others; and it is not shown by any thing the sennachies have recorded on the subject that one single act of bravery (a quality, when at all exhibited, they were ever fond of dwelling upon) was displayed on these occasions by Lachlan Cattanach; on the contrary, his pusillanimity is shown in very glaring colours on one or two occasions, when called to account for the rebellious doings in which he aided some, and to which he had led others. His first act of rebellion was to favour the establishment of Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh as Lord of the Isles; yet, when he himself was obliged to crave indemnity for the share he had taken therein, he did so in terms which it is unnecessary to characterize. Let his cowardly petition speak for itself: he seeks that two brothers of Sir Donald, who were originally acting in concert with him, but whom he had detained prisoners in the hope of ingratiating himself with his sovereign, whose power he now found to be pressing hard upon him, 'should be executed according to law, for pleasure and profit to the King and Regent, and for stability of the country;' and that he himself would 'aid the Government in the purpose of destroying the wicked blood of Isles, for as long as that blood reigned the King could never have the Isles in peace.' Strange demands these for a man who was himself a prime agent in that very rebellion for which he wished others thus to suffer. His demands were numerous, but we find little else than the remission of offences to himself and those of his immediate followers conceded to him. He was in return obliged to promise restitution to the Earl of Argyle and Macdonald of Ardnamurchan for injuries done to their vassals, to become personally responsible for the chieftains lately in arms with him, and to give his oath of allegiance to the King and Regent. Treacherous and pusillanimous as his conduct in these proceedings was, history might be tempted to offer something in excuse for him, were it not that his character, both public and private, is such as not to admit of a single palliative.

"A circumstance in the life of this worthless Chief of Maclean, though already rendered sufficiently familiar, as having been made the subject of a modern dramatic piece, *The Family Legend*, is rather in its proper place by being recorded here.

"Lachlan Cattanach was married to the Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, and scarcely had two years elapsed ere he evinced the most brutal hatred against his amiable wife, and to such a length that nothing seemed to satisfy the tyrant but her final destruction. No other cause is assigned for this dislike except that

he entertained a violent passion for a young daughter of a vassal chieftain, Maclean of Treshnish, and the only hope he had of obtaining her was by getting rid of his present lady. The better to accomplish his end, and to lull suspicion, on the eve of his infamous attempt, he for some time bestowed more than his usual attentions on his unsuspecting victim, and proposed that on a certain evening they should make an excursion on the water in the neighbourhood of Duart Castle. To this his confiding lady consented, and on the proposed evening he had one of his galleys in readiness, manned by a few tools whom he had admitted into his secret. They embarked and proceeded towards a solitary rock, distant about two miles eastward of Duart castle, and only visible at half-tide, where he left her, in the anticipation that the tide, now rapidly rising, would soon sweep her away for ever from his sight; but the diabolical attempt of the tyrant was happily frustrated. One of those who aided him, probably from a feeling of remorse, let some three or four of the dastardly chief's own bodyguard into the secret; they instantly launched a boat from a neighbouring creek called Loch-Dow, and proceeded to the rock, where they found the amiable sufferer sitting, and the sea already beginning to break over her. Rescuing her from her perilous situation, they conveyed her to the opposite shore of Lorn, where she was landed in safety, and whence, on the second day, she found her way to Inveraray Castle, the residence of her noble brother.

"Lachlan Cattanach, anticipating that his wife had met the doom to which he consigned her, immediately wrote letters to her brother and others of her relatives announcing her sudden death, and proposing to have her remains conveyed to Inveraray to be buried amongst her kindred. To humour the tyrant's deception, and the more effectually to confront him with his treachery, his proposal was acceded to, and, due preparation being made, he proceeded on his journey, attended by a goodly number of *mourners*, himself wearing the mask of the bereaved and disconsolate husband as well as a treacherous heart could allow his scowling countenance to exhibit it. By the management of a deputation sent by Argyll to meet his brother-in-law at or about a place called Glenara, the *mournful* train just arrived as the family and guests of the Castle were sitting down to dinner, and Maclean being directed to deposit his *precious* charge in an apartment adapted to the purpose, he was invited to enter the dining-hall, at the head of which, to his utter consternation, he saw seated his own injured lady, to whom Argyll, in bitter scorn, formally introduced him. The crafty and suspicious chief had, however, taken such precaution in arming himself and his followers as to render it dangerous to attempt the summary punishment he so justly merited; be that as it may, it is at all events asserted that the Lady Elizabeth herself ardently begged that her cruel husband should be permitted to depart in peace. He returned to Mull, and shortly afterwards married the daughter of the Laird of Treshnish; and Lady Elizabeth, after suing for and obtaining a regular divorce, was united to her kinsman, Campbell of Achnabreck. This worthless Chief of Maclean (the only worthless one, I am happy to say, of his race), lived to a great age; nevertheless vengeance pursued him, and his end was such as in those days have been expected, and such as may indeed be justified; he was killed in his bed, in Edinburgh, by Campbell of Achallader, brother to the injured Lady Elizabeth. Lachlan Cattanach

does not appear to have possessed one single redeeming quality. I do not find that he even possessed the negative virtue of being a brave tyrant."

The execution of Sir Donald Gallda's two brothers, insisted upon by this brutal and treacherous Chief of the Macleans, was, it is supposed, ultimately carried out, though at first the Council were divided on the point. The majority, however, were in favour of the extreme sentence, while the minority wished to leave the ultimate decision to the Regent; and Gregory states that "although it cannot positively be affirmed, there is reason to think that the opinion of the majority prevailed."

Maclean of Lochbuy and Alexander Macleod of Harris received remissions for themselves and for their followers on giving up hostages, but Macleod demanded in addition a heritable grant of the lands of Trotternish, in Skye. This was refused; but he was continued a king's tenant as formerly. Mutual arrangements were made between the Earls of Huntly and Argyll as to the expulsion of the Clanchattan and the Highlanders of the Isles in certain circumstances. Maclean of Duart appeared before the Council, and "gave his solemn oath of allegiance to the King and to the Regent; binding himself at the same time to give his best assistance to Argyle, as Lieutenant of the Isles for the good government of these districts, and as far as lay in his power to observe the public peace, and administer justice to all the King's lieges." Sir Donald was still able to continue at large, and in spite of the great efforts made to capture him he was able to escape from his pursuers, and ultimately, by the aid of some of his old friends, still powerful, to revenge the death of his father, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Lochalsh, upon his hereditary enemy, Macian of Ardnamurchan. It will be remembered how vigourously and unhesitatingly John Macian supported the Government of James IV., and that among his other exploits was the apprehension of his own near relatives, Sir John Macdonald of Isla, and the assassination of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Lochalsh. For these services he was well rewarded by James IV., and the favours then extended to him were continued by the Regent after the King's death. He well knew that his unnatural conduct would never be forgotten or forgiven by the children or kinsmen of the murdered chiefs, and that certain vengeance was only delayed until a fitting opportunity occurred. Macian, knowing all this, was the first to join the Earl of Argyll against the Islanders after his return from the field of Flodden, and he uniformly continued steadfast in his opposition to Sir Donald and his party in the Isles. His lands suffered in consequence; and his life was eagerly sought for, not only by Sir Donald Gallda and his more immediate followers, but also by Alexander of Isla, who, although married to Macian's daughter, determined to revenge the death of his father and brothers upon his father-in-law. Soon after the submission of Maclean of Duart and Macleod of Dunvegan, Sir Donald Gallda, ably assisted by the Macleods of Lewis and Raasay, proceeded south to Ardnamurchan, where they met Alexander of Isla, and with their united forces they at once attacked Macian at a place called Creag-an-Airgid, or the Silver Craig, where he was defeated and slain, with his two sons, John Suaineartach and Angus, and a great number of their followers. This happened some time before the 18th of August 1519 [Reg. of Privy Seal v. folio 139].

The Sleat historian, Hugh Macdonald, after describing the death of Sir Alexander Macdonald by Macian at Isleornsay, gives the following interesting account of how Donald Gallda came to be elected leader of the Islanders, and of their subsequent rebellious proceedings :—"Now Donald Gauld, Alexander MacGillespig's son, was in a very low condition; he had a dauvich of lands from his uncle Lovat. He gathered a great many necessaries, such as seed, &c., among the best men in Ross, for his being a great man's son. There was a common fellow in his company (named) Paul, who gathered together his thigging in Ross. This man asked Donald Gauld what he meant to do with all the trash he was gathering. Donald Gauld answered, That mean and low as that was, he could do no better, and as it was God's will to reduce him to that low and despondent state, he ought to be content. Then, says Paul, if you will be advised by me, you will sell all your seed and thigging, for you will never raise yourself to any notice or respect by continuing a farmer; therefore it is your interest to make money of all you have gathered, and hire as many men therewith as you can, to apprehend, in the first place, the Laird of Raisay, being the weakest and least powerful of all the Island Lairds, and after succeeding in this, you can act according to circumstances. This advice being followed, they came to the Isles, apprehending Raisay, to whom they communicated their intentions. Raisay goes along with them to the Lewis, and remained that night within the castle of Macleod of the Lewis. After that, Raisay had a consultation with his chief, the Laird of Lewis. It happened that night that a great many whales ran ashore in the Bay of Stornoway. Macleod in the morning goes out to behold the diversion, and to kill them with broadsords. Donald Gauld and his company go out likewise. Raisay advised Donald Gauld, when Macleod began to strike at the whales to keep close at his heels to assist him; to which advice Donald invariably adhered, Macleod having gone home, asked what that young man was who assisted him in killing the whales. Being informed he was Donald Gauld, Macleod said it was reasonable and proper that he should be assisted to some honour and preferment. After this Macleod of the Lewis and some others of the Islanders held a meeting at Kyleakin. Alexander of Kintyre came there for Donald Gruamach, son of Donald Gallich, to make him Lord of the Isles, and imparted his sentiments on the subject to Macleod. Macleod said he was willing that Donald Gruamach should be made Lord of the Isles, and that he was nearer related to him than Donald Gauld. Alexander of Kintyre had a double meaning in this offer. He well knew it did not belong to himself by right, and had a greater respect for Donald Gruamach, who had a greater right to that title, than for Donald Gauld, who, according to his opinion, was not so fit for the place, either by his actions or friendship; besides, he did not wish to prefer Donald Gauld, he himself having a hand in his father's murder. Upon this, Macleod spoke to Donald Gruamach upon this subject, who answered, that it was a cause not very easily carried through; that he doubted much the loyalty of the Islanders; and that he would noways have a hand in that affair so long as Donald Du, Angus Ogg's son, was alive. Alexander of Kintyre undertook this journey to create Donald Gruamach Lord of the Isles, fearing that if Donald Gauld succeeded he would revenge his father's death, of which he was a partaker. This Alexander of Kintyre being married to John of Ardnamurchan's

daughter, was easily induced by his father-in-law to stand as heir, and to look for great honour and preferment, if Alexander MacGillespig was cut off. John of Ardnamurchan's purpose was to set them by the ears, in case he himself might get some of their lands to purchase. Donald Gruamach rejecting the offer made him of being created Lord of the Isles, the Macleods thought to make Donald Gauld Lord of them. With this intention, going to Morvern, where they met Maclean, Alexander of Kintyre being also in company, comporting with the times, because he formerly told his mind to these men, they proclaimed Donald Gauld Lord of the Isles. When Brayack of Ardnamurchan was desired to compear, Maclean sent him a private message not to come, to which he paid no attention, but appeared, and was paid the same deference as any of the rest. As he sat in the tent, his son, John Sunoirtich, expressed his surprise that all the gentry of the Isles were called to Macdonald's tent, and he not treated as the rest. His father observed it was his own fault, by having a hand in Donald's father's death. His son said, if his advice was followed, they would attack Macdonald's tent; but his father said they were too weak against Donald Gauld's party. In the meantime he ordered one of his men to look to the shore and see if his galley was afloat; upon this there came a black sheep into the tent, and the person sent to see the galley came back with a salmon fish wanting an eye, telling him his boat was not afloat. John Brayach asked what was the place's name in which they were? Being answered it was called Ballepaig, he said that three things had come to pass, of which the old woman who nursed him desired him to be aware, viz., the black sheep, the salmon with one eye, and Ballepaig, wherein she warned him never to remain a night; and now, said he, the last period of my life must certainly be at hand. At that very moment one rushed out of Donald Gauld's tent, crying out, kill, and do not spare the MacEans; which commands were instantly obeyed. MacEan fled for the space of a mile, but was overtaken by Mr Allan Morrison, and killed by the Laird of Raisay. His son John was killed, together with a young son called Angus; in short all of them that could be taken. This happened at a place called Craiganairgid. In the evening thereafter, Alexander of Kintyre, observing that the death of Donald's father was amply revenged, because it was John of Ardnamurchan that apprehended him; but Donald Gauld said that his father's death was not yet fully revenged while Alexander, who was equally guilty with John Brayach, was in life. Alexander, hearing this, slipt away privately in the night time and left them. Donald Gauld after this went to Tyree, and died in the Inch of Teinlipeil, five weeks after he was proclaimed Lord of the Isles. Alexander of Kintyre and his two sons, one of whom was called John Cathanach, were afterwards, by the King's orders, hanged at the Borrowmuir, near Edinburgh, because, after the resignation of John of the Isles, they neither would take their rights from the King, nor deliver up to him those lands which Macdonald had in Isla and Kintyre."*

For some time previously measures had been taken to have Sir Donald forfeited for high treason, and when the news of the slaughter of Macian of Ardnamurchan reached the Council, the Earl of Argyll strongly urged that a sentence of forfeiture should be pronounced against him as

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 321-324.

soon as the usual forms would admit of. In this, however, he did not succeed, whereupon he made a protest before Parliament that neither he nor his heirs should in future be held responsible, as Lieutenant, for any mischief that might follow on the refusal of his advice regarding the territory which had been committed to his care. He at the same time complained that he did not receive certain supplies of men and money, previously promised to him by the Regent, for carrying on the King's service in the Isles. In the opinion of Gregory, "this last statement fully accounts for the length of time Sir Donald had been allowed to remain at large after the defection of so many of his adherents; and it is difficult to say how much longer this state of things might have continued had not his death, which took place some weeks after his success in Morvern, brought the rebellion, which had lasted with little intermission during upwards of five years, to a sudden close."*

In February 1517-18 the Earls of Huntly and Argyll were both directed to proceed against "Donald Ilis, rebel and traitor, and his complices," and the Reg. of the Privy Seal shows that he was dead before 18th of August 1519. He was the last male of the family of Lochalsh, and he died without issue about 1518-19. Leaving Donald Dubh still in captivity we shall, in our next, go back about 20 years to pick up Hugh of Sleat, brother of John, last Lord of the Isles, and ancestor of the present Lord Macdonald of Sleat, and treat of his and his family's doings until Donald Dubh again bursts from his prison, and, in a second rebellion, though of very short duration, for a time completely disarranges all the schemes of the house of Sleat, and becomes the cause of another period of disorder and chaos in the Isles which almost equalled in intensity those which we have just described.

(To be Continued.)

THE CELTIC SIDE OF BURNS.—The writer of the interesting article which appeared in our last issue under this heading, has, since the article was in type, suddenly passed over to the majority in the prime of life. He was one of the many intelligent Southern Scots who now take such a lively interest in matters Celtic, and was at the same time an excellent friend and companion.

THE JOHN MACKENZIE MONUMENT RAILING.—We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the sum of £1 towards the above, from John Mackenzie, Esq., Auchen Stewart, Wishaw, in addition to £5 previously subscribed by him towards the monument itself.

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 125-126.

THE REV. ALEX. STEWART, F.S.A. Scot., NETHER-LOCHABER.

—o—

In a recent issue of the *Oban Times* an interesting sketch of our friend "Nether-Lochaber" is given, which we are tempted to abridge for the benefit of our readers. The author of the sketch describes him truly as :—

A graceful writer, who, for full twenty years, has poured out an almost uninterrupted flood of cheerful, and always more or less edifying, pen-talk from his retreat amid the wilds of Inverness-shire. We are obliged to coin a word to express the conversational individuality of his epistles, that has enabled him to keep them interesting and eminently readable over a term of years, during which most men would assuredly have dropped from a gallop into a canter, thence into a stiff walk, to find themselves standing still some day before the five-barred gate of the *Courier's* columns, to the delight of a wearied public and a worn-out editor ! In place of this, the *Inverness Courier* of the present day is only looked upon by many as the vehicle for the issue of Nether-Lochaber's letters, although the journal in question is undoubtedly one of the best conducted and ablest in the provinces. "A wonderful man, can write a couple of interesting columns on a rat peeping round a corner," says a friend ; and this demands qualities of no ordinary kind. A keen and a careful observer, he has lived an active, energetic, out-door life, and evidently enters with all a boy's enthusiasm and freshness into Nature's varied moods and endless vagaries, touching them with a sympathetic hand, and painting them with a loving brush.

Mr Stewart, although an Islander by birth—having first seen the light in lonely Benbecula in 1829—is a Highlander by pride of descent from the Stewarts of Invernahyle and Glenbuckie ; and still more by a useful and productive pride in the natural productions, the folk-lore, the archæology, and the antiquities of the Highlands. Much of these his letters have rescued from a rapidly approaching extinction, and the North can afford to be most grateful to one who has made wise and skilful use of his opportunities, and endeavoured worthily to repair the negligence of the many cultivated but careless custodians of the people's thoughts and feelings, who have thought more of the fleeces than of the characteristics of their surrounding flocks. That the people of his extensive parish have his sympathy and affection, may be gathered from his having declined richer livings, that he might remain in his well-beloved Nether-Lochaber, where for nearly thirty years he has been pastor of the parish of Ballachulish and Ardgour, to which he was presented by the Crown in 1851, on the unanimous petition of the people.

Mr Stewart's father, who was in the Inland Revenue Department of H.M. Civil Service, removed from Benbecula to Oban, where the son received his first education ; the little village of Kirkmichael, in the Highlands of Perthshire, preparing him for the University of St Andrews. There he was entered in 1843, and distinguished himself highly, we believe, in literature and *Belles Lettres*. Nothing in this to point to him

as a future "Edwards," dragging hidden secrets from Nature with the passionate eagerness of a "Suker?" No! there are wooers of Nature of various kinds, and Nether Lochaber is a "Literary Naturalist." His the great merit of placing before an extended constituency, in the most pleasing forms, garnered fruits from many gardens, and teaching them to take an interest in the world around them; to look beyond the coarse working apron of Nature, and see the elegant texture of her garment, to dig gems from the common speech of his fellows—dirt begrimed perhaps—and set them in silver sentences before their astonished owners. How many too, as they toil at the desk or the workshop, lift the *Courier* to peep at his seascapes or his landscapes, and cool their eyes in imagination on the snows of Ben Nevis, or the sparkling waters of Loch Leven or Loch Linnhe! How often does a touch of folk-lore in his pleasant column prove a thread, leading back through the labour of years, to the days when fairy tales were a faith, and the tales of wonder of the elders a stedfast creed! In these days of heated imaginings and sensational tales, the writer who shows what a *wholesome* sensational novel, a strip of sea-shore or a scrape of moorland may be, not only benefits his readers directly, but may be sowing the seeds of enthusiasm, and love of nature and knowledge—those mighty necromancers—broadcast over the land. As was to be expected from a lover of nature, Nether-Lochaber is an admirable horseman, which no one can properly be who loves and understands not the animals that serve him. Equally does he pride himself on his management of that marine steed a sailing boat, which Ruskin looks upon as a necessary part of a gentleman's education. How affectionately he bemoaned the loss of his "incomparable craft," that had carried him almost daily for so many long years, have we not all read in the *Courier?* But the loss of his beloved boat was near being the least of the losses of that terrible 28th December, in which we were about having the last of Nether-Lochaber himself, when the fury of the sea struck him down in his effort to save his animals, exposed to the excessive rise of the tide, and the well-loved loch that knew him not in its blind fury!

Mr Stewart is an enthusiastic admirer of the poetry and music of the Highlands, upon which he has written largely, and to which he has devoted much attention. He contributions to fugitive literature have been very extensive, as he commenced writing to the magazines and reviews when a very young man. He has been a frequent and valued contributor to our own columns, while the *Gael* and the *Celtic Magazine* have also been under frequent obligations to his versatile pen. It is also generally understood that, although the composition of editorial staffs are not public property, Nether-Lochaber has been enrolled on that of *Fraser's Magazine*, since it came under the skilful conduct of Principal Tulloch.

In 1776, Mr Stewart edited an annotated edition of Logan's *Scottish Gael*, in 2 vols., a work which was very favourably received at the time. This, so far as we understand, is the only permanent work which has come from the hand of Nether-Lochaber; for, although it has been whispered some time that a selection from his letters in the *Inverness Courier* were to be brought before the public, we see no signs of their appearance. It is most unquestionably to these admirable letters, on which Mr Stewart has apparently lavished his leisure moments, spared from his active life as a parish minister, with a most extensive charge broken up by arms of

the sea, over which he must cross in all sorts of weather, that his deservedly wide and high reputation rests as a contributor to letters. They bear internal evidence that the author is a man of wide and varied reading, tolerant mind, keen sympathy with the life around him, from the man to the "marine ascidian," and one who can not only observe well, but place the result of his observations before the public with most agreeable perspicuity.

He must be considered a Highlander to the backbone, too much engrossed with the endless wonders and beauties of his own land ever to seek novelty or excitement beyond it; for we understand he travels seldom, and never far, his life having been entirely spent within the bounds of that Scotland he loves so well, and to which he is so attentive. But the currents of thought from the outside ever are borne in upon him on the wings of a voluminous correspondence from many points of the compass, for the "Hermitage" by the beautiful Loch Leven is a harbour of refuge for literary and scientific celebrities from many quarters, who are charmed to call him their friend. As an indication of the varied character of his intellectual sympathies and studies, it may be mentioned that Mr Stewart was elected in 1876 a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; while he is likewise a Fellow of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh; of the Geological and National History Societies of Glasgow; Honorary Bard of the Celtic Society of St Andrews; and a corresponding member of several learned Continental Societies. He is noted as an admirable conversationalist. He was married in 1852 to Miss Morrison of Sallachan House, Ardgour, eldest daughter of the late Captain Morrison, R.N., and has a family of one son and two daughters.

Altogether, he has lived an active, wholesome, useful life, and we may slightly alter the words of the poet and say—

He liveth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

THE LATE MR D. C. MACPHERSON.

It is our painful duty this month to record the death, at Edinburgh, of a real good Highlander, Mr Donald C. Macpherson, of the Advocates' Library. The deceased was a native of Bohuntin, Lochaber, and was well known to every one in any way connected with Celtic literature. Birth and early training in a district where the Gaelic is spoken with great fulness and purity, fitted him for using his native language with a power and richness which but few in our, or in any day, could wield. A first-class education gave a definiteness and exactness to his consideration of the structure and history of the language, and enabled him to bring to bear upon his study of it all the light that ancient and classical sources could afford. Added to this personal equipment was the position he held as one of the Librarians to the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, and of which he did not fail to avail himself for the elucidation of everything connected with his favourite pursuit, and the augmentation of his large and interesting store of the literature and lore of his native Highlands.

The result of all this was that the deceased became one of our best Gaelic scholars and a trustworthy authority on all matters connected with his native language, and it is doubtful if many will be found in the future able to qualify themselves to fill his place. The amount of positive work done by our late friend to enrich the stock of our Celtic literature is not generally known. So retiring and sensitive was his modesty that he shrunk from the slightest public mention of his labours, and he seldom adhibited his name to any of his productions. Among his published works are "An Duanaire," a collection of Gaelic songs previously unpublished; the Gaelic Translation of a Catholic Prayer-book and Catechism; a new, accurate, and complete edition of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's poems; "Am Feilleire," a Gaelic almanac; and only last year Part I. of a new Gaelic Grammar. We learn that at the time of his death he was engaged on some other ecclesiastical work. He had been of considerable service to Mr J. F. Campbell in the preparation of "Leabhar na Feinne;" to Mr Jerram in editing his "Sean Dana;" and to the editor of the recently published Catholic version of the New Testament. He was for a few years editor of, and always a contributor to, the *Gael*, and his valuable articles on the "Macdonalds of Keppoch," which appeared in the last volume of the *Celtic Magazine*, are still fresh in the recollection of the reader. His early death will be sincerely regretted by all who were fortunate enough to know him. His kind and modest behaviour, and his willingness to place his assistance and information at the disposal of any one who put them in request, made him the favourite of all. He was a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and of spotless life and character. He died of disease of the heart, brought on by a recent and very severe attack of rheumatic fever; and his death was painfully sudden, being found dead in his room on the morning of Wednesday, the 23d of June, having only the previous evening removed into new lodgings. Ever since he had the attack of rheumatic fever his health continued in a most unsatisfactory and precarious condition; and when during a recent visit to Edinburgh we spent some time in his company, he expressed himself seriously apprehensive as to the immediate future, while his more intimate friends had little or no hope of his recovery. In early life he was the pupil of James Munro of Kilmonivaig, the well-known Gaelic scholar and author of the Gaelic Grammar, and under his tuition he soon became well versed in the literature of the Highlands, and had his appetite whetted with a desire to completely master it. We believe that his original intention was to educate himself for the priesthood, but he soon abandoned this idea, finding it not quite congenial to his taste. His position in the Advocates' Library afforded him facilities for prosecuting his Celtic and Antiquarian researches, which were unique, and for which we really envied his position. While never losing sight of his Celtic studies, he was well up, not only in English literature, but also in that of Greece and Rome, Germany and France. We understand that he had in preparation an edition of the poems of Ian Lom, the famous Lochaber bard, for publication. We are also informed that he was recently approached by the authorities of St Benedict's Monastery and College, Fort-Augustus, with the view of his being appointed a professor of the Gaelic language in that institution.

He died in the prime of life, and his remains were carried north and interred in his native Braes of Lochaber.

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IX.

I now had to bid farewell to Canada, at least for a time, and I did so with very genuine regret; for it is impossible that any one could have been placed under deeper obligations to its people, from the Governor-General down to the humblest inhabitant, than I have been. This must have been apparent to those who perused my previous articles. I was only a few days in the country when the Government supplied me with a free pass over the Inter-Colonial Railway, which extends from the Lower Provinces to Quebec, a distance of about 700 miles. I was also offered passes from the managers of private railway companies, of which in some cases I found it impossible to avail myself. I was supplied with one over the whole of the Grand Trunk system, extending to considerably over a thousand miles; as also over the Great Western Railway of Canada, the the Toronto and Nippissing line, and several others; and from one end of the Dominion to the other I was received and treated by all—officials and private gentlemen—in the most hospitable and warm-hearted manner. For this I now beg to tender my genuine and most hearty acknowledgments. And I do so with the greatest cordiality, knowing that I expressed opinions, in these letters and elsewhere regarding certain Government measures, which were not palatable to some of those in high office, but whose personal kindness was not in the slightest degree affected in consequence. In this connection I may be permitted to reproduce some of the introductory remarks from a letter sent in April last to the *Free Press* by a gentleman holding a high and important permanent office in the Interior Department of the Dominion Government. Referring to my special correspondence in that journal, he says—"Your special commissioner having closed the account of his visit to Canada, and as I am quite sure his letters must have excited among the people of the Northern Counties of Scotland an interest in this Dominion which they never experienced before, I have thought it probable that the present would be a good time to renew my somewhat irregular correspondence, and from this period forth to endeavour to follow up the good work so effectively done by Mr Mackenzie. . . . Will you permit me a few words, by way of introduction, in reference to some points in the admirable correspondence of your commissioner? It is but simple justice to him to say that no man of equal prominence has ever crossed the Atlantic who ever showed a truer appreciation of the merits of this section of Her Majesty's Colonial Empire than Mr Mackenzie. His letters were the honest, fearless expression of opinions arrived at after careful personal observation of the people and the country; and, let me add, they were the opinions of a man of sound sense and mature judgment. There was no exaggeration of the advantages we offer to intending emigrants, but a plain, unvarnished statement of how men whose names, places of abode, and family history were given, many of whom came here penniless but a few years ago, had succeeded, and grown rich and comfortable by the simple exercise of ordinary energy and prudence, Nor,

on the other hand was there any hesitation in adversely criticising and condemning what, in the correspondent's opinion, was wrong or faulty. If the truth and nothing but the truth be told about Canada, and by persons whose words carry weight to those to whom they are addressed, the Canadian people are ready to abide by the verdict of their friends at home. Mr Mackenzie told the sober facts, . . . but he must excuse me if I differ from him, as I frankly told him I did, in connection with one or two conclusions at which he has arrived."

These conclusions refer to my criticism on the Government policy in only encouraging people with money to emigrate, and on their having in the past extended greater encouragement to Russian Mennonites and Icelanders than to their own Highland countrymen. It is not my intention at present to discuss these questions further than I have already done, but although this is to be the last of the present series, it is my intention to write occasional articles from time to time on the Dominion, it advantages as a field of emigration, and the various aspects in which the place, its people, and institutions have presented themselves to my mind.

Since my return home I had numerous enquiries, personally and by letter, for information regarding Canada as a field for emigration and its attractions generally; but I invariably declined to give any beyond what I have already given in the *Free Press* and in the *Celtic Magazine*. This apparently uncivil resolve it is my purpose to maintain; for I do not intend to incur blame for the non-success of people who will fail to get on in Canada, as they will everywhere else, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, entirely through faults of their own. The Government have their regularly appointed and paid agents, ready to give official information, and to these I must respectfully refer all intending emigrants to the Dominion.

Leaving Niagara in the evening, I passed over to the American side of the river, where I had my luggage examined by the Custom-House officials, a duty which they performed in the most polite manner and with as little inconvenience as possible. This is more than I can say of the Canadian officials of the same class. On my first arrival on Canadian soil, at Saint John, New Brunswick, I found the Custom-House officers a most uncivil, troublesome lot, though I had nothing dutiable in my possession. This was almost a miracle, for nearly everything is taxed in Canada but the fresh air. From Niagara I took the Hudson River route, touching at Buffalo, on Lake Erie, and at Albany, the Capital of the State of New York, on my way. At both these places we had to change carriages, an inconvenience in the middle of the night such as one seldom meets with on any of the through lines on the American Continent, and one which, I was afterwards told, I might have avoided, had I taken the Erie Railroad. The run along the noble Hudson, after passing Albany next morning, was, however, worth a good deal of inconvenience; surrounded as it is with some of the most magnificent scenery on the American Continent; and having travelled nearly 600 miles we arrived at

New York City

at ten A.M., where, among some very genuine Scots, I remained for six days, specially to get home in the *State of Nevada*, which I found was to sail on the following Thursday, with Captain Braes and his officers, who

had one and all acted so agreeably and attentive to every one of us on our way out. Here I was in my usual good luck. I had the pleasure of again meeting my old friend of the New York Caledonian Games on my way out, the Hon. Thomas Waddell, President of the North American United Caledonian Association, who had just come in on a special visit from Pittston, Pennsylvania. Soon after I was in charge of my old counsellor and guide, Duncan Macgregor Crerar, now known to the reader in another and more interesting capacity, and he informed me that the annual meeting of the St Andrew Society of New York, which was to come off in a few days, would be a splendid affair, and that he had a complimentary ticket awaiting me, sent by the President of the Society, John S. Kennedy, a native of Glasgow, and the head of the banking firm of John S. Kennedy & Co., New York. At this magnificent banquet I met about 200 of the leading Scotsmen of the City and State sitting down to celebrate their 123d anniversary of the patron saint of Scotland in a right worthy manner. The President, in proposing the toast of the evening, made an excellent and neatly delivered speech, in which he advocated liberality among the members, and expressed his thorough conviction, that if the Society's funds ever became exhausted or much reduced from the calls of charity, the well-to-do Scots of New York would always furnish them with the necessary means to relieve every case of real distress occurring among their Scottish countrymen ; and he stated, as a matter of absolute certainty, that no deserving Scot, widow or child, without distinction of rank or creed, would ever be allowed to suffer or be dismissed from the care of the managers without the aid and brotherly sympathy for which his countrymen were so famous throughout the world. The Rev. and famous Dr Taylor, of the New York Tabernacle, and a native of Kilmarnock, delivered an eloquent address on "The Land o' Cakes ;" indeed, the speech of the evening ; while he was almost equalled in matter and surpassed in eloquence by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the St Nicholas Society—a genuine wit. I also had the pleasure of hearing the great Dr MacCosh, who made an interesting speech, but it was clear that the platform was not his best forte. Among those whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with here were William A. Paton, publisher of the *New York World*, a native of Edinburgh, and a thoroughly patriotic Scot ; John M. Morrison, a native of Aberdeen, holding the high and responsible position of Manager of the Manhattan Bank, and who had been for many years Treasurer of the St Andrew Society ; John H. Strachan, a wealthy barrister, brother of the well-know Advocate of the same name in Edinburgh, and of the better-known London publisher and editor of the *Contemporary Review* ; and several others high up in New York society and an honour to their native land. I repeatedly met my old Inverness friends, mentioned in my first letter—Paterson, and Harcombe, and Mitchell, from near Grantown, Strathspey, all good men and true ; and on the evening of my departure who did I come across but another Invernessian, John Forbes, so well and familiarly known on this side as the "Duke of Portland." I never saw him looking better, and he was what I expected to find him, open-hearted and kind as ever, and insisted on driving me to the ship. And last but not least, I met Major Manson, my old Caithness friend, again and again, extending every kindness, civility, and information that one could expect even from a

countryman who has secured for himself such an excellent reputation for these qualities among his brother Scots. He was a Captain in the Highland Guards of New York in 1857, and afterwards Captain and Major in the 79th Regiment of the same city, with which he served in the field, and distinguished himself during the great American Rebellion, when he was captured by the Southerners, and confined to a Confederate prison for a year and a-half. No better proof of his affection for his native land and its people can be given than the fact that to him Donald Macleod dedicated his "Gloomy Memories of the Highlands of Scotland," now before me, "not from any mercenary motives, but as a humble tribute of regard for your well-known sympathies for the wrongs of your oppressed countrymen."

The public buildings, avenues, parks, and means of locomotion in New York, are on a scale of magnificence quite beyond my powers of description, and I shall not attempt the impossible task of giving even a general idea of them.

Philadelpha

is 99 miles from New York, and having had a day to spare I took a run down to see an old subscriber, who had called upon me a few years ago in Inverness, and who strongly pressed me to pay him a visit in his adopted home—a genuine Irish Celt, Dr William Carroll. I fortunately telegraphed to him that morning that I was going, otherwise I would have missed him, as he had an important engagement in New York. I, however, found him at home, and in the few hours at our disposal, for both had to be back in New York the same evening, he showed me as much of the city as it was possible to see in such a short time.

The most interesting sight of all to me was "Independence Hall," where, instead of less than an hour, I could, with profit and pleasure, have spent weeks. Here were represented, in small and common things, the magnificent heroism and noble aspirations which opposed and overcame tyranny of the most absolute kind, and securely laid the foundation of an Empire of Freedom irrisistible in its influence for good, and liberal progress, in the world. This common-looking chair, the intrinsic value of which is not five shillings, was that in which John Hancock sat as President of the "Independence Congress;" that rickety table is that on which the declaration of American independence received the signatures of the members of that famous assembly; those thirteen old-fashioned, mean-looking chairs, were occupied by an equal number of Congressmen on that eventful day; that dingy chandelier gave forth its light during the evening meetings, while the great lights of American history were deliberating on the most effective means by which to upset dark tyranny by the light of civil and religious freedom. Here is the original Declaration itself. There a life-size statue of the great Washington. On the wall you see portraits of the President of the Congress; Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the resolutions in favour of Independence; the members of Congress; commanders-in-chief of the army and navy; and those who were the most active educators of public opinion in favour of Separation from Great Britain. There, above the vestibule, is the bell, cast and placed in the State House steeple in 1753, and which first announced to he citizens of Philadelphia, and through them to the civilised world, the

Declaration of American Independence. Modern as these relics are, they are the beginning of American history, and they represent principles and aspirations worthy of the great nation whose infancy they commemorate. Imbued with such feelings I looked upon them with a genuine reverence, which I desire to cultivate and strengthen rather than obliterate. Cogitating over what they represent would turn a coward into a hero, and I am heartily pleased that I visited Philadelphia if it were for nothing else than to see Independence Hall.

Dr Carroll also introduced me to a gentleman whose name was not altogether previously unknown to me by repute, and who, apart from his position in the American literary world, I was glad to meet as a connecting link beeween the present and the past, and especially from his connection with Inverness. This was Dr Shelton Mackenzie, well-known in connection with the American press, and as an author of considerable reputation. He wrote Lives of Dickens and of Scott, which in a very short time went through several editions; he edited the American edition of the "Noctes Ambrosianae," as well as several other works of note. He is a brother of the late J. C. Mackenzie, of Paris, editor of *Galignani*, who died a few weeks after I had been to Philadelphia, and son of Kenneth Mackenzie, the Inverness bard, of whom the late John Mackenzie gives the following interesting account in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." He says, "Kenneth Mackenzie was born at *Caisteal Leauir*, near Inverness, in the year 1758. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and gave him the advantage of a good education. When he was about seventeen years of age he was bound an apprentice as a sailor, a profession he entered with some degree of enthusiasm. Along with his Bible, the gift of an affectionate mother, he stocked his library with two other volumes, namely, the poems of Alexander Macdonald and Duncan Macintyre. These fascinating productions he studied and conned over on 'the far blue wave,' and they naturally fanned the latent flame of poetry which yet lay dormant in his breast. His memory was thus kept hovering over the scenes and associations of his childhood; and, represented through the magic vista of poetic genius, every object became possessed of new charms, and so entwined his affections around his native country and vernacular tongue, that distance tended only to heighten their worth and beauties.

"He composed the most of his songs at sea. His *Piobairachd na Luinge* is an imitation of Macintyre's inimitable *Beinn-dorain*, but it possesses no claims to a comparison with that masterpiece. We are not prepared to say which is the best school for poetic inspiration, or for refining and maturing poetic genius, but we venture to assert that the habits of a seafaring man have a deteriorating influence over the youthful feelings. This has, perhaps, been amply exemplified in the person of Kenneth Mackenzie. He was evidently born with talents and genius; but, notwithstanding the size of his published volume, we find only four or five pieces in it which have stepped beyond the confines of mediocrity; these we give as in duty bound.

"Mackenzie returned from sea in the year 1789, and commenced going about taking in subscriptions, to enable him to publish his poems. With our veneration for the character of a poet, we strongly repudiate that timber brutality which luxuriates in insulting a votary of the muses. Men

of genius are always, or almost always, men of sensibility, and nice and accute feelings; and it appears to us inexplicable how one man can take pleasure in showing another indignities and hurting his feelings. The itinerant subscription-hunting bard has always been the object of the little ridicule of little men. At him the men of clay hurl their battering-ram, and our author appears to have experienced his own share of the evil. Having called upon Alexander Mackintosh of Cantray Down, he not only refused him his subscription, put gruffly ordered him to be gone from his door! Certainly a polite refusal would have cost that high souled *gentleman* as little as his rebuff, and apologies of a tolerably feasable nature can now be found for almost every failing. Our bard thus unworthily insulted, retaliates in a satire of great merit. In this cynic production he pours forth periods of fire; it is an impetuous torrent of bitter irony and withering declamation rich in the essential ingredients of its kind; and Mackintosh, who does not appear to have been impenetrable to the arrows of remorse, died three days after the published satire in his possession (in 1792). Distressed at this mournful occurrence, which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father upon him, Mackenzie went again among his subscribers, recalled the books from such as could be prevailed upon to give them up, and consigned them to the flames; a sufficient indication of his sorrow for his unmerciful, and, as he thought, fatal castigation of Mackintosh. This accounts for the scarcity of his books.

"Shortly after this event, his general good character and talents attracted the attention of Lord Seaforth and the Earl of Buchan, whose combined influence procured him the rank of an officer in the 78th Highlanders. Having left the army, he accepted the situation of postmaster in an Irish provincial town, where he indulged in the genuine hospitality of his heart, always keeping an open door and spread table, and literally carressing such of his countrymen as chance or business led in his way. We have conversed with an old veteran who partook of his liberality so late as the year 1837.

"In personal appearance Kenneth Mackenzie was tall, handsome, and strong-built, fond of a joke, and always the soul of any circle where he sat. If his poems do not exhibit any great protuberance of genius, they are never flat; his torrent may not always rush with impetuosity; but he never stagnates; and such as relish easy sailing and a smooth-flowing current, may gladly accept an invitation to take a voyage with our sailor-poet."

Dr Shelton Mackenzie is in excellent circumstances, holds a good position among the *litterateurs* of Philadelphia, and is in all respects a worthy son of such a father. He has several near relations in and around Inverness, but he appeared to know little more about them than a kind of hazy idea of their existence. When I mention Captain Jas. Rose, Connage; John Rose, Leanach; Hugh Rose, solicitor, Inverness; and Donald Rose, cotton broker, Liverpool, as cousins, the large number of relations in good circumstances here will be at once apparent to all those knowing anything of the place and people.

Having obtained a general idea of the city from certain points of vantage, I started with Dr Carroll on the return journey to New York, where we arrived in the evening, having made the run of 99 miles, each way, in two hours. Going aboard the *State of Nevada*, after bidding

farewell to my friends, I was glad to find Captain Braes and all his officers in the best of spirits. Next morning, just before we sailed, I was not a little surprised to find several of my New York friends coming on board with Major Manson at their head, and immediately the gallant ship moved from her moorings a ringing cheer was set up; while Mr Rankine, an excellent piper mentioned in a previous article, blew up his Highland bagpipes on the pier-head, playing appropriate tunes until we could no longer hear the pleasing strains; and finishing up with "Will ye no come back again?" an expression of feeling the realisation of which, I am quite sure, was as heartily desired by my friends on shore as it was reciprocated by me. We were soon past Sandy Hook, and faced the great Atlantic on the morning of the 4th of December last; and, after a splendid run, the noble ship cast anchor at Greenock on the Sunday week following, having taken exactly ten days and five hours from New York to the Clyde. Having spent Monday in Glasgow, I found myself safely at home once more in the Highland Capital, after a trip of four months—a trip which forms one of the greenest spots in my life, and which has satisfied the ambition of my youth and manhood in seeing for myself Her Majesty's magnificent possessions in British North America, where so many of our expatriated brother Highlanders have found for themselves such comfortable homes.

And now I shall take the reader a little into my confidence. I have been strongly urged by several influential persons to publish my special correspondence which appeared in the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*, along with this series, in book form, my good friend, John Mackay of Swansea, offering to take twenty copies. Now, in the first place, I question very much if they are worth publishing in a separate form; and, second, I have my doubts as to whether they would sell sufficiently well to pay. I cannot afford to run any risk in the matter; but if I get sufficient encouragement in the shape of subscribers, I would be disposed to work the *Free Press* articles, which deal with a different phase of Canadian life, and these into one consecutive whole, adopting the fullest portion of each, improving, and, in some places, adding to them. I have no doubt an interesting volume might thus be produced at a reasonable price, and if I get sufficient support to place me beyond any risk of loss, I will do my share. I shall therefore be glad to hear from intending subscribers at once—price not to exceed half-a-crown, or 60 cents. A. M.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

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QUERY.

THE MACDONALDS OF BALRANALD.—Would you, or some one of your numerous readers, be kind enough to inform me, through the medium of the *Celtic Magazine*, what branch of the Macdonalds do the Macdonalds of Balranald, North Uist, belong to, and what is their crest, motto, &c. A. MACDONALD.

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—*Tennyson.*

BOOK II.—"A SYLVAN COURT."

Chapter XI.

The bison, fiercest race of Scotia's breed,
Whose bounding course outstripped the red deer's speed,
By hunters chased, encircled on the plain,
He frowning shook his yellow lion-mane,
Spurned with black hoof in bursting rage the ground,
And fiercely toss'd his moony horns around.

—*Leyden.*

In order to make good their escape, Dermond and Olave had chosen the thickest and most intricate part of the forest, where no horseman would ever have dared to penetrate. The young chieftain, however, might easily have lost his way but for the guidance of his faithful henchman, who knew every wood and mountain for many a league around Dunkerlyne, as well as every tide and wind along the western and northern coasts.

They soon succeeded in baffling every effort of their pursuers to overtake them, and as the grey light of the morning stole over the tops of the mountains, lighting up the red and yellow tints of the fading woodlands, panting and breathless the two fugitives had gained the side of a sloping eminence, which commanded a fair prospect of their surroundings. Pausing and looking back they could perceive nothing to indicate the whereabouts of Bruce or his followers throughout the vast extent of shaggy forest and bare moorland. Away in the distance the mountains seemed to sleep in the folds of the snowy clouds, and a thick haze hid the sea entirely from view.

"Now that we are safe," said Dermond, "and before considering what we shall do next, tell me how you managed to escape and find me out on the hillside yonder."

"Ha! my good sir," said Olave laughing, "I was certain to undo the carles in the end; and, though I say it, 'twas no craven feat."

"I'll warrant you," said Dermond, "and what now shall Kate, that sprightly wench, say to the doing o't?"

"Nay, now let that rest. We have something else to settle for the fair Kate and the good Lady Bertha," returned the Norseman, at the same time causing a shadow to fall over the face of the young chieftain.

"As you say we have, Olave, and 'tis that which troubles me. Now, when I think on't, I can only curse the freedom you have given me, for I cannot face the lady to acknowledge my failure."

"A murrain on such foolery," was the answer. "I'd have you think no more about the matter. Why should you rashly risk your neck in a hopeless enterprise? Look you now, sir, I have been as anxious as thyself—if thou'lt pardon me saying so—concerning this message we, and not you alone, have undertaken to deliver for the relief of the distressed damsel, under pain of forfeiting all reputation we may have for honour and

gallantry. Some other means must, however, be devised in order to accomplish her liberty, for I have e'en learned that you shall have short shrift if you again attempt to hold any communication of whatsoever nature with Sir David Macneill. Many things were unsuspectingly dropped in my hearing which go to show that Lady Bertha's father has no more the favour of Bruce than I have for this day's doing. He is, as you know, a relative of John of Lorn—the friend and would be avenger of the murdered Comyn—and although he avows his devotion to the cause of Bruce, he is regarded with suspicion and duly observed. Consequently, any attempt to have a word or deliver a letter to him from Dunolly would be sheer madness. They cannot accuse him openly of any treacherous intention, but the suspicion exists; and the moment it became known that you had a desire to interview Sir David on a matter of some importance, whispers confirming the suspicion were heard in all quarters, and greater precautions were taken to prevent you from communicating anything which, as they supposed, might imperil the safety of Bruce and his whole following."

"But I might have explained the nature of my message to Bruce himself, for him to judge."

"Ah! that is well enough, my young master; but think you he would have believed what you had to say?"

"I should have endeavoured to make him do so, and defied to mortal combat the man who might venture to accuse me of a lie."

"Bravely spoken," returned Olave, "but can you suppose they would have allowed you to come within the hearing of the King. You were under the charge of the Douglas, who is too wary to listen to the statements of his prisoners. Besides, 'tis well you did not mention the letter, for that would only have aggravated your position."

"The contents of the letter would have answered for themselves," said Dermond.

"So you might imagine," was Olave's answer; "but seemingly innocent letters have ere now concealed the secret signs of traitors. Know you not that on the first intimation of your wish to speak with Sir David, there was even a division in the camp of the King as to whether you should not be instantly executed to prevent the possibility of your communicating anything. Your story, so far as I could gather, was looked upon by Bruce as a foolish invention, and had you spoken of the letter in your possession it would have been taken from you and instantly destroyed. No one can be too careful in these dangerous times, and you can easily forgive the suspicions of a hunted monarch and his followers, who live to-day but know not what may take place on the morrow."

"Thanks, good Olave," said Dermond. "I perceive the wisdom of your words, and as Lorn is certainly advancing in this direction with a large army for the purpose of avenging the death of his kinsman, we could not do better than go and join the ranks and take part in the pursuit, trusting fervently that something may yet take place to enable us to deliver the packet into the safe keeping of Sir David Macneill."

Olave assented, and both walked briskly forward in the hope of soon meeting with their liege, lord Lorn.

"But tell me now of your escape," said Dermond, after they had journeyed in silence for some time together.

"Ah, yes," said the henchman, "you wish to hear of that. Well, for some weeks past I had thought it carefully over, and I was assured that this day of liberty was not far distant. I watched these huntings, and I was glad to see the way in which it scattered the starving carles. Faith, and they have my pity, and I fear me they have worse cheer than it behoves them to show in the presence of the fair and noble ladies. Well, as I said, these huntings overjoyed me, and I watched my opportunity. I had the good fortune to gain the leeward side of a Douglas follower—in faith they were mostly all the followers of Douglas—but this same follower so impressed me as to make me think he had a standing grudge against his master; perhaps he cared not for the good fare of these Highland hills. At any rate, I learned the most of what I have already told you from him, and as I mentioned in confidence that I should like to warn you against insisting on an interview with Sir David, he agreed to give me an opportunity for so doing; but he kept me so long in suspense, eluding my requests, that I finally came to the conclusion that he had some hidden design concerning us all. Well, driven along like cattle, with large staves which our guards kept perpetually poking into our ribs, we were naturally inclined to be stubborn. Yesterday evening, when that herd of cattle brushed so near our path, we were, as you know, pacing downward, all tied securely together, when, as the whole party dashed forward, the eternal and fiendish poking was renewed. For a time we rushed on, eager to gratify our tormentors, and yet thirsting for freedom; but as they found themselves a little too far behind in the race, they grew rather churlish and beat and punched so fearfully that I instantly called on my companions, seeing we were almost alone with our guards, to stay and make an effort to stop the brutal treatment. We accordingly came to halt just as we were passing along a path bounden on each side, a steep bank to the left with a stream at the foot, and a rising eminence on the right. 'By the flaming beard of Thor,' I addressed them, 'I shall not budge one step further unless this unseemly beating be withheld.' 'Damn the knave's insolence,' said one, 'beat his bastard brains to pottage.' At the same time he aimed a blow that would have cracked a harder head than mine, when the carle, of whom I have already spoken, interposed his sword, warding off the blow, and giving in return a switch with the broad side of his weapon, which drew forth howls of agony. 'By the bones of St Fillan,' said he, 'if thou bearest not a civil tongue between thy teeth, and do not keep thy bludgeon in better discipline, I'll beat thee for a cowardly knave.' Then, addressing me, he said, 'Make speed, brave sir, and I shall see that no harm comes by you.' He had scarcely finished speaking when a dreadful sound of roaring came from the front, and onward in full career there came a bellowing bull, rearing, and lashing madly with his tail, frothing at the mouth, and hell flaming in his eyes. All of course drew back eager to escape the violence of the anticipated charge. Meanwhile the bull had come to a stand in the narrowest part of the pass, where he stood champing his feet, heaving his head, and whipping with his tail. Faith, we would not venture near, but continued to move backwards and bore the thickening blows with stubborn bravery, and by the soul of Odin they shall suffer for these infernal beatings. Several picked men were ordered to advance upon the bull and drive him off, but no one cared to stir, whereupon I accused them of cowardice,

They called me a boasting, craven-hearted cox-comb. 'Release these bands,' I said, 'give me a good sword, and I shall teach these jackanapes how to chase a bull and clear the pass.' 'Come then, what say you,' he said, turning to his followers, 'if we arm this knave and have him face the roaring animal to put his crowing out of fashion.' Each eager to have the irksome duty disposed of, said I should be worthy of a yeoman's acres. Accordingly I was liberated from my bonds, and armed with a good sharp sword—the same I carry in my belt—I marched forward to meet my foe, who, seeing me advance, grew more infuriated, set up a great bellowing, heaved high his head, and bounded towards me like a warrior's horse in tournay. My ears were dinned with the shouts of the spectators as they drew back alarmed, and yet straining with expectation, but I was not the fool to fight for the mere safety of my enemies. I saw the hunters coming in full course behind, the swarthy Douglas in the van—and heard their shouts. 'Twas but the work of a moment to elude the careering bull as he rushed past me, flinging the froth in the air and roaring in his madness. I heard the yells of those behind me as he bounded on them, but heeding not I swung myself down the face of the cliff, clinging to the brushwood, but missing my footing I fell, somewhat stunned, among some hazel bushes at the foot of the rock. A cry came from above, but I soon got on my feet and fled across the stream, halting not until I came within a bowshot of where you and the squire and jackmen were journeying with a hopeless endeavour to fall in with the main body. I followed you at a considerable distance, but had some difficulty in escaping detection, but I felt secure as darkness came on. When you reached the hillside yonder I bedded in the bracken close to where you lay, and did all I could to attract your attention with the result which you already know."

"Bravo!" said Dermond, as the doughty henchman concluded his narrative. "'Twould garnish a tale withal. But did they not attempt to follow?"

"Faith, I know not," said Olave. "The hunters were too eager in their sport, and as for the craven-hearted fools who watched I heard their shouts of terror. 'Tis true a few arrows lighted on my way, but I was too hurried to look and learn whether they were aimed at me or the bull; and as for descending that rock I swear I should not have attempted it under any other circumstances."

"Your training as a mountaineer has not been spent in vain," said the young chieftain,

They were now going down the other side of the hill looking towards the Vale of Hasendean, and away in the distance far beneath they saw the tall pines and shaggy beech trees that hid from view the little chapel of Father Dominick, close to the mountain loch that glistened in the sunlight. A wreath of blue smoke rising gently through the branches and foliage betokened the situation of the holy man's dwelling. The morning was not far gone, the turf was still wet and sparkling with the evening dew, and the breeze was laden with the freshness and fragrance of the forest and mountain.

(To be Continued.)

THE AGED PIPER AND HIS BAGPIPE.

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THERE are many incidents of deep interest connected with the attempt to reinstate the Stuarts on the British throne. Since the period of the Rebellion, many things have occurred, and not a few changes have happily tended to strengthen the reigning dynasty, and to extinguish the Stuarts' last ray of hope. The Stuart family, as is well known, had many friendly and faithful adherents in the Highlands of Scotland, by whom every attempt was made at the time to obtain the services and to secure the allegiance of the powerful and brave. The subject of this brief notice was a man far-famed in his day, for his proficiency in the martial music of the Highlands, and not less so for his personal agility and warlike spirit. John Macgregor, one of the celebrated "Clann Sgéulaich," a native of Fortingall, a parish in the Highlands of Perthshire, was, like too many of his countrymen, warmly attached to the Prince's cause. He embraced, in consequence, the earliest opportunity of joining his standard. Soon after Charles had set his foot on the soil of Scotland, Macgregor resorted without delay to the general rendezvous of the clans at Glenfinnan, and shortly became a great favourite with the Prince. Macgregor was a powerful man, handsome, active, well-built, and about six feet in height. He was a close attendant upon his Royal Highness—accompanied him in all his movements, and was ever ready and willing to serve him in every emergency. Charles placed great confidence in his valiant piper, and was in the habit of addressing him in kind and familiar terms. Unfortunately, however, the gallant piper had but a very scanty knowledge of the English language, and could not communicate to his Royal Highness various tidings that might be of service to be known. The Prince, however, acquired as much of the Celtic tongue, in a comparatively short time, as enabled him to say, "Seid suas do phiob, Iain" (Blow up your pipe, John). This was a frequent and favourite command of the Prince. When he entered into the city of Edinburgh, and likewise after the luckless Cope and his dragoons took flight at Prestonpans, the Prince loudly called, "Seid suas do phiob, Iain." John could well do so, and the shrill notes of his powerful instrument were heard from afar. He stood by the Prince in all his movements, and went wherever he went. He joined in the march to Derby; was present at the battle of Falkirk; played at the siege of Stirling Castle; and appeared with sword and pipe at the irretrievable defeat at Culloden, where, alas! on the evening of the fatal day, he beheld the last sight of his beloved Prince.

Poor John received rather a severe wound by a ball in the left thigh, causing a considerable loss of blood, and consequent weakness. By the aid of a surgeon which he fortunately met with, the wound was dressed, and he made the best of his way, after many hair-breadth escapes and distressing deprivations, to his native glen, where he resided to the day of his death. He had numerous descendants—four sons and eight grandsons—and all of them pipers. Of these, the last alive, but now dead, was a grandson, the aged piper referred to at the head of this article, who was also a John Macgregor.

The identical bagpipe with which Macgregor cheered the spirits of his Jacobite countrymen in their battles and skirmishes was still in the possession of this grandson, the John Macgregor already alluded to, who de-

parted this life only a few years ago, at a very advanced age, at Druimcharry, in the parish of Fortingall. The instrument was in excellent preservation, and was undoubtedly worthy of a place in some museum. It had but two drones, the third in such instruments being but a modern appendage Its chanter was covered with silver plates, bearing inscriptions in English and Gaelic. The late Sir John Athole Macgregor, Bart., added one plate to it, on which are inscribed the following words in both languages:—"These pipes, belonging to John Macgregor, piper to his Grace the Duke of Athole, were played by his grandfather, John Macgregor, in the battles of Prince Charles Stuart's army in 1745-6, and this inscription was placed on them by his Chief, Sir John Athole Macgregor, Bart. of Macgregor, in 1846, to commemorate their honourable services."

The late owner, John Macgregor, was also a celebrated piper in his day, and was able to play the old pipe with wonderful efficiency, until he parted with it, as described below. He gained the prize pipe at the Edinburgh competition for Piobaireachd in July 1811. He was for several years in his youth piper to his Grace the Duke of Athole, and subsequently to Mr Farquharson of Monaltrie, and Mr Farquharson of Finzean. In 1813 he played at the assembling of the Isle of Man proprietors at Tynwald Hill. He performed at the head of his clan in Edinburgh during the Royal visit in 1822. He played the Piobaireachd, "Thàin' na Griogairich, Thàin' na Griogairich, thàinig, thàinig, thàin' na Griogairich," in the great procession, when his Chief, Sir Evan Macgregor, Bart. of Macgregor, was conveying the Regalia of Scotland from the Castle to the Palace of Holyrood. He was piper to the Athole Highlanders at the Eglington Tournament in 1839, and had the honour of performing before Her Majesty the Queen at Taymouth Castle. But John became latterly frail and aged, and was unfortunately in rather straitened circumstances. He was modest and unassuming, and would rather endure privations than let his wants be made known to others.

Worthy old John about sixteen years ago communicated by letter with his namesake, the writer, and gave in detail the above particulars relative to his grandfather and his ancient bagpipe. It was recommended to John, for his own benefit, as well as for the preservation of the interesting relic of the olden times in his possession, to give his consent to a notice being inserted in the public prints, that he was willing to part with it to some benevolent antiquary. The consent was given and the notice duly made public. In a very short space of time John received letters from several parties of distinction, among whom was Mr Mackenzie of Seaforth, and other Highland proprietors, offering handsome sums for the valuable relic. At length the advertisement was observed by his Grace the Duke of Athole, who lost no time in acquainting the aged Macgregor that he had every desire to become the owner of the interesting instrument, and that he behoved to have it, as John was willing to part with it. His Grace at the same time intimated to the old man that he would allow him not only a sum equal to the highest offered to him by any other, but would in addition settle upon him a comfortable half-yearly pension as long as he lived. It is needless to say that the Culloden bagpipe became at once the property of his Grace, and that, no doubt, it now lies in silence in the ducal repositories of Athole, while old John Macgregor has been for some years in the silence of the grave.

ALEX. MACGREGOR.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

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This Highland gathering, now, we hope, one of the permanent institutions of the Capital of the Highlands, was held, with the usual success, on the evening of Thursday, 8th of July—the first day of the great Inverness Sheep and Wool Fair. The large assembly was presided over by the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot., Chief of the Society, in a manner which proved an agreeable surprise, even to those who expected great things from him. Colin Chisholm was mellow and sonorous as usual in his native Gaelic, though, for some unaccountable reason, he presented himself in Saxon habiliments; and the Rev. Mr Macgregor, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chief of the Society, gave additional proof of his genuine, unbiassed honesty and singleness of heart, when he gave expression (amidst loud and general applause) to the unanimous feeling of all true Highlanders, that Dr Maclauchlan had an irresistible claim to be the first elected Celtic Professor in the University of Edinburgh; and that on the solid grounds of good services already rendered in a similar field without fee or reward beyond that derived from a conscientious performance of duty, and, perhaps, the possible appreciation some day of his services by his fellow Highlanders. We heartily agree with Mr Macgregor, and would say further that any other appointment in present circumstances will be attributed by outsiders more to social and after-dinner influences than to the justice of the case. Dr Maclauchlan has already worked hard and successfully, and has given to the world some very valuable results. Other candidates, no doubt, worked, but gave no results; while another class have done neither the one nor the other. We know what Dr Maclauchlan *has* done and can do. Others must be taken a good deal on trust. Dr Maclauchlan has also shown by his attendance and address at this meeting that a man may be a good minister, and at the same time a good Highlander, who can join his fellows in their harmless enjoyments. Let us hope the example, which was much needed, will be followed by others of his clerical brethren, who might also, with advantage to themselves and to the country, imitate, so far as they can, his literary career.

The music, dancing, and singing were excellent—Pipe-major Ronald Mackenzie (late of the 78th Highlanders) and Pipe-major Alex. Maclennan specially distinguishing themselves. The choir is always a favourite feature with us, and we noticed with pleasure that all the Gaelic pieces were sung from the *Celtic Magazine*—from the words and music contributed from time to time by Mr William Mackenzie, the indefatigable and excellent secretary of the Society. Donald Graham did not come up to his usual standard in the first Gaelic song, but he quite eclipsed himself in his after appearances. Miss Chisholm, Namur Cottage, played the accompaniments in her usual perfect manner.

The addresses delivered at these meetings are usually of a substantial and instructive character, and, we think, that delivered by the Chief on this occasion is at least quite equal to any of its predecessors. We give them all, specially for the benefit of our Southern and Colonial readers.

Dr Maclauchlan, who was very warmly received, spoke as follows: —I have great pleasure in being present at this meeting this evening, and having an opportunity of speaking a word on Highland subjects in this the capital of the Highlands. I am myself a native of this locality, as many of you will know; so were my forefathers before me. I believe that the dust of my ancestors for many generations will be found lying in the burying-grounds of Kirkhill, Boleskine, and Moy; so that I am a pure Inverness-shire man, almost an Inverness man. (Applause.) Not that I believe this makes me any better than I otherwise would be, but it gives me a peculiar interest in this locality. I would not give much for the man who has no tie to places as well as persons. At least I would not give much for the Highlander who is of that cast. I have another reference to make to what is personal to myself. When asked to take the important office which I now hold in this Society, I was told that I was asked, not as a minister, but as a Highlander who has some claims upon his countrymen of all professions and denominations. Well, I had no difficulty about that. Not that I can cease to be a minister or wish to do it even here. I am proud of my profession. No men have done more than ministers for Celtic literature. I could give you a string of the names of ministers famous in the field. But I have always striven to maintain a position associated with literary and national objects outside the professional field. And I never regretted it or found myself the worse of it. I there had a platform on which I could meet men of every creed and profession. And never will I forget the hearty goodwill with which a worthy Roman Catholic priest came up to me, after the publication of the Dean of Lismore's book, and congratulated me, as a Macgregor which he was, in doing so much to bring honour on his name and Church. He knew well that the Dean was a Macgregor and a dignitary of the mediæval Church. Now, while a minister by profession, and proud to be one, I stand here to-night as neither minister nor layman, neither Whig nor Tory, advocating no distinctive creed, but solely as a Highlander, who has been long and warmly interested in the history, and literature, and the general well-being of his Highland countrymen, and who has tried to make his voice, when he could, heard in their behalf. (Applause.)

Passing from this, I have to advert very briefly to two or three subjects interesting to Highlanders—and first of all, their past history. There is nothing in it that is not creditable to the race. There is much, no doubt, that savours of the times such as they were, but nothing that brings discredit on the race. They have always been intense, and so they continue to be, and will probably while they exist. The very early period of their history in Scotland comes down to us with the marvellous story of Galgacus, as told by Tacitus. Why, these kilted ancestors of ours measured swords with the Romans! The incident is as well authenticated as any which Tacitus relates; and more than measured swords with them, came off victorious. (Cheers.) At least the progress of the Romans northwards was checked, and Agricola retired southward to his winter quarters. Nor did the Romans ever penetrate into the heart of the country again. They sailed round the coasts, and formed a few settlements as far north as the county of Moray, but the heart of the country, and particularly the Highlands, remained untrodden and untouched during the whole Roman period. In later times, too, the Highlanders took their share in the struggles that affected the welfare of the country. They shared in the

conflicts of Robert Bruce. No doubt the Macdougalls of Lorn were hostile to Bruce, and showed it. But they were but a section of the Highlanders, and Bruce's own reserve at Bannockburn, on which he relied in case of necessity, was, so far as infantry was concerned, composed entirely of Highlanders, and nobly did they maintain the honour of their name and country. And so down to modern times, when they bore at least their own share in the conflicts of Great Britain, and on every hand they have maintained the credit of the race, and won for themselves an imperishable name in the annals of this great nation. (Loud cheers.) We do not desire to make a boast of all this. Let these things speak for themselves. But there are times when they, as well as others, should be reminded of them. And I think the time and place which I occupy here affords a fitting opportunity which it would be wrong to neglect. (Hear.)

We are not ashamed of being known as Highlanders; quite the reverse. (Hear, hear.) I have been often struck by the absurdity of the name which is often given in modern times to the inhabitants of this country. I do not refer to the name *English*, as if we were all Englishmen, and some Scotsmen do try their utmost to conceal their nationality. I refer to the term Anglo-Saxon. Did you ever hear of such a piece of tautology? It is a mere reduplication of what is virtually the same thing. Are the inhabitants of this country Anglo-Saxon? Many of us have not one drop of Saxon blood in us, and don't feel that we are a hair the worse. (Cheers.) Are the Welsh Anglo-Saxons? I say, ask them, and you will find what they themselves think. Are the native Irish Anglo-Saxons? If they were they had been differently treated by the dominant race. I believe the Irish question to be simply a question of race. But we have about six millions of the inhabitants of this United Kingdom Celtic in blood and temperament; and to be called Anglo-Saxon is a contemptible blunder founded in ignorance and prejudice. We are an Anglo-Celtic race, and nothing else. (Cheers.) It is amusing to see and hear what the Anglo-Saxon has done at home and abroad, as if the very soul of every enterprise of his did not largely depend on Celtic energy and life. Your colonists are as much Celts as Saxons, as every one visiting them cannot fail to observe, and these Celts are not the least successful of them. (Cheers.)

But the subject of Celtic literature comes up for consideration at a meeting like this. I have often said that Celtic literature is a word that includes much. There are six millions of people embraced in the Celtic-speaking population of Western Europe, and each branch of these has its own literature. You have the literature, oral and written, of Brittany, which is full of interest. It is not abundant, but, taken along with the ancient remains of that beautiful country, it presents a field of observation and study second to none in Europe. It is most exciting for a Highlander to travel in Brittany, and to see and hear what he sees and hears there. Everywhere he meets something different from home and something like it. Above all, it is the region of poetry, of which, as with ourselves, almost all the literature consists. I would advise every Celtic enthusiast to travel in Brittany. He brings home facts and impressions new to him and full of instruction.

The literature of Cornwall is like that of Brittany, not extensive. It is remarkable that these two projections into the Atlantic, the two Corn-

walls, one of France and one of Britain, are occupied by a Celtic race, and till recently both by a Celtic tongue. And these two tongues are closely related, and are the possession of what must originally have been the same people. The remains of Cornish literature have only been printed recently, but were it nothing else than William's Cornu-British Lexicon, that literature has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the race.

In Wales the literature is abundant. Numerous newspapers and other periodicals exist, and you could fill the shelves of a moderately sized library with original works in prose and verse. If I were a rich man I would like to collect a Celtic library. But as I am not, I must collect such books as I can. But the Gaelic Society of Inverness might set itself to do a less wise thing than to collect a library of works in the six Celtic tongues. (Hear, hear.) It would be unique and full of interest.

Man has its literature—peculiar, but of much value, giving us a special and distinct orthography, and retaining idioms peculiar to itself. I have been in Man, and tried to converse in Manx. But they are hard to understand these Manxmen. And their profuse admixture of English with the native language makes it more difficult and not easy to comprehend.

The literature of Ireland is an honour to the race and country. It gives some idea of what the native Celt really is. I have a great respect for the Saxon. He has proved his worth by what he has done in the history of the world. No race in it has left a broader or a deeper mark. But he does not readily mix with the Celt. There are sources of irremovable antagonism between them, and hence they are hindrances and not helps to the progress of each other. The bitterness that fills the Irish native mind is not that of politics or religion. It is, as I said, of race, and will not easily be removed. But hard pressed as the Irish have been by their antagonist, the Irish have noble relics of the past—relics worthy of a great people. In literature were there nothing but their annals, they are a possession such as no other nation has, and the recent publication of large sections of their literary remains, in transcribed MSS., presents us with a literature well worthy of the name.

Our Gaelic literature is but a section of the literature of the Celtic race, and is not to be taken alone. In quantity it may be less than either the Irish or the Welsh; in quality it is behind none. Ossian, as we possess it, is the finest production of the Celtic mind. (Cheers.) I enter here into no controverted question, but take the poems as we have them. Much of the Irish Ossianic poetry is doggerel, though there are fine fragments. But Ossian, as Macpherson gave it to the world, is poetry, rich in all that constitutes poetry, and made an impression to correspond. Saxon jealousy and some Celtic broke out against it, as it would to-morrow again in the same circumstances. But there it is, and you might as well attempt to blot one of the stars out of the firmament as the name of Ossian out of the roll of the world's great poets. (Loud cheers.) The very controversies regarding him and his poetry are tokens of his power. Gaelic literature, both prose and verse, is of great antiquity, so great that it was in its period of decadence before the English language existed as we now have it. (Hear, hear.) The remains of it are few, it may be, but they are samples of what must have been a wonderful whole. The MSS. existing—theological, philosophical, medical, astrological, genealogical, topo-

graphical, grammatical, &c.—are mere samples, but they are samples that could not have existed did they not represent a great deal more. (Applause.) They all indicate a maturity that could only come of extensive practice. Some of these, such as the Book of Deer, and the works of the Mull Macleans, the physicians of the Lords of the Isles, are unmistakably Scottish. Modern Celtic literature, I need hardly say here, is largely composed of poetry. For 150 years poets have been singing in Gaelic on all the subjects that usually interest their class. From Mac Mhaighistir Alastair and Donnachadh Ban we have a string of them, while even before their day we shall find Iain Lom and John Roy Stewart. Even now they exist, and two of them I know as connected with my own flock in Edinburgh—Mrs Mackellar and Neil Macleod—no unworthy members of the fraternity of Gaelic bards. We lately lost an admirable Gaelic Scholar in the person of Mr D. C. Macpherson. I confess to a great love of the Gaelic tongue. People say it is dying. So much the greater the pity. (Hear.) People tell you, would it not be better to have but one spoken tongue in the country? Not a bit. Does the British army lose by its variety of nationalities? Quite the contrary. It adds to its strength. Its Irish and Highland and Welsh and English regiments add to the general strength and life of the army, so do the various tongues as they exist among us add to the general power and high spirit of the British nation. They coalesce admirably, and yet each has its own distinctive character and force. Things don't gain in grace and power by being reduced to the level of a common uniformity. It does not do to make a man all head or all heart. He is the better of having a share of both in suitable proportion. So the Gaelic should live, and to live should be taught. (Hear, hear.) A Highlander who talks Gaelic is not educated unless he can read it. (Cheers.) I have nothing against the national school system. I believe more of the youth of the Highlands are getting a better education than ever in their history. But I fear that there is less teaching of the native tongue from what I hear. It is not justice to the people of the Highlands not to teach them to read Gaelic. (Applause.) How it is to be done I am not to discuss. There are plenty funds to serve the purpose if they could be got at, and I do not know a more patriotic object to devote them to. It is all well to speak of Gaelic literature; but what is the use of a literature that cannot be read. (Hear.) And I speak very emphatically of religious literature, which has done so much for the elevation of our Highland countrymen. It will be useless if it cannot be read. Our Bibles and Catechisms and other moral and religious publications, of which there are so many, will be thrown well nigh away if the people have not the power of reading them. The reading of Gaelic must be taught while the people speak it, and this Gaelic Society of Inverness, which has done good service already, must do more by knocking at every door that offers the slightest hope until the object is accomplished. All faithful and loyal Highlanders must join in this. I have taken my own share of the work, and I am willing to take more. Alexander Macdonald says of the Gaelic:—

'S i labhair Adhamh ann an Parras fein
'S bu shiubhlach Gaelig a beul aluinn Eubh',
Och! tha 'bhuil ann! 's uireasbhach, gann, fo dhith,
Gloir gach teang' a labhradh cainnt ach i.

I must say a word on the social condition of the Highlands. Highlanders may now be divided into two great sections—the home and the colonial. I have seen and perused with interest the accounts given of their visits to America by Mr Mackenzie and Mr Murdoch, your two active and energetic Celtic editors. (Applause.) It is of importance for us to know the lot of our countrymen both in Canada and the United States, and they have given us a faithful picture of it. I have been in America, too, and have visited most of the townships in Canada where Gaelic is spoken. It is, however, six-and-thirty years ago, and things must be changed since. But I saw sufficient to satisfy me that Highlanders had for the most part made a good exchange. I took dinner one day in the farm-house of a Skye emigrant. I was made most comfortable, and asked my host which he liked best, America or Skye? His answer was, "I could not spread such a table as that before my guests in Skye." He had improved his condition substantially, and all was his own. He had no fear of landlord, or factor, or sheriff-officer. But America has its drawbacks. I would specially notice the climate. The heat and the cold are both terrific. There are immense distances to travel, bad roads, and a multitude of minor inconveniences. America is no garden of Eden, although a good country for men who practically have no other. But is not this a better country, and is there not abundant room in it yet? (Laughter and cheers.) I am no revolutionist. The rights of property may not lawfully be abolished. But I am here to say that our landlords never did a thing more unwise than in driving their people out of the country. The people they have sent adrift are now their great rivals in the produce markets, and they will be so increasingly. All America needs is a market for her produce, and men have immense advantages who have no rent to pay. It used to be said that every man we sent abroad became a consumer of our produce of various kinds. He has turned out a producer, and a very abundant one. When I see our desolated straths and glens, I cannot but think of the infatuation that sent the people who once filled them away to cultivate the forests and prairies of America, enriching another nation, and impoverishing our own—(loud cheers)—and my feelings are the same when I see the back streets and lanes of our cities occupied by a people who once trod independently their native heath, spoke and sung in their native language, and contributed their share largely by their toil to the national wealth. Such things will and must have their Nemesis. (Applause.) It would be better for the land, the landlord, and the people, that the Highlanders had been left to cultivate the land which they called their own, which they won and kept by the sword for their landords during many generations, and from which they were cast out as a thing of nought. (Applause.) How the evil is to be remedied I don't pretend to say. But if there is to be legislation in connection with our land laws, the Gaelic Society of Inverness might use their influence in directing it with regard to the Highlands in the way most likely to serve the interests of the Highland people. In many parts of the country they themselves seem to have a very small share of that civil liberty for which as a nation we struggled so long, and may, perhaps, be afraid to act. Their friends must act for them.

One other subject. Can we not next year have a census of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland? The Irish had it last census but one.

Why should not we? The Church Committee, of which I am convener, have unanimously memorialised Government in favour of such a census. It would be full of interest, and could be made to serve important practical grades. Would this society send a memorial to the same effect? It is quite in their line, and would be of great and substantial service to the Highlands. Your excellent M.P., Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has promised his hearty support.

And now let me again thank you for the honour you have done me. I wish your Society a long and prosperous course, and desire that it may serve to promote largely the best interests of our much-loved Highlands. And in taking leave, let me say with the Gaelic bard :—

Gu meal sibh breth agus buaidh,
Gu meal sibh uaill agus muirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an cein,
'S mo bheannachd fein dhuibh air thus.

. . . . . .

"An la a chi 'us nach faich."

About half the musical part of the programme having been exhausted, Mr Colin Chisholm was called upon by the Chief, and he spoke eloquently in Gaelic as follows :—

A Dheadh Chinn-iuil, A Bhantighearnan agus a Dhaoine uailse.

A thaobh 's gun cuala sibh Gaidhlig mhath agus moran do dheadh Bheurlia 'o 'n Ollamh MacLachlain, cha ruig mise leas guth a radh mu dheibhinn sean eachdraidh na Gaidhealtachd ; chuala sibh sin 'o fhear a tha moran nis fiosraiche na mise. Ach feudaidh sinn iomradh a thoirt air beagan ghnothaichean is fhaisge air ar tiom fein.

Bho 'n tha soar-shaigdearan a Bhaile so cho math 's gun tug iad cead dhuinn cruinneachadh a nochd fo chromagan an tigh 's modha 's is fhearr tha aca fein tha duil agamsa gum biodh e araid focal na dha a channtainn mu 'n deibhinn ann sa chiad dol a mach. A reir mo bheachdsa, tha e na aobhar uaill 's na aobhar toilichidh do mhuinntir Inbhirnis gum bheil na ceudan de'n daoine fein ullamh fodh arm 's fodh eideadh gu iad fein agus an duthaich a dhion.

Tha iad cho foghuintach, cho tapaidh, cho ealanta, 's cho glan-ionnsuichte an cleasachd nan arm, agus anns gach cleas eile ri daoine tha giubhlan cota dubh na dearg, eadar dha cheann na Rioghachd. Na 'n tigeadh caonnag, na cogadh, 's gu'm bidh ceartas an cunnard, a choir ri sheasamh, na toireachd ri thoirt a mach, dheanadh misneachd, cruadal, 's treubhantas saor-shaigdearan Inbhirnis so a dhearbhadh.

Tha cuid ag radh gun robh na Gaidheil bho shean cho trailleil 's gun rachadh iad do 'n choille comhla ri 'n ceann-cinnidh gus an taghadh iad a chraobh ris am bu mhath leo bhi air an crochadh. Cha 'n eil mise creidsinn guth dheth so. Tha lan dearbhadh againn ged bha na daoine bho n d' thainig sinn fior mhodhail, gun robh iad neo-eisimaileach, agus ro dhileas dha na tighearnan. Mar dhearbhadh air an earbsa as an deadh-bheachd fein dh' islich iad Mac-ic Aillean, agus fear-na Ceapaich ; chuir iad as an ard-inbhe le cheile iad agus chuir iad daoine eile na 'n aite. Bha Clann-choinnich cho beachdail 's cho ceannasach 's nach leigeadh iad le 'n ceann-cinnidh, Iarla Sithphort, Caisteal Bhraithainn a leagail gu lar. Nuair a ghabh tighearna Ghlinnurachidh na cheann gun togadh e Caisteal dha fhein shuidhich e steidh air bruthach ri taobh Loch-ta, ach cha do

thaitinn an larach ri na Cambeullaich, 's b-fheudar do "Dhunnachadh Dubh na Curaice," Caisteal a Bheallaich a thogail aig ceann Loch ta. Bho so chi sinn nach robh na Finneachan Gaidhealach gun chomhairle na 'n ceann fein. Bha na tighearnan ag earbsa as an t-slaugh agus an slaugh earbsach as na tighearnan, fhad sa chitheadh iad ceartas a dol air adhart. Ach bha na Gaidheil laidir, daingean n' am beachd fein. Mar dhearbhadh air so, seall mar rinn iad am bliadhna Thearlaich air tighearna Ghrannd. Thionail e aona-ceud-deug fear, 's dh-iarr e orra eiridh le Diuchd Uilleam; cha do fhreagair duine ach naodhnar as a cheud e. Air an aon doigh, thionail Mac Leoid mile fear mu Chaisteal Dhunbheagan, 's cha do lean e fein agus Diuchd Uilleam ach an coigeamh earrainn de chuid daoine. Chuir Diuchd Athul, agus Morair Bhraidalba an cuid daoine cruinn, ach an deamhan aona mhac maithir idir a fhuair an Diuchd na 'n t Iarla a leigeadh urachar na bhuaileadh buille an aghaidh Phrionns' Tearlach. Sin agaibh lan-dearbhadh air gu'n robh na Gaidheil saor-inntinneach nuair thigeadh a chuis gu h-aon sa dha. Cha do shoillsich a ghrian air daoine na bu dilse na Gaidheil Alba. Na 'm bidh dearbhadh bhuainn air so, dh'fhonadh dhuinn cuimhneachadh mar leum fear an deigh fear do sheachd-nar bhraithrean a dol eadar Mac Illean agus saighdean a naimhdean ann am blar Inbhir-cheithinn. Latha Raonruari leum a bhrathair-altrum eadar an Ridire Eoghain Camaran Lochial 's fear-bogha bha deanamh cuimse air an Ridire; char an t-saighead na chridhe fein, ach thearruinn e beatha 'n Ridire. La na Maoile-ruaidhe am braidhe-Lochabar leum an t-aireach-mor eadar fear-na-Ceapaich agus na naimhdean bha 'n comhar a bheatha a thoirt dheth.

Dh'fhaodainn moran innse de leithid so, ach bha na Gaidheil cho dileas ann 's gach doigh eile sa bha iad an teas a bhlair. An deigh la na dunach air sliabh Chuilodair bha airgiod cheann air a thairgse a iomadh fear, 's deich mile fichead air a thairgse a run an t-sluaigh, Prionns' Tearrlach. Tha fios agaibh uile ged a thairgeadh iad deich mile fichead millian punnd Sassunnach nach robh duine air Gaeltachd na h-Alba ghabhadh e. Thairg iad mile punnd Sassunnach a ceann tighearna Chluani. 'S cha robh duine na gille 'm Baideanach aig nach robh fios gun robh e na dhuthaich fein. Thug muinntir Bhaideanach an aire mhath air fad na 'n naoi bliadhna bha e fo 'n choille. Char e sin do 'n Fhraing 's dh-eug e goirid an deigh dha dhol thairis.

Theagamh gun can fear-eigin gur "dan mar dhurachd" a bhi seinn cliu nan Gaidheal, 's gu'n cuir e mar cheisd, an robh droch dhuine riamh na 'm measg? 'S fheudar aideachadh g'un robh aon salachar dhuine an Asuinn mu thuath a bhrath an deadh shaighdear, 's an deadh cheannard Montrose. Mar dhuais, fhuair e luchd luinge do mhin bhreoite 's thubh-airt Ian Lom—

Marbh-phasg ort a mhi-mheis
Nach olc a reic thu 'm fireun,
Airson na mine Litich,
'S da thrian di goirt.

Bha mile punnd Sassunnach air ceann Mhic Shimidh; 's gu bhi cinnteach gun glacadh iad e chuir iad feachd de na saighdearan dearga air Blar-na-Coinlich, feachd eil aig Bail-a-gheta, feachd eile air an Roan-fhearna aig Struidh; agus feachd eil air Lon-bhrodhlainn, a chum 's gum faigheadh iad e ma bha e aon chuid air an talamh no fodha. Chuairtaich iad

oighreachd Mhic Shimidh eadar ard as iosal le saighdearan dearga. 'S e 'n Cambeullach dubh bha na cheannard air feachd Lon-bhrodhlainn. So am fear ris an d' thuirt Mac Mhaighistir Alastair—

Cambeullach dubh Earraghael
Mac a mhurtair, odha mhearlaich,
Air an t-sraichd a fhuair e arach
'S bhiodh e 'm pairt ri mearlaich a chruidh.

Ge'd bha e dubh, cha robh e gun iochd 's gun bhaidh ri muinntir nan gleann. Bha duine bha fuathasach neo-mhaitheach agus neo-threoc-aireach air cheann na 'm feachdan eile eadar talamh Mhic Shimidh agus Inbhirnis. 'S e Maidsear Logard a b-ainm dha 'n duine-so, agus a reir sgeoil bha e na chreachadar 's na chuis-fheagail do shluagh na Gaidh-ealtachd. Thuirt bean uasal bho 'n tug e an crodh—

Tha crodh agam an Sassunn,
'S tha iad an glasadh a 'm Pairce,
Mu ghabhus sibh an urra riu 'n tochradh
'S e Maidsear Logard an t-aireach.

Bha dithis mhac do'n t-Siosalach Ghlaiseach na 'n Ofigich fodh 'n duine-so; la de na lathaichean dh-iarr e air an dithis dhaoine-so a bhi ullaimh sa mhaduim am maireach gu dhol a losgadh Caisteal agus duthaich an athair. Char iad a ghabhail lethsgeul an athair, ach bhagair e air falbh as fhianuis iad. Mu chiarachdainn na 'n trath thainig dearcag ghlas ris an canair am bitheantas peilear, 's ghabh an grainne-so rathad direach triomh chom, 's thug e an t-olc 's an t-anam comhla a corp Logard; agus cha deach duthaich an t-Siosalaich a losgadh fhathasd. Thug Mac Shimidh Morthir air. Thug iad an aire fad uine ann sa Mhorthir aige fein air; ach mar a bha cham-chomhail air chaidh e thairis air Loch-Morair agus ghabh e tuinid ann an cos seann chraobh mhor a thuit tarsainn air allt ris an canar Allt-a-bhearraidh. Bha 's an am ann a Meobul trusdar air an robh Iain mac Raild mhic Lachlain —— Dh'fheudainn fhine innse, ach ge 'd a dh' innseadh, tha fhios "Nach eil coille gun a crionaich 's nach eil fine gun a diabhail." Bhrath am fear so an seann duine agus fhuair e an t-airgiod cinn; 's bha e fein agus Uistean a mhac 'n an daoine mora fhad 'sa mhair an t-airgiod-fola; ach, nuair a dh'eug Uistean, b' fheudar do na coimhearsnaich a thiolaigeadh air an cosg fein; 's cha 'n eil duine beo an diugh de 'n dream do 'n robh e ach aon duine a tha mu dheas. Chum am Bard air chuimhne gun robh oillt aig muinntir na duthcha roimh 'n bhrathadair agus a shliochd,

Cha chluinn sinn aca mar cheol cluaise
Ach a moladh uaisle 'n athair,
Am fear a reic an censpunn rioghal
Air son mile dh' airgiod bratha.

Nuair a bha oighreachd an t-Sruthain an lamhan a Chruin chuir dubh-lachd a gheamhraidh an Seardsan Mor, Iain-Dubh Camaran, a ghabhail cuid na h-oidhche an tigh drochairt a bhrath e; 's cha do sheas cuid no daoine dha an deigh sin. Bho latha Iudas gu so cha d'eirich gu math do'n fhear-bhratha.

Ann an tri-fichead bliadhna sa ceithir thogadh tri-deug'-ar-fhichead do reiseamaidean an Gaidhealtachd Alba. Tha e air innse dhuinn le luchd eachdraidh gu 'n do thogadh da-mhile dheug agus coig ceud fear dhiubh

sin mu thuath air Peairt, agus sin uile ann an aon ochd-mhiosan-deug. Co meud a thogadh iad a 'n diugh feadh nan Garbh-chrioch?

Ged' a chuireadh iad an ceannard is foghuintiche fo 'n Chrun an diugh a thogail dhaoine, cha 'n eil duil agamsa gu 'm b' urrainn tighearnan na Gaidhealtachd gu leir aon reiseamaid a chur ri cheile. Cha 'n eil daoine ann; tha chuid mhor de 'n talamh na fhasaichean aig fiadh-bhiastan an achaidh, agus a reir coltas tha cuid de na daoine fhuair an talamh air chumhnant bhi na 'n cul-taice dha 'n t-slaugh ro dheonach an sgriobadh as an rathad buileach glan.

The Chief at this stage had to leave the meeting, and his place was taken, amid cheers, by Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn, a previous chief of the Society. During the usual interval of ten minutes, Pipe-major Ronald Mackenzie delighted the audience with the (Highland) soul-stirring strains of his bagpipes, fingered in a most masterly and perfect manner. More music—Gaelic and English solos and part-songs—followed, when

The Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., brought an exceedingly successful meeting to a close by proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the Chief of the Society in the following appropriate terms, and amidst the general cheering of the audience:—He had no doubt they would all join him in according a very hearty vote of thanks to the Chief of the Society, Dr Maclauchlan—(cheers)—who had given them such a splendid address, and such an interesting account of the many dialects comprised in the term Celtic. (Loud applause.) He, however, could not do justice to himself or to his subject in that effeminate language (English)—(laughter and cheers)—and would have to turn to his own forcible Gaelic. (Cheers.) He then went on to say in that language how much they were all indebted to Dr Maclauchlan for coming so far to do his duty as Chief of the Society, and congratulated him on the excellent manner in which he did it. He expressed his regret that their veteran friend, Professor Blackie, found himself at the last moment unable to join them—(cheers)—and so left a conspicuous blank in their programme. In his letter of apology for non-attendance, Professor Blackie referred to the present position of the Celtic Chair. In connection with his achievements in making the Chair a success, the Professor deserved their most hearty congratulations. (Loud cheers.) A Chair of the Celtic languages would soon be an established fact in the University of Edinburgh, and he (Mr Macgregor) was only giving expression to a feeling almost unanimous among educated Highlanders when he said that the Professor and those associated with him could not do better than confer the Professorship, in his old age, upon the Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, the venerable Dr Maclauchlan—(loud cheers)—who had done so much real service in the Celtic field already as to make them all feel that the Chair should be at least offered to him. (Cheers.) He was sorry Dr Maclauchlan had to leave them so early, but they had another excellent Celt, Captain Chisholm, a previous Chief of the Society to take his place. (Cheers.) They were also indebted to him for his present services, as well as for many which had gone before. (Cheers.)

MONUMENT TO MR ANGUS MACDONALD.

During a recent visit to the glorious glen of Urquhart we sauntered into the churchyard, and was gratified to find a very neat headstone, with an appropriate inscription, with all the appearance of having been recently erected, in memory of the late Angus Macdonald, known as the Glen-Urquhart Gaelic Bard, and especially, during the last few years of his life, as the first Bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The stone is about six feet in height, unpretentious and neat, and such as we could fancy the old bard himself would have chosen if he had any voice in the matter. Especially would he be gratified to find himself buried, among his ancestors and more immediate relations, in a pretty, square, grassy plot, levelled and railed in from the neglected—disgracefully neglected—surroundings. In each corner within the neat railing are planted fine yews, while at the foot of the grave luxuriates a very pretty white heath.

The inscription, composed by Mrs Mackenzie, the bard's daughter, herself inheriting no small share of her father's talents, is as follows :—

Died 9th September, 1874,
ANGUS WILLIAM MACDONALD,
Glen-Urquhart,
Aged 70 *Years*,
FIRST BARD OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

Kind-hearted and talented,
Loved and lamented ;
A true Highlander,
With more than ordinary love
For his country and countrymen.
His faults were many ;
He that is without any
Let him cast a stone
At him. I loved him well ;
He was my father ;
And sacred to his memory
These words are penned
By her he loved best,
With the hope that at rest
His soul is with Christ,
His righteous judge.

On the other side of the monument is an appropriate inscription in memory of the bard's father, John Macdonald, the famous catechist.

The memorial is creditable to the feeling and good taste of the late bard's son-in-law—Mr Alexander Mackenzie, merchant, Church Street, Inverness, at whose expense, we understand, it has been erected. But he has it in his power to do more than this. He should at once proceed to give the bard's works to the Celtic world. Macdonald composed numerous pieces of great merit, and he left most of them, in MS., available for publication. Two highly meritorious compositions—his "Lament for Lord Clyde" and his "Highlanders in the Crimea"—were printed in the first volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, but these are by no means his best. We had, on a recent occasion, the pleasure of perusing several of them in MS., and we have no hesitation in saying that Mr and Mrs Mackenzie will fail in their duty, not only to the memory of the bard, but to the whole Gaelic-reading public, unless they take early steps to give his poems to the world in a permanent form.

FARMS INDEED! AND SOULS TO MATCH.

—o—

We extract the following account of Mammoth farms, and fine Highland patriotism, from a letter just received from a native of Wester Ross, who has been able, to all appearance, to butter his bread pretty thickly in South Australia. The letter was none the less interesting that it contained a P.O.O. for £10 to pay for several of the best Celtic works in circulation, ordered by the writer. Describing his own farm and that of a friend, he says :—"Our run is a great deal longer than the county of Inverness. There is plenty of land here for poor Highlanders to settle on, and you are, I have no doubt, aware that our land laws are the most liberal of all the Australian colonies. I had a letter the other day from a friend, a native of Kenlochewe, informing me that he was after buying a large farm of ninety thousand and sixty-five (90,065) acres. He has other two farms besides. Last year he reaped one thousand acres of wheat, yet twenty-five years ago he came to this country quite poor." The writer then proceeds—"Accept the heartfelt thanks of a Highlander from home, who dearly loves his native country, for your eloquent speech at the Annual Dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, in defence of the language and literature and the character of the Highlanders against the sweeping, ungenerous, and unfounded charges made against them by Inspector Ross and others. You handled the subject well, and left the great Ross without a leg to stand upon, or rather, you swept away the cumbrous aud twisted stilts on which he supported himself, and you brought him down to the level of common mortals—indeed, far beneath them in the opinion of all true-hearted Highlanders. It's a foul bird that defiles his own nest, and this scholastic philosopher has done so to a most damaging degree—

When as a philosopher he sprung
Like a mushroom from the dung,
His poisoned shafts with vengeance flung
At the Gael's head.
For such a deed he should be hung
Until dead, dead.

That is my wish for all electro-plated Saxons. The genuine Saxon is a noble fellow, but the 'would-bes' are a mean, base, contemptible lot, whether of Irish or Scottish origin ; the unnatural animals have always the same peculiarities." Our friend adds, after a bit of genuine Gaelic, the following postscript :—

Excuse this scribbling blundering letter,
For I have no time to write it better ;
The men are ready at the yards standing,
To begin their work of drafting and branding.

Before the sun sinks in the deep,
We must run through ten thousand sheep,
And call them out with skill and care,
Ready to start them for the fair.

To me the task is not quite easy,
With hands so grimy, black, and greasy,
Deftly to guide the pen,
Indite a letter, and watch my men.

Farewell again my Celtic friend,
My best regards to thee I send ;
Mark ! let my work be ever so hard
I still must play the embryo bard.

HOIRINN HO, CHA BHI SINN TURSACH.

—o—

Luinneag—Hoirinn ho, cha bhi sinn tursach,
Gabhaibh oran, 's olaibh srubag,
Dh' fhaodadh fortan thigh'nn an duthaich,
Nach eil duil agaibh, 'ni feum dhuibh.

Mile marbhaisg 'air an t' saoghal,
'S mairg a bheir anabarra gaoil da,
'S mor gum b' fhearr a bhi as aonais,
Na fear fhaotainn nach dean feum dheth.
Hoirinn oh, &c.

Am fear a bhios da thional gabhaidh,
Rud aige, 's nach cuir e 'lamh air,
Bithear dha sgaoileadh air cach,
An deighe 'bhais, 's cha 'n fhearrd e fein e.
Hoirinn ho, &c.

Chunna mise daoine coire,
Na mo nabachd, ri am m' oige,
'S nuair a shuidheadh iad mu bhord,
Bu bhinn an ceol a bhi dha 'n eisneachd.
Hoirinn ho, &c.

Gheibhte ceol, is ol, is manran,
Gheibhte rainn, is fuinn, is gair' ann,
Gheibhte piob mhor nan dos ard',
Aig Iain Macaoidh, 's be lamh ga gleusadh.
Hoirinn ho, &c.

Thainig rud eile bho 'n uair sin,
Thainig gaine, 's thainig cruadal,
Thainig prois, is croic, gun uaisle,
'S dh' fhas na daoine fuar ri cheile.
Hoirinn ho, &c.

Am fear a shaolas tu 'tha sabhailt,
H-uile ni dh'fheumas e 'laimh ris,
Min, is anlan, is buntata,
'S miosa 'ghair na da ghil-deirce.
Hoirinn ho, &c.

NOTE.—The above Gaelic song is the composition of Alexander Campbell, better known as "Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair," a Gairloch bard of considerable local celebrity. Three of his pieces have already appeared in the *Celtic Magazine*, namely, "Marbh-rann do Bhailidh Eachainn," pp, 80-81; "Oran an Uisge-bheatha," pp. 249-250; and "Tha Buaidh air an Uisge-bheath," pp. 337-338—all in vol. i. His "Moladh Chlann Domhnuill," published, without the author's name, in "The Mountain Songster," is well known and highly popular. The only other piece of the Bard's composition which has hitherto secured the dignity of type is his "Tigh Dige na 'm Fear Eachannach," published in a small collection of Gaelic songs printed by the late General John Mackenzie—"Fighting Jack,"—for private circulation. His poems were collected and prepared for publication, by John Mackenzie, in the "Beauties," but they were "unavoidably omitted in the first edition." They were, however promised to appear in the second, as "lays which are particularly cherished among his countrymen"; but, unfortunately, the compiler did not live to see the second edition issued, and his MS. of these, as well as of many others, has, we fear, for ever disappeared.—[ED. *C.M.*]

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

XI.

It will be remembered that Sir Donald Gallda, the last male representative of Celestine of Lochalsh, second son of Alexander, third Earl of Ross of the race of Macdonald, and immediate younger brother of John, fourth and last Earl, died about 1518-19. Also that Donald Dubh, the son of Angus Og of the Isles, and grandson of the last Earl, was still in captivity in the Castle of Edinburgh when we last parted with the reader. We must at present leave him there, and return to

Hugh, First of Sleat, third son of Earl Alexander, and youngest brother of Earl John, and of Celestine of Lochalsh. Very little is known of Hugh's doings. In 1460, accompanied by William Macleod of Harris and "the young gentlemen of the Isles," he made a raid into Orkney and ravaged the country. Hugh's father, Earl Alexander, was taken prisoner to Edinburgh, and while there he dined with the Earl of Orkney, when "some sort of pudding was laid before them," apparently containing suet or other such fatty substance. The Sleat historian, Hugh Macdonald, and the author of the Macvurich MS., are the only writers who take any notice of this expedition, which, it will be seen, was of considerable importance, though it had its origin in a boasting frolic between the respective chiefs:—"Macdonald (Earl Alexander) pressed the Earl of Orkney to eat (the pudding), who said he would not eat *light*. Macdonald replied, that as he himself was not used to such light, he would eat of it. The Earl of Orkney asked what sort of light was wont to be burnt in his presence. Macdonald turning about, and seeing Lauchlane Maclean behind him, desired the Earl to inquire at that man standing. Maclean said there was no other light but wax burnt before Macdonald. Upon this subject they discoursed until such time as the Earl of Orkney invited Macdonald to breakfast with him next morning. Macdonald invited the Earl of Orkney rather to breakfast with him, who answered, that his breakfast would be sooner ready. Macdonald said, not so. Wagers being laid, and pledges given on both sides, in the night time the Earl of

Orkney sent twelve men through the town, desiring that none should dress or make meat ready for Macdonald that night, and likewise should supply him with no fuel for firing early in the morning. Maclean, getting up by times next day, could get no fuel, and remembered what happened the preceding night between the Earl of Orkney and his own master; whereupon he cut so many bows in their company, of which he made fire, and prepared a venison breakfast. Orkney being disappointed when called to breakfast with Macdonald, and much incensed, said to Macdonald, Do you think to equal or cope with me in power and authority? Macdonald said he had a young son at home, who would be his equal and match in full, and would undertake to harrass his country, if he himself would procure liberty from the King. The Earl of Orkney said, if Macdonald would undertake to fulfil his engagements, he would procure the King's leave. These promises being ratified, they went home. At this time Macdonald gave the Isle of Tyree to Maclean, and sent his son Austine (Hugh), with all the young heritors of lands, to harrass the Orkney inhabitants, who expected and waited for their arrival, and had encamped in a little promontory pointing out in the sea, thinking the Islanders would land there, and be defeated on their landing. But Austine took another course; for there was another point directly opposite to that in which the people of Orkney were encamped, separated by a long arm of the sea; here he landed his men. The Orcadians had to go round the head of this bay before they could come at their enemies. At first they came on furiously, but being as bravely resisted, they fell back in confusion, on which a great slaughter ensued, for the common people there are said to be no great warriors, whatever their gentry are. One of their best soldiers, called Gibbon, was killed. The Earl of Orkney himself was killed, single-hand, by one of William Macleod of Harris's men, called Murdo MacCotter, who was afterwards Maclean's ensign-bearer. Having routed the enemy, Austin and his party began to ravage the country, that being the only reward they had for their pains and fatigue; with which, having loaded their galleys, (they) returned home. Austine having halted at Caithness, he got a son by the Crowner of Caithness's daughter, of the name of Gun, which at that time was a very flourishing name there, descended of the Danes. This son was called Donald Gallich, being brought up in that county in his younger years; for the ancient Scots, until this day, call the county of Caithness Gallibh."*

Hugh Macdonald of Sleat, the first of this family, has a charter under the Great Seal, dated 10th November 1495, as follows:—"Hugoni Alexandri de Insulis, Domino de Slete, fratri Joannis de Yle, Comitis Rossiæ, et heredibus suis masculis inter ipsum Hugonem et Fynvolam, Alexandri Joannis de Ardnamurchan, legitime seu illegitime procreatis seu procreandis, ac ipsorum legitimis heredibus, quibus omnibus deficientibus heredibus suis masculis post mortem præfatæ Fynvolæ, inter ipsum Hugonem, et quam cunque aliam mulierem de concilio dicti Comitis, viz. Donaldi de Insulis Domini Dunnowaig et de Glynnis, Celestini de Insulis de Lochalche, Lachlani Macgilleoni de Doward, et Alexandri Joannis de Ardnamurchan, quibus deficientibus tunc de concilio ipsorum heredum vel ipsius deficientis heredis, electam super cartam sibi factam per dictum

* Transactions of the Iona Club, pp. 306-307.

Joannem de Yle, Comitem Rossiæ et Dominum Insularum, de data 28 Junii 1449, testibus Donaldo de Insulis, Domino de Dunnowaig, et de Glynnis, Celestino de Insulis de Lochalche, fratre dicti Comitis, Lachlano Macgilleon, Domino de Doward, Joanne Macgilleon de Lochboyg, Lachlano juvente Macgilleon, Magistro de Doward, Willielmo Macloyd de Glennelg, Roderico Macleod de Leoghys, Alexandro Joannis de Ardnamurchan, Joanne Lachlani Macgilleon de Colla, et Thoma de Moro, secretario dicti Comitis ac rectore de Kilmanawik, terris triginta mercarum de Skerehowg, duodecim merc de Benbecila, denariatam de Gergremyniss ex parte boreale de Uist, duab. den. de Scolpic, quatuor den. de Gremynes, duab. den. de Talawmartin, sex den. de Oroinsaig, dim. den. de Wanylis, et dim. den. de insula Gillegerve, una cum terris viginti octo mercarum de Slete, jacen. in dominio Insularum, tenend. de dicto Joanne de Yle."*

It will be observed that by this charter the lands named therein were to go to the descendants of Hugh of Sleat and Finvola of Ardnamurchan, whether legitimate or illegitimate.

Having died in 1498, the same year as his father, John, last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, Hugh of Sleat cannot properly be reckoned as one of the succeeding chiefs even of this line of the Macdonalds. He never did succeed to that honour. In addition to Sleat, which he occupied during the life of his father, we have seen by the charter of 1495, above quoted, that he also possessed lands in Uist and Benbecula, but during the rule of one of his successors, the whole of these lands are granted by Precept, dated 23d of August 1505, to the Chief of the Clanranald Allansons of Islandtirrim.†

We have already seen that the legitimacy of both Celestine of Lochalsh and Hugh of Sleat was called in question. At present we shall only refer the reader to the authorities quoted in No. 54, pp. 218-219—reserving full discussion of the whole question for the special chapter which, later on, shall be devoted to a consideration of the rights to the CHIEFSHIP, according to the *jus sanguinus*, or right of blood.

Hugh Macdonald, first of Sleat, married, first, Finvola, daughter of Alexander Macian (Macdonald) of Ardnamurchan, and by her had issue, one son—

1. John, who succeeded him as his heir.

He married,(?) secondly, a daughter of Gun, Crowner of Caithness, by whom he had a son—

2. Donald Gallach, who succeeded his brother John. He had also

3. Donald Herrach, by a daughter of Macleod of Harris, whether legitimate or not cannot be ascertained, but there is no record, that we can find, of any marriage which has taken place between Hugh of Sleat and a daughter of Macleod of Harris. From Donald Herrach descended the Macdonalds of Balranald and others in the Western Isles.

4. Archibald, or *Gillespic Dubh*, an illegitimate son, of whom hereafter.

Hugh of Sleat died in 1498, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XI. JOHN MACDONALD, known as "John Huchonson," or Hugh's Son, second of Sleat, who is instructed by two charters, the one to Ranald MacAllan, of the Clanranald Allansons, of lands in Uist, and of some

* Wood's Douglas's Peerage, vol. ii., pp. 11-12; Reg. Great Seal, xiii., 150.
† Privy Seal, vol. iii., folio 15.

lands which belonged to John's father, Hugh of Sleat, held by Ranald of John, Lord of the Isles, "on the resignation of John Huchounson of Sleit, son and heir of the said deceased Hugh," dated 5th of August 1498, the same year in which John succeeded to these lands on the death of his father, Hugh of Sleat. The other charter is in favour of "Angus Rewathson Makranald, of the lands of Arrassaik, Keppath," &c., also on the resignation of John, Hugh's son.

This John Huchonson is found among those who made their submission to the King at the Castle of Mingarry in Ardnamurchan in 1495, during his father's life.

He died, without issue, in 1502, and was succeeded, as representative of the family, by his half brother,

XII. Donald Gallach Macdonald, third of Sleat. The strict legitimacy of this chief has always been considered doubtful; and we can find no record of any formal marriage by his father to the daughter of Gun, Crowner of Caithness. Even the family historian, Hugh Macdonald, who on all occasions showed such an inclination to bastardise the descendants of all the other branches of the Macdonalds to glorify his own chief, does not assert that there was a formal marriage, and such was hardly possible in the circumstances which he describes. Indeed his MS., already quoted, is strong presumptive evidence the other way. The fact that his brother John made over all his possessions to the Clanranald Allansons past his own half-brother, has been held by some as an element which goes to strengthen the same assumption. In any case Donald appears to have had neither possessions nor influence, whatever may have been the reason. Gregory says on this point:—John, the eldest son of Hugh, having no issue himself, and having probably quarrelled with his brothers, made over all his estates to the Clanranald; as well as those estates which had been claimed and forcibly occupied by that clan as those which had remained in his own hands.* The rest of the Clanhuistein, on John's death, were thus left without legal rights to any landed property in the Isles; and being, moreover, viewed with jealousy by the Government, owing to their propinquity to the last Lord of the Isles, they were in a manner forced to become rebels. Donald Gallach, their leader, was, with another of the brothers, murdered by their own bastard brother, Archibald, or Gillespick Dubh, an unprincipled and ambitious man, whose atrocities seem to have been winked at by the Government, on the ground, probably, that his brothers were proclaimed rebels, whom it was desirable to exterminate. This happened about the year 1506; and Archibald, the fratricide, having endeavoured to seize the lands of Sleat, was expelled from the North Isles by Ranald Allanson, the heir of Moydart, to whom Sleat had been made over by John Huchonson, the last legal possessor. Taking refuge in the South Isles, where he joined himself to a band of pirates, Archibald, after a time, procured his own pardon, by delivering up to justice some of his lawless associates.† He then returned to Skye, and, being a man of ability, seized the command of his tribe, and exercised the office of Bailie of the extensive district of Trouterness; his right to which, however acquired, was recognised by Government in 1510."‡

* Reg. of Great Seal, xiii., 336-7; xiv., 141. John Huchonson had no brothers-*german*.

† Hugh Macdonald's MS.; Reg. of Privy Seal, iii., fo. 161. The pardon was granted at the intercession of Argyll.

‡ Highlands and Isles, pp. 107-8; Reg. Great Seal, iv., fol. 70; Hugh Macdonald's MS.

Gillespic Dubh appears, from all accounts, to have been remarkably violent and unscrupulous, even for the lawless age in which he lived. According to a copy of a MS., supplied to us through the courtesy of Mr Macdonald, Balranald, the lands of North Uist appears to have been at the time in possession of his ancestor, Donald Herrach, who then resided on the farm of Griminish. Donald Herrach's natural brother, Gillespic Dubh, who is described as of "a designing and ambitious disposition," was most anxious to obtain possession of the estate of North Uist, and "contrived under some specious pretence to inveigle him (Donald Herrach) to the neighbouring Dun of Loch Scolpeg, where he had made arrangements for his destruction. He (Gillespic) and his associates being afraid of the personal strength of Donald Herrach, which, it is said, was uncommon even in those times, as 'his single blow left seldom work for two,' were consequently obliged to revert to stratagem and duplicity, even after they had their victim in their power. They proposed, after partaking of some refreshments, that they should pass some of their time in some gymnastic feats (at which Donald was very expert), such as who should leap highest, they having previously contrived that one of the associates, named Paul, should place a thong, with a noose, through, or over, the wooden partition of the apartment in which they were assembled, and remain concealed on the opposite side, ready, when Donald would try the leap, to get the noose over his neck and strangle, or hold him, while Gillespig Dubh and the rest of his associates could, with more safety to themselves, finish him. This they did by running a red-hot spit through his body.

"Gillespig got the lands for the time, as also possession of his (Donald Herrach's) eldest son. Ranald, the other son, Angus Fionn, escaped to his friends in Skye.

"Some time afterwards, Gillespig visiting his eldest brother, Donald Gallach, in Skye, they went where a boat or galley had been built for him, and wishing to have Gillespig's opinion of her, he observed that he thought that there was something deficient under her bow. Donald stooping down to see it, Gillespig Dubh drew his dirk and stabbed him to the heart.

"He had now got possession, not only of the two estates, but also of the heirs of his brothers, whom he had murdered.

"Gillespig afterwards resided in Uist, and what is most singular is, that he should preserve the lives of his nephews, the rightful heirs to the property, and that he should educate them with care; but it is presumed that he was satisfied with acting as guardian, or, as it was then called, Tudor to the young men, and I do not believe he had any family of his own.

"These two young men, Donald Gruamach, son of Donald Gallach, and Ranald, son of Donald Herrach, grew up to manhood under the subjection of their unnatural uncle, but determining to take the first opportunity of ridding themselves of his thraldom and injustice, they resolved to quarrel with him at an early opportunity, which offering as they were in quest of deer, by Donald Gruamach's letting slip his own dogs at the first deer they saw, at which Gillespig took offence, and challenged him for so doing. Donald retorting, said that he had a better right to the deer than he had, and at the same time striking his uncle.

"Gillespig, calling Ranald, desired him to give him his sword as the fellow had hurt him. Donald said, 'Give it to him, Ranald, as he deserves, and remember your father's death and my father's,' upon which Ranald drew the sword he carried for his uncle, and slew him with it on the spot.

This took place on a small rising ground in the glen between North and South Lee in Uist (called Crock Gillespig Dhui at Beallach-a-Skail), and Archibald is known to this day by the name of Gillespig duh Bheallach-a-Skail.

"A servant who attended them at the time observed to Ranald, that he should strike a second blow, and that all would be clear before him, thereby intimating that by killing his cousin, Donald Gruamach, he would have the property. Ranald replied that he wished he had not done what he did. Upon the man's finding that his advice was not followed, he left them and fled to Harris, where his descendants are at this day, known by the name of Stalkers, or Macdonalds of the second blow.

"Paul, who assisted with the thong at the murder of Donald Herrach, obtained lands at Balmore, in North Uist, from Gillespig Duh, but he occasionally resided for his better security at Dun Steingarry on Loch Paible, he being in terror of his life, after the death of his patron Gillespig Duh, from Donald Herrach's sons, Ranald and Angus Fionn, the latter of whom came expressly from Skye for the purpose of revenging his father's death. He wounded Paul as he was endeavouring to gain the sanctuary of Kilmuir, and an end was put to his life by a blind man that followed Angus Fionn on hearing of the pursuit, but in a manner too savage to be mentioned. There are some of Paul's descendants at present in Benbicula.

"Of this Angus Fionn were descended the Macdonalds of Trumisgarry. He generally resided at Dun Angus, at Orinsay.

"Ranald Mac Dhoil Herrach went afterwards to Ireland, where he distinguished himself in the wars carried on in the northern provinces of that country by the Antrim family, at that time very powerful. Being severely wounded, he returned to his native country accompanied by a medical attendant of the house of Maclean, whose posterity were settled afterwards at Cuidrach, in Skye, and of whom is descended Sir Lachlan Maclean of Sudbury.

"Ranald lived afterwards at Griminish, and frequently visited his cousin and chieftain, Donald Gruamach, who resided on his estate in Skye.

"On one occasion he found, on his going to Dunskaich in Sleat, that a party of the tribe of Clanranald were there, revelling without control, they presuming on the protection of their kinswoman, a daughter of Clanranald, the wife of their host, Donald Gruamach (who was himself of an indolent, passive disposition). Ranald, despising the pusillanimity of his relation, seized on twelve of them early one morning, and hung them up to the walls of the castle in front of the lady's window, and going immediately to his friend told him that he was just setting off for Uist. He was requested to remain and partake of some breakfast previous to his departure. Ranald replied that he was afraid when the lady would look out of her window, the sight she would see would not incline her to thank him for his morning's work, and he immediately departed.

"It is supposed that she afterwards instigated Black Finnon Mackinnon to murder Ranald, which took place some time thereafter at a spot marked by a Cairn on Druimard in Balmore, as he was on his way to pass the New Year with Donald Gruamach at Kirkbost, who had sent Finnon to Griminish for Ranald on New Year's day, and on coming to Druimard, Mackinnon produced Donald Gruamach's dirk (which he had stolen for the purpose) as a token that it was Donald Gruamach's orders that Ranald should be killed by the people, which was done accordingly."

The atrocious murder of Donald Herrach in the manner above described, is corroborated in the New Statistical Account of the Parish of North Uist,* where it is related, in addition to the above, that "Paul, at the moment Donald's head was within the loop, drew the thong with savage determination, and strangled him. From this circumstance he was called *Paul na h-Eille*, or Paul of the Thong. His life was short. Revenge, which, in barbarous ages, takes a summary mode of inflicting punishment, soon overtook him. In a few weeks thereafter, while Paul was building a stack of corn, from the top of it he observed, at some distance, a person of large stature rapidly moving towards the place. He hastily asked those around him from what airt the wind had blown the day before? On being informed it was from the east, and a leading wind from Skye, he exclaimed, the person at a distance must be Angus, commonly called Aonas *Fionn*, or *Fair*, son of Donald Herrach, who possessed some part of Troternish in Skye, and that it was time for him to look to his own safety. At full speed he fled to the Church sanctuary at Kilmuir, a distance of about three miles. Angus saw him at a distance, and, following him with still greater speed, just as he was crossing a small rivulet that bounded the sanctuary on the south side, bent his unerring bow, and the arrow pierced Paul in the heel. He fell; his legs in the water and the rest of his body on the land within the sanctuary, which to this day is called *Shead Phoil*, or Paul's Field. This field forms part of the glebe of the parish. It is immediately adjoining the church, and the scene is pointed out about 100 yards from it. A blind man, a *Chomhalt* (foster-brother) of Donald Herrach, is said to have taken a brutal and indescribable revenge on Paul, which put an end to his lingering life. The memory of *Paul na h-Eille* is still held in universal detestation, while the descendants of Donald Herrach have since his time possessed and still possess large farms in North Uist. Loch Scolpeg, in which is, or rather was the dun, where Donald Herrach was so barbarously sacrificed to the evil passion of avarice, was some years ago drained by a gentleman living in its immediate neighbourhood; and on the site of the dun he has erected a small octagonal building." This erection the present writer saw still standing while on a recent visit to North Uist.

It will be remembered that it was during the rule of the two last mentioned chiefs of Sleat, John Hughson and Donald Gallach, from 1501 to 1506, that the Island rebellion under Donald Dubh took place, and both of them, with all the other vassals of the Lordship of the Isles, acknowledged his claim, and supported him in his attempts to regain the Lordship and its ancient possessions. In 1506, the same year in which Donald was captured and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, Donald Gallach, as we have also seen, was murdered by his bastard brother, Gillespic Dubh, and during the whole of this period there is no evidence whatever that they ever claimed any right to lead the vassals of the Lordship of the Isles. On the contrary they followed Donald Dubh, while at the same time their lands were in possession of the Clanranald Allansons.

Donald Gallach married Miss Macdonald, daughter of John (Cathanach) Macdonald of Isla and the Glynns in Ireland, ancestor of the Earls of Antrim, and by her had one son who succeeded him as representative of the family. *(To be continued.)*

* Written by the Rev. Finlay Macrae, minister of the Parish. Footnote, pp. 170-171.

THE GOVERNMENT FACTOR AND THE WIDOW'S COW.

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Duntulm Castle was formerly the residence of Clann Domhnuill, called "The Lords of the Isles." Sir Alexander Macdonald's great-grandfather, viz., the first Sir James, built a large circular tower (now demolished) at the house of Monkstadt, in which the family resided afterwards for many years. An establishment was, however, kept up at Duntulm Castle for a long time after the death of Sir James. The last of the family born there was Domhnull Ban, only son of Sir Donald Macdonald, commonly called "Domhnull a' Chogaidh," and great-grandson of Sir James. He was an amiable, much beloved, and promising youth, but he died, greatly lamented, by the bursting of a blood vessel, when on a visit to the Island of Berneray, in the Sound of Harris. The family afterwards resided alternately at Monkstadt, in Troternish, and at Armadale, in the parish of Sleat. William the "Taightear," or Tutor, was likewise born in Duntulm Castle. His elder brother was Domhnull a' Chogaidh, and their father was Sir Donald Macdonald, commonly called Domhnull Breac, who was married to Lady Mary Douglas. William the Taightear was major under the Earl of Mar in the battle of Sheriffmuir, and his brother Domhnull a' Chogaidh, while on his way to that bloody field, was seized with a fit of paralysis at Perth, which disabled him from proceeding farther. On account of the part which Domhnull a' Chogaidh and his vassals took in that rebellion, his estates were forfeited to the Crown. For some years afterwards the barony of Troternish was managed by a Government factor of the name of Donald Macleod, *alias* "Domhnull Mac Ruairidh Mhic Uilleim," whose services were anything but acceptable to the inhabitants of Troternish. At length the property was returned by the Crown, not, however, to the rightful heir, but to William the Taightear, who got possession of it in his own name. No sooner, however, had this taken place than he delivered it over to his brother Domhnull a' Chogaidh. The Taightear lived and died at Aird, a place about two miles north of Duntulm Castle. His remains were interred in the parish burying-ground, quite near the spot where the remains of the celebrated Flora Macdonald were buried many years afterwards. The funeral of the Taightear was attended by many thousands from all parts of Skye and of the adjacent isles. An idea may be formed of the number present on that occasion when it is stated that the procession was two miles in length, with six men walking abreast. Seven pipers were in attendance, who, by having been placed at certain distances in the procession, severally played the usual "coronach," or funeral lament, all the way from the residence of the deceased to the cemetery. Upwards of three hundred imperial gallons of whisky were provided for the occasion, with every other necessary refreshment. Except the funeral of Flora Macdonald, which as to numbers was similarly attended, that of the Taightear was the largest ever known in Skye.

As has been already stated, the Crown appointed the above-named "Domhnull Mac Ruairidh Mhic Uilleim" as Government factor over the barony of Troternish. He occupied the farm of Glenbrittle, on the

property of Macleod of Dunvegan, and in the parish of Bracadale. He was a man possessed of considerable talents and accuteness of mind—a firm adherent of the reigning Government, and an inveterate enemy to all who professed Jacobite principles. Donald was not only disliked, but was absolutely detested by all in Troternish over whom he was placed in authority. The bards of the time vied with each other in the composition of the most severe and cutting satires possible upon "Mac Ruairidh" on account of the cruel manner in which he executed his commission. On one occasion he visited the remote district of Kilmaluag, in which stood the old castle of Duntulm, in order to meet with several delinquents who had failed to pay him their stipulated rent. Among the rest was a poor widow, whose husband, "Ian Mac Dhomhnuill Mhic Alasdair," had died the previous year from a fall over a rock, and whose two grown-up sons were soon after that drowned together by the swamping of their boat at Rutha-Hunish, in consequence of its having been overloaded with sea-ware. The afflicted widow, who occupied a croft in the hamlet of Erisko, near Duntulm Castle, had fallen considerably into arrears of rent, and the poor woman was looked upon by all who knew her as an object of great commiseration. The cruel, heartless factor was the only exception. After a short visit, and having received some refreshment at the house of a gentleman named Maclean in the farm of Shulista, he resorted to the humble dwelling of the widow at Erisko, about a quarter of a mile distant, in order to see about his rents. He rode a small pony, using a saddle such as was common in those days, not made of leather, but of finely plaited rushes or bent, of which material the natives made sacks for their corn and meal, as well as ropes and cables for their boats. He dismounted and met the widow at the door of her cottage. After he had given expression, in excited language, of his astonishment that the widow had failed to pay her rent and arrears, he asked her how many cows she possessed? She replied in tears, and said that she had only one cow. "One cow!" he retorted in an angry tone of voice. "One cow! it is surely impossible that you can have but one cow on this good and extensive piece of land; come, now, tell me the truth, my good woman." By this time a considerable number of neighbours had gathered around to listen to the harsh conversation of the detested factor, when one after another assured him that the poor widow had but one cow. Hearing this, he demanded to have a sight of the solitary animal. Some of the bystanders, at the widow's request, ran to a distant part of the poor woman's lands and fetched the cow into the factor's presence. "All right," said the cruel-hearted official. "All right; the animal is a good one. Come now, my lads, drive her along with me to yon castle, where I will get her safely secured, until she be sold at the highest price that can be obtained, to pay so much of that heedless woman's arrears to the Government." A number of young fellows yielded to his request, and drove the cow to the castle, which was but about six hundred yards off, and he himself accompanied them, leading his horse by its rustic bridle. On their arrival at the ancient seat of the Lords of the Isles, he said, "Now, my lads, let us put the cow along with my pony into this park, which is well fenced, and they will remain there quite secure until the evening, when I will come to see them taken away." All this was cheerfully agreed to, and the young men left the place along

with the detested factor—accompanied him to the end of the house of his friend, Mr Maclean, at Shulista, with whom he had promised to dine that day, and there they wished him a good afternoon. Once he had entered the dwelling of his host, the young men rushed away with all the speed in their power, and on arriving opposite to the small island of Tulm, near the castle, they launched a boat in a few seconds of time, rowed it to Glumaig, a suitable bay which lies around the castle rock, and in less than a quarter of an hour they had the widow's cow and the factor's horse safely located and fastened in the boat. This done, the craft being manned with eight gallant youths, set sail for the uninhabited island of Fladdachuain, which, with oars and canvas, they soon reached, being only about eight miles distant. They landed the animals on the island, where a hundred such would have sufficient pasture all the year round, and this done they returned with all speed to the shore. In the evening the factor, along with Mr Maclean, walked to the castle and visited the park. They found the gate of it quite secure and apparently untouched as before, but lo! neither horse nor cow could be seen! The matter was a mystery. The factor himself declared that the gate had been untouched, and was just as he left it. The enclosure was examined round and round, and neither horse nor cow could have escaped over it, and still they were gone! By this time the youths who had secured the animals in the forenoon had come up, and were equally astonished! One of them suggested to the factor that there was one way in which the fate of the animals could be ascertained, and that was by immediately consulting "Isiobal Nic Raonuill," who, as they alleged, had the faculty of second sight, and something more perhaps, and was quite able, if willing, to clear up the mystery. "By all means," exclaimed the factor, "let us get the woman immediately, if near at hand, that we may hear what she has to say." Isiobal Nic Raonuill, who lived in a hamlet close by, was a decent, elderly woman, who had no more witchcraft or second sight than the man in the moon; yet she was an acute, smart, and jocular old person in her own way, who was able at once to enter into any scheme or to adopt any device that might be suggested to her to throw light upon the mysterious event which had taken place at the castle park. One or two of the young men at once volunteered to go for old Isiobal, and accordingly set off without delay. Fortunately finding her at home, they explained the whole matter to her, and besought her to devise some plan by which the disappearance of the animals could be accounted for. After pondering over the matter for some minutes, she said that the only contrivance she was able to think of, was to allege that they had been stolen by the fairies, who were known to be good little creatures, and always friendly to poor, destitute widows and orphans. Their dwelling-place was in "Tom an t-Sian," a circular hill near the castle, where they always held their festivals and revelries. The scheme was a very feasable one, and one and all agreed to carry it into execution. In the first place the youths resolved to deck their witch in the most fantastic dress that their imagination and time would permit them to devise. Isiobal was tall in figure, but slender in person. On the crown of her head they planted a man's large, broad bonnet, from under which her long, tangled hair hung down in irregular tresses upon her shoulders. They encircled her brow with a belt of scarlet cloth, and around her loins they tied a girdle cut hastily

from the skin of a goat. Her feet were fortified with clumps of old worn-out shoes, which, by being by one-half too large, were fastened about her ankles with thongs of rough calf-skin leather. Her unearthly hermaphrodite-like appearance was very striking, and all was accomplished in a few minutes of time. Thus equipped, Isiobal and her young friends soon made their way to the park, at the gate of which the factor and several others stood patiently waiting their arrival. Her weird-like appearance, and her deep, hollow tone of voice struck the trembling factor with as much terror as should he have seen Hamlet's ghost! "Woman," said he, with a grave, terrified look, "can you by any means explain to me the disappearance of two animals from this park, a cow and a horse, while the gate and the fences around remain untouched?" "Whose property were they? Did they belong to our dear lord and chief, Sir Donald? Please answer me that question." "No, woman, if woman you be, the horse belonged to me; and the cow is the property of Government, but lately belonged to the widow of "Ian Mac Dhomhnuill Mhic Alasdair," which she gave me this morning in lieu of arrears of rent." "Gave you! Hoch, och! Gave you! You knave, you took the animal away, you robbed the destitute widow of her only cow, and mark the just but terrible retribution! Only one hour ago I heard a dismal noise, and on casting my eyes eastward over the castle rock, I beheld a strange sight, which I now, but did not then, comprehend. The clouds revolved in rapid circles, out of which flashes of red fire darted across the plain below. Never did midges more densely float in the air on a balmy summer evening than did thousands of green-garbed fairies in these ominous clouds. They seemed to be evidently infuriated for some dastard deed that had been done in the neighbourhood of their favourite dwelling, which is that circular hill. While gazing with my eyes intent on the marvellous sight, I beheld the transformed figures of a cow and a horse rising up from the earth into the clouds until hidden from my view amid flaming fire and murky elements. The scene lasted but for about five minutes of time, so rest assured, O cruel man, that the fairies, who are the good friends of the fatherless and widow, have snatched away, and justly so, your horse and the widow's cow into the secret chambers of their lovely dwelling-place, therein to keep them in safety." The factor stood aghast, trembling with fear, but uttered not a word. He was, no doubt, greatly influenced by the various superstitions and fairy tales of his native isle; and it is certain that he firmly believed in all that the rustic woman, with her second sight, had uttered in pure Celtic in his hearing. He made all haste to leave the place, which he never again visited. Eventually the property was restored by Government to its original owners, and the services of "Domhnull Mac Ruairidh Mhic Uilleim," to the joy of all concerned, were no longer required. It is needless to say that the island of Fladda-chuain was soon visited by the gallant young men, who gained their point so successfully with the heartless Government servant. The cow and horse were ferried ashore without delay, and the young friends who did so presented the widow with the horse along with her cow, as a small compensation for the sufferings of her body and mind, owing to the inhuman conduct of the Government factor.

ALEX. MACGREGOR.

DERMOND.

A Tale of Knightly Deeds Done in Old Days.

—Tennyson.

BOOK II.—"A SYLVAN COURT."

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Chapter XII.

They looked to the countless isles that lie,
From Barra to Mull, and from Jura to Skye,
They looked to heaven, they looked to the main,
They looked at all with a silent pain,
As on places they were not to see again.

—The Queen's Wake.

It was a dull, cold and cheerless morning in the month of October when the mist enshrouded the mountain tops and hung in snowy wreaths among the bare and leafless woods. In the bay of Oban lying under the shelter of the island of Kerrera and the promontory of Dunolly the waters were almost hushed to a murmur, or went lap, lap, lapping on the shingly beach, while away beyond the outward reefs of rock that lay like shadows in the dimness of the horizon, arose the loud and sullen roar of the Atlantic ocean beating against the cliffs and stormy headlands of the coast.

Black and stately were the towers and battlements of the stronghold of Lorn, with the great donjon keep perched like a huge raven on a solitary, dismal crag brooding over the solemnity of the surroundings; and but for the pale light that glimmered from one of the lofty turret windows and the occasional shouts of the wakeful sentinels, all would have denoted slumber and desolation.

Within her little chamber, where the light seemed to flicker so impatiently, sat the fair Bertha, tearful and waiting. A large travelling mantle was thrown carelessly across the pallet, and gave some indication of the maiden's clandestine intention to escape from her uncle's castle. Her beautiful neck was ornamented with a rich collar of chaste and glittering gems, and her dark, velvet tunic was gathered around her slender waist by an embroidered girdle with a buckle of shining gold. The expression on her countenance was extremely sad, but there was a look of resigned determination about the pale and firmly knit lips. As she sat in a state of almost dreamy insensibility to the perilous nature of the task before her, a gentle knock was heard at her door, and Nora, enveloped in a large Highland plaid, immediately entered. A smile of mutual but momentary gladness lit up the lovely features of the cousins as they rushed into each other's arms and silently embraced, until the tears stole down their lovely cheeks, and the word "Bertha," mingled with that of "Nora." At last they must part.

"And will you really go?" was the first question of the dark-eyed beauty as she gazed supplicatingly into the tear-stained blue orbs of her cousin, whom she had loved with the love of a sister.

"You know I must," was the answer. "I have striven against all hope for your sake, sweet cousin (as she kissed her), but I can bear your father's insults no longer. I hope to escape in safety. Still it seems so

dreadful to go and leave you behind me. Will you not join me in my flight? Think how happily we might live together away from the broils and intrigues of Dunolly on the banks of Loch Awe, secure within the walls of my father's fortress, where no enemy or cateran dare approach on pain of losing life or limb."

"Nay, Bertha, it cannot be, however much you wish it and I would enjoy it. I'd rather have you stay if you were happy."

"Alas, happiness has been far from me ever since your father ceased to be kind, but your presence has at all times been a consolation in my misery, and I feel that leaving you is one of the greatest sorrows of my life. You are the only friend I have in the world, for my father, though I know he loves me and I love him beyond all earthly things, is too much engrossed in affairs of state to be a companion to me in my solitude."

"Friends you have, fair cousin, dearer than I can be," said Nora significantly. "As for the gallant Dermond, well, his fate, I fear, will never be known, but there is the valiant and handsome Clement, who may rival his cousin in your affections, and be a solace to your wounded heart. Friends, forsooth, why you have more friends and lovers than I can boast of."

"But I have also more enemies," interposed Bertha.

"Ah, yes, that is so," assented Nora. "You awaken hate as well as love, and I may as well tell you in secret that for a while I did not know whether to hate or love you most, but my better nature, after a strong struggle, overcame my jealous womanhood. If you had not been here—if we had not met—what might have taken place—but let me not think on't; I have stiffled my passion, and I have learned that love has less to gain than sacrifice; there are more pains than sweets."

"How could I help it, Nora. I loved as you loved, where it would have been wrong not to love, and you had the advantage of me in rank and beauty. You had strength of will to overcome your feelings, but I was weak and impulsive—devoured with a consuming passion which I could not stifle. I may be too selfish and womanly, but I am satisfied to know you have forgiven me an injury which few of our sex can pardon."

"Manly, sympathetic, and romantic as his disposition was, there was nothing to satisfy him in my position, but you had need of a champion, and he gallantly proferred his services."

"And like a noble chieftain full of knightly chivalry," said Bertha as she wiped the glistening tears from her cheeks, "he has died in carrying out the behest of his mistress—but a truce with the subject, 'tis time to go. I must not keep Clement waiting."

"You will not stay then. Think of the dangers to which you expose yourself. Moreover, I hope you are not too rash in trusting your person to the keeping of yon fiery blooded youth."

"I have every faith in Clement," returned Bertha. "Although he has not the handsome features, dark locks, and splendid eyes of Dermond, there is a suggestive resemblance, and I can trust implicitly his frank and fearless look. Besides it would be madness for me to stay when your father's absence presents the opportunity of escape. He might return to-morrow and not go forth for many a day, full of fearful misery to me. I only hope he may not fall in with us on the way."

"Well, I suppose it must be," said Nora, as she assisted her cousin to adjust her silken hood.

"You know the boat lies in the Western bay, and Duncan awaits below to escort me."

Having kissed farewell, they approached the door, but Bertha stopped as if afraid to proceed further.

"I have been thinking," she said, "I cannot go without Kate."

"You must or give up all hopes of escape," was the answer.

"Pardon me, but I cannot," said Bertha. "She has been so faithful to me in everything that I cannot think to distrust her in this. Besides, I should weary my life away without her."

"Believe me, Bertha," said Nora, evidently much irritated, "she can only be an encumbrance. If you agree to stay I can send Duncan to the place of rendezvous with a message to Clement, but if you resolve to go the dangers are great, and the utmost precaution is necessary to ensure success. If Clement had thought it advisable to take her with you he would not have objected so strongly to your wish. Meanwhile you must make your own dear self secure, and I will arrange for Kate following you after your arrival at Loch Awe."

"As you say then," said Bertha. "You will at least let me take farewell?"

For that purpose she tripped across the apartment into the anti-chamber where her bower-maiden lay dreaming of Olave and all the little intrigues with which she and her mistress whiled away the dreary days at Dunolly. Bertha stooped to imprint a loving, farewell kiss on the girl's cheek, but she kissed so fervently that Kate started up rosy from her slumbers, rubbed her eyes, and, looking around with a strange bewildered air, gazed for a moment on the pale and anxious features of her mistress. On noticing the travelling habit she immediately divined the cause of the untimely awakening, and springing from her resting-place she fell at Bertha's feet, and, seizing her kirtle skirts, pleaded that her "dear mistress" would not leave her alone in a place which had latterly become so hateful to her. Opposition but increased her vehemence, and almost threw her into hysterics. In a few moments she had donned her clothes and resolved to follow.

"Nay, good lady, I will go with you," she insisted, "and see that no harm comes by you."

"Stay, my girl," was Bertha's answer. "You mustn't—you cannot go with me. I shall be back instantly."

Nora, who now came upon the scene, endeavoured by threat and entreaty to quiet her, but all was useless. Kate was determined, and there was no hope of overruling her. She would not even consent to be silent, and it was feared that her violence would alarm the garrison.

"Let her go, dear cousin," said Bertha at last. "I would rather not go as go withont her."

"Perhaps it will be as well then," said Nora, in a half-consenting tone. "You must haste at any rate, if you intend going, and you must blame yourself if the enterprise miscarries. The captain may by this time be going his rounds, and if he surprises the guard in the guard-house all may be lost."

Before leaving Bertha cast a sad and regretful look around the little

chamber where she had spent so many happy as well as weary days. Nora lighted both safely down stairs till they reached the seaward platform. Here greater care had to be exercised in order to escape observation. The great iron door from which they emerged was cautiously shut and locked by Nora. As they attempted, however, to reach the little turret with the secret outlet, a sentinel on guard unshouldered his pike with the words, "Stand and unfold yourselves." Bertha and Kate instantly shrunk back as the weapon was threateningly advanced, but Nora fearlessly drew her poinard and commanded him to withdraw and let them pass. On observing Nora of Lorn he drew back, but, not to be outdone, he insisted on the execution of his duty, demanding to know their intentions or he would alarm the garrison.

"Duty!" exclaimed Nora. "Your duty is to obey, and I command you to clear the way."

"Nay, pardon me, madam," returned the sentinel. "My duty is to defend this passage against all comers, whether from within or without."

Thus their progress was about to be stopped but for Kate, who now advanced and addressed the pikeman.

"Shame on you, Conrad, for a cowardly knave," she said. "Duty, forsooth. Hast no more chivalry than mouth before defenceless damsels and call it duty. Down with your pike and unlock the gate."

At the same time she shook her little hand in the sentinel's face, grasped at his weapon, and held it firmly while she ordered him to take the keys from Nora and open the turret door.

Nora and Bertha stood aghast in astonishment as the submissive sentinel took the keys to open the door, but all his efforts were of no avail, as the lock had grown rusty with the lapse of years, and would not stir. All tried to turn the key successively, but failed. Kate put the handle of the pike into the ring, but only succeeded in splintering the weapon. Conrad, seizing the iron head, thrust it into the ring, and twisted with his whole strength until he wrenched the head from the key. The only resource remaining was to make an attempt to reach the main gateway and endeavour to escape thereby. Conrad, who was now all submission, directed them to follow him. They gained the court-yard in safety, and as they neared the guard-house the discordant notes of a Bacchanalian song gave evidence of the ale-cup's frequent visitations. Here they were not allowed to pass without molestation.

"What, ho! my pretty winches! where away?" shouted a portly guardsman, staggering from the door-way.

"Peace with your insolence!" returned Conrad, reprovingly. "Can my lady not pass to matins without being accosted by every drunken guardsman on the way. Command the portcullis to be raised for my lady and her train."

Ashamed of his effrontery, and smarting from the rebuke, the muddled guardsman obeyed, and by his alacrity seemed to apologise for his conduct. The portcullis was drawn up, the gates unbarred, and the drawbridge let down. Nora and Bertha kissed farewell, and under the safeguard of Duncan, who waited without, cantered down the hill slope hanging on the arm of her faithful bower-maiden. Feeling free after a long period of confinement, Bertha tripped airily over the turf, and wiping the last tear-drop from her cheek, seemed to surpass the lively Kate in her cheer-

fulness. As the embarking spot lay on the other side of the bay, opposite the castle, they had to make the whole circuit of the shore, and it was only as they neared the place of appointment that Bertha seemed to realise the perilous nature of the step she had taken. She had never doubted Clement until now, when a strong suspicion took possession of her mind, and she almost halted in her progress.

A huge rock jutting out into the sea, and rising like a barrier in their path, marked the place of rendezvous. As they approached they were saluted by a tall and gallant-looking youth, whom Kate was first inclined to regard as Dermond, but on closer scrutiny recognised as Clement. Nothing passed save the formal civilities which Bertha was almost too faint to render. Clement assisted her into the boat, and as soon as she had gained her seat in the stern he proceeded to push off, as Kate and Duncan were exchanging farewells, but Bertha, observing the movement, recovered herself and ordered him to back oar for her waiting-maid in a tone he could not disobey.

"Do you not wish your other attendant as well?" Clement inquired, as Kate leaped gaily into the boat.

"Not unless you require him," was the answer.

After hesitating a moment, Clement flung Duncan a few silver pieces; and the boat was soon going steadily through the waters with the bright green lights flashing from the bow and oar-dips.

(To be Continued.)

THE LUCKNOW (ONTARIO) CALEDONIAN GAMES are to be held this year on the 8th of September. We wish our good friends and their Chief every success.

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER.—This curious and popular book is again out of print so far as the publishers, A. & W. Mackenzie, are concerned; but we understand that Mr James Melven and Mr James H. Mackenzie, booksellers, Inverness, and Mr James Keith, Dingwall, have still a few copies on hand, at 3s 6d. We have, however, eleven copies of the large-paper edition, printed on toned paper, remaining, at 7s 6d. Only 75 copies of the latter were printed.

THE CLAN MACKENZIE IN SARNIA, ONTARIO, CANADA.—The multitude of Mackenzies here has a distracting effect upon some people. An Irishman coming from Cote St Paul in 1878 was much disturbed from this cause. Shortly after arriving he had need of some lumber, and was told to go to Mackenzie's; then he wanted hardware, and he was again referred to Mackenzie. His wife enquiring for a draper was told to go to Mackenzie's. He needed a tinsmith, it was still Mackenzie. Furniture was needed, and again it was Mackenzie. He asked who was Mayor, and he was told Mackenzie. He needed a lawyer, and he was referred to Mackenzie. He inquired who was running for Parliament—it was again the invariable Mackenzie. He ventured to ask who was running against him, still the answer was the same—Mackenzie. "Tare an ages," he exclaimed, "carry me back to Cote St Paul; they are all Mackenzies."—*London (Ont.) Free Press.* [The ex-Premier of Canada, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, belongs to Sarnia.—Ed. *C.M.*]

THE HIGHLAND RIFLE (ROSS-SHIRE) MILITIA.

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For some years past we have had the pleasure of attending the annual inspection of this distinguished Highland Regiment of Militia, admitted by all the military critics to be one of the most efficient, if not indeed the crack militia regiment of the United Kingdom. The district from which it was originally raised comprised the counties of Ross, Moray, Nairn, Cromarty, Caithness, and Sutherland, and the islands of Orkney and Shetland. It has occurred to us that a sketch of its origin and history might prove interesting to many throughout this wide district, and through the courtesy of Colonel Ross of Cromarty, who has the distinguished honour of commanding this fine body of men, and Captain Stewart (of the 78th Highlanders), Adjutant of the regiment, we are placed in a position to give the following interesting particulars from the records of the corps.

The regiment was first raised and embodied at Fortrose and Dingwall, on the 23d of April 1798, and consisted of eight companies; the officers being—Colonel, Francis Lord Seaforth; Lieutenant-Colonel, James Earl of Caithness; Major, William Wilson (appointed a month after the embodiment of the corps); Captains, Kenneth Mackenzie, John Gordon, Lewis Dunbar, Sackville Sutherland, and Dougald Gilchrist; Adjutant, Donald Fraser. There were also 1 captain-lieutenant, 9 lieutenants, 6 ensigns, paymaster, quartermaster, surgeon, surgeon-mate, 26 sergeants, 24 corporals, 16 drummers, and 184 privates. The regiment was originally called the Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, and Cromarty, or 2d North British Militia, and during the first four years of its existence seems to have secured for itself the reputation which it has ever since so well maintained untarnished. In 1802 the regiment received the thanks of the King and both Houses of Parliament for their good services; and on the 23d of April in the same year, Lieutenant-General R. Vyse, commanding His Majesty's forces in North Britain, addressed a letter to the Colonel, Lord Seaforth, from which we extract the following:—"Though I am perfectly sensible that no individual praise can increase that satisfaction which your Lordship and the regiment under your command must at this moment so fully and completely deserve from those well deserved acknowledgments which you have received from your sovereign and the hereditary legislators and representatives of your country, yet, having had the honour of commanding in North Britain almost since the formation of your regiment, and having seen its daily progress to its present state of discipline and improvement, I beg leave to add to the general approbation my humble tribute of applause and the grateful offer of my thanks for that general, exemplary good conduct, of which I have now so long been a witness, and which convinces me, that if any presumptuous enemy, as was often threatened during the late war, had dared to invade the coasts, or to disturb the tranquillity of this happy country, that the North British Militia would have nobly emulated the glorious conduct of their countrymen on the plains of Aboukir and Alexandria."

In 1802 the regiment was, including officers and men, 439 strong, when, on the first of May, it was disbanded at Inverness, except the

adjutant, sergeant-major, 24 sergeants, and 12 drummers, who were ordered to be quartered in Tain. During this period the regiment served at Banff, Cullen, Portsoy, Aberdeen, Fort-Charlotte (Shetland), Montrose, Arbroath, Kirkcaldy, Cupar-Fife, St Andrews, Dysart, Stirling Castle, Falkirk, Inverness, Fort-George, Nairn, Forres, Dingwall, and Fortrose.

It was again embodied at Tain and Thurso, on the 12th of March 1803, and was called the 5th Ross, Caithness, Sutherland, and Cromarty Militia, consisting of eight companies from these counties. On the 20th of August following a supplementary quota of 290 officers and men was raised, which brought the corps up to a total strength of 900 officers and men. The supplementary quota was, however, discharged on the 28th of July 1805.

Lieutenant-Colonel James, Earl of Caithness, resigned on the 25th February 1799, but was re-appointed on the 18th December 1802. Lieutenant-Colonel James Brodie was appointed 26th February 1799, but was among the disbanded on 1st May 1802. R. B. Æneas Macleod of Cadbol was appointed major on the 13th of January 1803. William Robertson, captain 21st May 1798, became major on the 3d of August 1803. Sir James Dunbar became captain, 24th of December 1799, but was among the disbanded on the 1st of May 1802. Forbes Mackenzie, captain on the 8th September 1801, resigned 1st May 1802, re-appointed 21st March 1803, but resigned 7th of August 1804.

At Norman Cross, on the 24th of July 1808, every man in the regiment—officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates—volunteered to extend their services to Spain, and three days thereafter His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, signified to Major Robertson, the other officers, and men of the corps, his satisfaction at the zeal and spirit evinced by them, and informed them that he would with pleasure communicate their wishes to the King.

From 1803 to the date of its disembodiment in 1814 the regiment served in Tain, Thurso, Fort-George, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Norwich, Yarmouth, Norman Cross, Chelmsford, Woodbridge, Harwich, Hilsea, Fort-Cumberland, Gosport, Fort-Monkton, Portsmouth, Bow, Bromley, Stratford, Islington, Tower of London, Leith, Musselburgh, Dalkeith, Viewfield, Esk Mills, Peebles, Penicuik, Paisley, Pollockshaws, Lichfield, Portchester Castle, and Portsea, after which it was again disembodied at Tain on the 2d September 1814. On the death of Lord Seaforth, Charles Mackenzie Fraser was appointed colonel, on the 17th of May 1815. The regiment was re-embodied at the same place, on the 1st of August 1815, from whence it marched to Port-Patrick on the 2d of November following, and embarked for Ireland. There it rendered good service in Belfast, Newry, and Armagh, and afterwards returned to Dingwall, where it was again disbanded on the 10th of June 1816, since which date the corps has not been away from the North, until a few years ago, when a number joined the Reserve, as will be seen hereafter. The regiment was out for training in 1820, 1821, 1825, and 1831, in which latter year the number of the corps was changed from the 5th to the 96th.

After the last training of the regiment in 1831, the whole Militia force of Great Britain was allowed gradually to die out; the vacancies on the permanent staff of this corps were not filled up, and the quotas from the several counties were not balloted for. But in 1852 the Militia was re-or-

ganised throughout the Kingdom; the chief difference between the system then adopted and the one previously in existence being that voluntary enlistment was for the first time substituted for the ballot. On the 11th of August 1854 an Act of Parliament was passed for raising a Militia force in Scotland by voluntary enlistment, at which time the permanent staff of the once distinguished Ross-shire Militia regiment consisted only of the adjutant, Alexander Mackenzie, and one sergeant. The Russian War was now raging, and it was thought prudent to embody the whole Militia of the United Kingdom. An order was issued to that effect, and the Ross-shire regiment was embodied accordingly at Dingwall, on the 6th of March 1855. The strength of the corps on this occasion was only 261 officers and men. The officers present were—Colonel Charles Mackenzie Fraser; Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. James Sinclair; Captains H. Mackenzie Fowler (of Raddery), J. J. Grove, and G. W. H. Ross (of Cromarty); Lieutenants P. Maclean, C. Munro, and J. Mackenzie; Ensigns H. L. Maclennan, G. S. Smith, W. Houstoun, and F. J. Sinclair; Adjutant and Captain Alex. Mackenzie; and Surgeon J. Wishart.

When the re-organisation of the Scotch Militia took place, the Ross-shire regiment was ordered to be a rifle corps. It was then intended that all Scotch Rifle Militia regiments should be clothed in grey, and the men of this corps were accordingly provided with light grey shell jackets, with light green facings, trousers and forage-caps of the same colour, and black accoutrements. They were armed with the Brunswick rifle and sword. The officers wore green frock-coats, trousers with black braid, forage-caps of the same, a light infantry sash, black patent leather sword-belt, and sword with steel scabbard. The sergeants of the permanent staff were clothed the same as the Rifle Brigade. On the 14th of May 1855 the regiment marched to Fort-George, and for the first time after its embodiment, was, on the 1st of June following, inspected by Major-General Viscount Melville, K.C.B.; the number of officers and men present being 311. Soon after the inspection the dress uniform was served out to the men, the same exactly as that worn by the Rifle Brigade; Government having meanwhile given up the idea of dressing the Scotch rifle regiments in grey. The officers were dressed in a similar manner. On the 22d of September Colonel Mackenzie Fraser retired from the active command of the regiment with the rank of Honorary Colonel, whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. James Sinclair (who, on the resignation of Lord Berriedale on the 25th of August 1830, obtained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy) became Colonel-Commandant of the regiment. He died shortly after, on the 18th of January 1856, after which, on the 11th February 1856, Major G. W. H. Ross of Cromarty was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel-Commandant of the regiment. On the 23d of June, in the same year, the corps was disembodied at Dingwall, and the thanks of Her Majesty and both Houses of Parliament were awaded to the regiment for their services. They were not called out in 1857, but in 1858 they were called out for 21 days' training at Fort-George.

Colonel Ross in 1858 addressed a series of recommendations to the Royal Commission on Militia then sitting, for the improvement of disembodied regiments, most of which were afterwards adopted by the Secretary of State for War. The regiment was gradually gaining in strength, the total number of effectives in 1859 being 531, as against 431

in 1858, and 318 in 1856. After the training of 1859 the commanding officer obtained permission and attended with two sergeants at the School of Musketry at Hythe, where he went through the same course of musketry as is prescribed for instructors in the army, thus qualifying himself thoroughly for his position at the head of this distinguished regiment. Previous to the training of 1860 the Brunswick rifles and swords were called in and the regiment supplied with the long Enfield rifle and bayonet. This year the commanding officer feeling that the men could never be properly trained under the system then in force, sent a most important and well considered memorandum to the Secretary of State for War, regarding the instruction of the regiment in musketry. Many of these were afterwards adopted by the War Office, and we regret that the space at our disposal will not admit of our quoting some of them at length.

On the 4th of May 1860 Colonel Ross received an answer to his memorandum, in which he was informed by the Secretary of War that he would "sanction as an experiment" the calling out of the regiment for training in three divisions. The sanction, however, came too late for that year, as the notices to the men had been already issued; but previous to their dismissal, the companies, which were hitherto made up indiscriminately from the various counties, were formed into three companies of Ross and Cromarty men, two Caithness, and one Sutherland company, with the view of calling them out in three divisions the following year.

It appears from the records that the commanding officer "had always been of opinion that the Highland dress would be the best for the regiment. He was aware that in a regiment composed exclusively of Highlanders (the only one now so distinguished) the fact of their wearing the old dress would excite a strong feeling of attachment to the corps, that it would become much more popular throughout the district, and that the ranks of the regiment, which had never been completed since the ballot was given up, would soon be filled. The dress, he thought, would be particularly appropriate to a rifle corps, and for a militia regiment would be much more convenient in many ways." He accordingly applied to the Secretary of State, through the Honorary Colonel and the Lord Lieutenant, that at the next issue of clothing the regiment might be equipped in the Highland dress, which request was granted in a letter dated 28th November 1860, and from and after this date the regiment was called "The Highland Rifle Militia." It was called out for training in 1861 in three divisions, and the experiment "proved completely successful" in every respect. The men were supplied with the Highland dress as follows:—Rifle green doublets, Mackenzie tartan kilts, brownish-grey hose, round flat bonnets with the regimental crest, and black goatskin sporrans, with brass tops from an old pattern; and, it is said, "the numbers that attended this training as compared with previous ones are a sufficient proof of the popularity of the dress." At the end of the training the long Enfield rifle was called in, and the short Enfield supplied to the regiment. This year (1861) the Secretary of State introduced a system of Preliminary drill for recruits, and authorised officers of militia to be drilled for one month on appointment, at the headquarters of their corps, in terms of the improvements previously suggested by Colonel Ross in his letter addressed to the Royal Commission on Militia, already referred to, and this, in a great measure, did away with the necessity of calling out the regiment for

training in separate divisions. On the 23d September in the same year Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., who had previously, from 21st April to the 12th of August 1855, held the post of captain, was again re-appointed. Under date of 1863 we are told that "crime of any kind has hitherto been almost unheard of in the regiment, and drunkenness is very rare indeed; in fact there have been several trainings when not a single case of drunkenness has been brought before the commanding officer." And the inspecting officer, Colonel Sir John Douglas, K.C.B., complimented the men for their "appearance, efficiency, and remarkably good behaviour." In 1866 the following changes were made in the dress of the non-commissioned officers and men:—(1) A medium tartan of the same pattern worn by the 78th Highlanders was substituted for the soft tartan formerly worn; (2) belted plaids were given to the volunteers of the regiment; (3) a set-up bonnet was substituted for the flat bonnet, with the addition of a grouse wing; and (4) hose-tops of Rob Roy pattern and brown canvas gaiters were given in place of the grey worsted hose.

In 1867 Colonel Ross intimated to the men that he had received a circular from the Secretary of State for War, in which it was stated that commanding officers of Militia were to be permitted to exercise their discretion in allowing the men of their regiments to volunteer to an extent not exceeding five per cent of their establishment, and that he, for one, intended to exercise that discretion by allowing the full number to go. He spoke highly of the Army, in which he had served himself, and stated that he never ceased to regret having left it. He expressed his opinion that a soldier was better off in many ways than a labourer or farm servant, and when everything was considered—the excellent education obtained, the good-conduct pay and the pension, the care taken of him when ill, and the regular pay—that it was even better than the position of the skilled artisan. He told them that "there was an illustrious Prince at the head of the army, a thorough-bred soldier, who had won his medals in some of the hardest fought battles of modern times—a true soldier's friend, and one who never ceased to devote his whole time and talents to the improvement of the position of the soldier. He (Colonel Ross) had given them his advice as an impartial friend, and he would now introduce to them Captain (Thomas) Mackenzie, of that gallant corps, the 78th Ross-shire Buffs, who bore for their motto, 'Cuidich 'n Rhi.' Captain Mackenzie then made a soldier-like speech to the men, stating the advantages which the 78th offered to recruits joining that corps. He said he would be glad to take some of the men into the regiment, where they would be sure to meet a number of their friends. He did not expect to get many recruits at present, but he wished to establish a connection between the 78th and the Highland Rifle Militia. Most of the men came from the north of the Tay and Clyde, and Gaelic was very much spoken in the ranks; the old Highland customs were kept up in the regiment, and annual games were held in it." He thanked Colonel Ross for the opportunity he had afforded him of addressing the men, of whom no less than twelve at once joined the Buffs. Under date of 15th May 1867 the Major-General Commanding the Forces in Scotland writes to the Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding that he "has much pleasure in transmitting to you the accompanying letter from the Adjutant-General expressive of the gratification of His

Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief at the endeavours you have made to encourage the men of the regiment under your command to volunteer to the 78th Highlanders." The "accompanying letter" was most complimentary to Colonel Ross and the officers of his regiment for their efforts in helping Captain Thomas Mackenzie "to establish a connection between the Ross-shire Buffs and the Ross-shire Militia."

From a census taken of the regiment this year it was found that no less than 418 of the men bore strictly Highland names—chiefly Mackenzies, Mackays, Sutherlands, Rosses, Munros, Macleods, and Gunns—and that out of a corps the full strength of which was only 515 privates. The others were principally the Caithness names of Dunbar, Swanson, Cormack, and two Smiths. In the Sutherland company, composed at that time entirely of men from that county, there were no fewer than nine "John Mackays."

Before the training of 1867 Colonel Ross obtained the consent of the War Office to have the stores and arms of the regiment kept at Fort-George, and to have the quartermaster and quartermaster-sergeant stationed there; and the stores and arms were accordingly removed from Dingwall to the Fort on the 5th of November following, the old armoury and stores at the former place being converted into quarters for four sergeants and one bugler of the permanent staff. Among the advantages of the change we find stated that "the men are quietly assembled and dismissed at Fort-George, without being exposed to the contamination of Dingwall pot-houses."

There is nothing particular to note in reference to the years 1869 and 1870, the inspecting officer as usual speaking in the very highest terms of the appearance, discipline, and efficiency of the regiment; but previous to the training of 1871 a change took place in the dress of the regiment which we very much regret, and consider, for various reasons, to have been a grave mistake. The reasons given in 1860 by Colonel Ross were perfectly sound, and nothing occurred since to alter their force. In 1871 "the kilt, though an excellent dress for a regiment of the line or an embodied regiment of militia, was not considered suitable for a disembodied regiment generally called out for training in the month of April. The commanding officer therefore applied to Her Majesty for authority to have trews substituted for the kilt." Compare this with the opinion expressed in 1860 and quoted above. An order authorising the change was issued from the War Office on the 21st of April 1870, and the mistake of changing the dress as follows was accordingly made in 1871 :—"*Chaco*—Green Kilmarnock with diced border, green and black, fittings of 71st pattern, metal bronze. *Forage-cap*—Glengarry, 79th pattern. *Tunic*—Highland, of green cloth. *Trews*—Highland, of regimental tartan, pattern 71st foot. *Waistcoat*—Highland, of green cloth as at present. *Boots*—Ancle, infantry pattern." The pipe-major and pipers were to continue dressed as they were. This unfortunate and unpatriotic change has since been followed by the Ross-shire volunteers, the Northern County forces—militia and volunteers—thus laying the forces open to the charge of denationalizing themselves in the matter of dress, and being possessed of less genuine Highland spirit and true patriotism, as exemplified by both services, than the neighbouring and more southerly county of Inverness. Of this, we have no hesitation in saying, they ought, both on patriotic

and national grounds, to be ashamed, and it should be rectified on the earliest possible opportunity.

The inspecting-officer, Sir John Douglas, K.C.B., spoke very highly of the men's cleanliness and excellent appearance in every way, the manner in which their accoutrements were kept, their marching past, their manual and platoon battalion movements, and the bayonet exercise, which he described as very excellent, stating that it "would do credit to a regiment of the line."

In 1872 the establishment of the corps was increased from 515 to 600 privates. On the 29th of April in the same year, Captain James Stewart, for nearly sixteen years Adjutant of the corps, died at Dingwall, and a regimental order was issued expressing the sorrow of officers and men for the "death of so able, active, and zealous an officer," and, as a mark of respect to his memory, the officers and permanent staff were ordered to wear a band of crape round their left arm for the rest of the training. On the 22d of May immediately following, Captain (now Major) Thomas Mackenzie, of the 78th Highlanders, was appointed to succeed Captain Stewart as adjutant of the regiment, he being seconded in the Buffs while holding the appointment. A regiment of the line being stationed at Fort-George in 1873, the corps was not called out for training until the 20th of June, they having to be accommodated partly in casemates and partly under canvas. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season and other disadvantages, 685 officers and men were present at this training out of an effective force of 730. Colonel Ross "having ascertained that absence from their industries, at that season, would entail great pecuniary loss and disastrous results to many of the men, especially to the fishermen, was so gratified to find his men still so mindful of their militia engagements that he applied for and obtained leave to dismiss 330 rank and file a week before the termination of the training."

In 1873, also, died Dr Brydon, C.B., surgeon of the regiment, and was succeeded by Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, William Ord Mackenzie of Culbo. No officer's name was more familiar in the British Army than that of Dr Brydon; he being the sole survivor from the massacre of British troops in the Khoord Cabul pass in January 1842 who reached Jellallabad in safety. An army of 4500 men, with 12,000 camp followers, was simply *écrasé*. The few ladies and officers seized as hostages by Akbar Khan were afterwards liberated by Pollock's force; but of the fate of 16,500 human beings, Brydon only was left to recount the final horrors. He and Havelock were probably the only two soldiers who formed part of the "Illustrious Garrison" of Jellallabad, and who lived to participate in the equally illustrious defence of Lucknow. Dr Brydon received the medal for the defence of Jellallabad; that for the subsequent re-occupation of Afghanistan under Pollock; the medal for the second Burmese war; and for the defence of Lucknow, the Indian mutiny medal and clasp, a year's extra service, and the Companionship of the Bath. He was thrice wounded during the retreat from Cabul, and once, severely, at Lucknow, and died full of years and honours, enjoying the esteem and regard of all who knew him.

On the 17th of January 1874, a letter was received ordering the enrolment of 120 privates with the view of raising the strength of the corps from a six company regiment of 600 privates to an eight company one of

720 privates. By the 14th of February the required number were enrolled, but the additional officers and non-commissioned officers were not appointed until the 22d of April—too late for the training of 1874. An order having been issued that officers holding appointments both in militia and volunteer regiments could no longer be permitted to hold these double appointments, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., who was captain of the Gairloch, or 9th company of Ross-shire volunteers, resigned, in 1874, the senior majority, to which he had been promoted in the Highland Rifle Militia in 1870, and was succeeded by A. C. Macleay, the present senior major. The latter was succeeded in his old rank by Captain Roderick G. Mackenzie of Flowerburn, who thus obtained his majority on the 10th of March 1875. The effective force this year numbered 781 officers and men, of whom 734 attended at Fort-George. In 1875 734 were present out of 778, while in 1876 no less than 834, out of an effective force of 872 officers and men, attended.

During the first "seven years in which the musketry performances of militia have been published, the average position of the regiment has been 3·42." Last year the regiment stood second in the list of all the militia regiments in the kingdom for merit in musketry firing, and it did so five times out of the nine years in which (since 1870) the results have been made public. In 1876 there were vacancies for 18 men to complete the quota of 25 per cent. of the whole establishment of privates entitled to join the militia reserve, but no less than eighty volunteered for the eighteen vacancies. This having been reported to head-quarters, special authority was granted for the enlistment into the reserve of the whole number, the regiment thus holding in readiness that year for service in the regular army, in case of war, no less than 242 men who went through two or more trainings, were upwards of nineteen years of age, 5 feet 6 inches and upwards in height, and over 35 inches in chest measurement.

Owing to the late period at which the orders were issued from the War Office for the training of 1877, there was no time to drill the recruits before the date ordered for the assembly of the regiment, and it was, in consequence, arranged that the recruits should be called out on the 21st of September. The regiment assembled at Fort-George in April as usual, on which occasion Colonel Ross made his famous war speech, when every man in the regiment volunteered to proceed on army service, in case of war in the East of Europe. Captain Thomas Mackenzie, of the 78th Highlanders, having completed his five years term of the adjutancy on the 21st of May this year, he was succeeded in that appointment on the 4th of July by Captain Charles J. B. Stewart, of the same regiment, the present adjutant of the corps, who was not long in earning special notice at the War Office for his efficiency. The recruits were called out under his command, on the 21st of September following, for 84 days, and, on the 11th of December, were inspected by Colonel Duncan Baillie, commanding the 55th Sub-District, on which occasion that officer expressed himself as being highly satisfied with the appearance, drill, and discipline of the men.

Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant Ross being on sick leave during the training of 1878, the regiment was commanded by the senior major, A. C. Macleay. The men behaved excellently throughout, not a single offence of a serious nature having been committed during the whole

period. Owing to the militia reserve men having been called out for active service on the 3d of April 1878, 260 men were transferred to the 55th Brigade Depôt, at Fort-George, for service with the depôt of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, where they remained until the demobilization of the reserve on the 31st of July 1878. The number of militia reserve men on the date of the mobilization of the reserves, was 274, of whom 260 were transferred to the depôt of the 71st Highland Light Infantry. The Commanding Officer subsequently received the following letter from Colonel Duncan Baillie, commanding the 55th Sub-District; and it amply proves that the militia reserve men, when on army service, fully maintained the high character always borne by the men of the Highland Rifle Militia:—"Colonel Baillie has great pleasure in sending some remarks made by his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, which apply to the reserve men of the Highland Rifle Militia. The Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief is much pleased with everything connected with this Brigade Depôt, which, at the time of the inspection, numbered over 800 rank and file, owing to the influx of the reserve soldiers. The conduct of the men, including the militia reserve, as evinced by the very small number of courts-martial and desertions, is creditable alike to all concerned. Colonel Baillie wishes to thank the reserve men of the Highland Rifle Militia for their good conduct whilst attached to the Brigade Depôt, which is a credit to themselves, and the regiment they belong to." In 1879 Colonel Baillie inspected the regiment in marching order on the 28th of April, and on the following day it was inspected in review order by Major-General R. Bruce, commanding the North British District, when he took occasion to speak in highly complimentary terms of the smart and soldier-like appearance of the men, as well as of the high state of discipline to which the regiment had attained, as evinced by the precision with which the various movements and exercises were performed, and which he considered the more satisfactory from the fact that the length of the term of training had been changed from twenty-seven to twenty days. During the review we heard him repeatedly expressing his great admiration, especially of the sword exercise as performed by the regiment, and saying, though he regretted to have to admit it, that they "would beat even some of the line regiments" At the conclusion of this training one hundred of the men offered to join the militia reserve, but as the establishment was already exceeded by forty-four men, their services were declined by the authorities.

During the training of 1880 the corps maintained its previous high character. On the 29th April, one week before the conclusion of the training, the regiment was seen on parade by Major-General Hope, C.B., commanding the North British District, who remarked that he had often heard of "The Highland Rifles," and now that he had seen them he could say that he was highly pleased with them in every way. He particularly commended their steadiness, adding that he had seen regiments of the line not so steady.

The greatest improvement which has taken place in the organisation of the militia has been the establishment of a proper system of drill for the recruits. In 1858, the first training that took place after the disembodiment of the militia in 1856, there was no preliminary training of recruits. In 1859 one week was allowed for this purpose, in 1860 it was

increased to a fortnight, and subsequently to four weeks. In 1875 a circular was issued, in which it was left optional to commanding officers either to apply for a minimum of five weeks' recruit drill or a maximum of eight weeks, to be followed by the usual training of 27 days with the regiment; or they were allowed to call out the recruits for twelve weeks' preliminary drill, and then to dismiss them to their homes previous to the assembly of the regiment.

The latter system has been adopted by Colonel Ross for the last three years. He found that when the recruits were trained for eight weeks they attained a fair amount of proficiency, but that when the regiment assembled for training the recruits deteriorated very much during the 27 days allowed for that purpose, as the attention of the permanent staff could not be exclusively devoted to them; these non-commissioned officers having, of course, many other important duties to attend to. The recruits are now, however, trained thoroughly for three months, and are then dismissed to their homes before the assembly of the regiment at Fort-George. This plan, we are informed on the best authority, has been found to work admirably. Militiamen are now enrolled to serve for six years instead of five as formerly. Those joining the Highland Rifles are treated as recruits for the first year of service, and come out as trained soldiers for the remaining five. The three months' system of recruit drill is popular among the men, taking place, as it does, during the months of January, February, and March, a time of year when there is little or no work going on in the Highlands. This system of recruit drill has been adopted by a good many artillery regiments, but as yet by few, if any, infantry militia corps.

The following are the present officers of the regiment:—Colonel Ross of Cromarty, lieutenant-colonel commandant, no colonel having been appointed since the death of Colonel Mackenzie Fraser on the 7th of March 1871. Colonel Ross was gazetted captain in the corps on 3d November 1854, major on 26th November 1855, and lieutenant-colonel commandant on the 19th January 1856. Major A. C. Macleay, lieutenant 7th February 1863, captain 3d of April 1865, major 12th December 1870. Major Roderick G. Mackenzie of Flowerburn, captain 26th December 1866, major 10th March 1875. Captains H. L. Rose of Tarlogie, appointed 14th April 1870; Hector Munro, Younger of Fowlis, 31st January 1871; J. C. Ross-Grove of Invercharron, 21st June 1871; Colin Mackenzie, late of the 78th Highlanders, 11th June 1873; and N. F. Scobie, lieutenant 17th December 1870, captain March 1874. The Lieutenants are W. Stirling, J. H. Henderson, G. F. H. Dillon, G. McK. G. Munro, H. R. Baird, T. Grant, A. Newnham-Davis, C. J. Wimberley, and Second-Lieutenants M. Mackenzie, and J. Stirling. Adjutant, Captain Charles J. B. Stewart, 78th Highlanders; Surgeon-Major, William Ord Mackenzie of Culbo, Deputy-Inspector General of Army Hospitals, appointed 3d June 1873; Surgeon, John Corbet; Quarter-Master, H. L. Maclennan.

Among the permanent staff may be mentioned Sergeant-Major A. Sutherland, Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 78th Highlanders, Sergeant R. F. Mackenzie (84th regiment), orderly-room clerk; Colour-Sergeants J. Morrison (late 93d Highlanders), G. Brown (late 49th regiment), Murdoch Macrae (78th), A. Bisset (78th), J. Campbell (71st), and J. Clark (93d); Sergeants J. Crawford (78th) and J. Macvean (42d Highlanders).

A. M.

NOTES ON CAITHNESS HISTORY.

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No. III.

In our last article reference was made to the long standing feud between the Earl of Caithness and Lord Oliphant, and, considering the spirit of the times, there is nothing surprising in the circumstance that the Earl should have attempted any tactics that might suit him to gratify his spirit of revenge. The Earl had a formidable weapon in holding the office of heritable Justiciar of "the whole bounds of Caithness, Sutherland, and Strathnaver, from Portinculter to Pentland Firth, and from the east sea to the west sea, as far as the diocese of Caithness extends," and through its agency he hoped to crush, or at least to weaken, the power of Lord Oliphant. Pretexts for raising quarrels were easily got, and there is little doubt that the Earl used his high office in a manner that suited his own interests and personal inclinations. In 1566 we find several parties praying the Privy Council to exempt them from the Earl's jurisdiction, as he intended, "under pretence of justice, to put them to destruction, notwithstanding the crewell slauchtir of Robert Sutherland and mutilation of William Sutherland in Lathrinfule of his left hand." In the same year the Earl of Caithness presented a petition to the Privy Council complaining that the parties who had previously complained against him had "raised fyre and brint the hous of Andro Bayne in Eister Alieht (Clyeht)," and that although he had summoned them to stand trial for their crimes they failed to appear. He further averred that they were protected in Beredaill Castle by Lord Oliphant, where they could not be apprehended—that he had subsequently to capture the castle by force, but that it was afterwards retaken at night. He therefore craved the Privy Council to charge the Sutherlands to deliver it to Lawrence, Master of Oliphant, and in the event of his not taking possession thereof, that keepers should be appointed by the Crown.

Mr Anderson in his interesting volume on the Oliphants in Scotland, quotes a complaint which Lord Oliphant submitted to the Privy Council in 1569. It appears that John, Master of Caithness, besieged Auldwick Castle, and that, after a siege of eight days, the inmates had to surrender on account of having no water to drink. The complaint also discloses a state of matters existing in the town of Wick, which may be somewhat interesting to the quiet citizen of the present day. The complaint sets forth that Lawrence, Lord Oliphant, "being in the toun of Weik eftir dennar, passing to the feildis in pastyme convenient," when he was met by Andro Keyth and others. An altercation took place which nearly ended in blows, and had not Lord Oliphant exercised great patience, while commanding his servants not to interfere, "greit blude" would have been "sched." Lord Oliphant thereupon returned to Auldwick Castle, and "eftir he had sowpit that samyn nycht," he received intelligence that Andro Keyth and his friends were to invade the dwelling-house in Wick of Maister Thomas Keir, and in order that no injury

would be done to Maister Thomas, he sent some of his servants to Wick to see what might happen. The servants went, and on returning home to Auldwick Castle, they beheld Andro Keyth "and his cumpany of quhilk nowmer sevin bowmen standing in arrayit battell at the Marcat Croce of Weik—to quhome or thai approcheit be the space of ane pair of buttis, the said Andro maid schot at the saidis Lord Oliphantis servandis, and befoir ony swerd wes drawin on other side, sevin gentilmen, his servandis, wes hurt and mutilat with arrows." During the course of the same evening Andro and his company grievously oppressed the servants and retainers of Lord Oliphant in the town of Wick, and despoiled and robbed them of their goods. Immediately thereafter Lord Oliphant had the misfortune of being besieged in his own castle by John, Master of Caithness, with a considerable force of men. The complaint narrates that he came "with a greit nowmer of armit men, and besieged the said Lord Oliphant's place and Castell of Auldweik, his proper persoun being thairin for the tyme, be the space of aucht dayis or thairby nixt thaireftir." The castle was surrendered; and Lord Oliphant was summoned in the autumn of the same year to appear at a Court to be held at Thurso by the Earl as the Heritable Justiciar of the County, but as Lord Oliphant did not appear, the Earl denounced him a rebel. We understand that the letters of denunciation are in the charter chest of the present Earl of Caithness at Barrogill Castle. The tables were, however, turned on the Earl, for he had to appear in the month of November following before the Privy Council, when Lord Oliphant had the good fortune of being freed from the Earl's jurisdiction. Further the Earl had, in 1582, the misfortune of being deprived of the office of Heritable Justiciar, at the instance of the Earl of Huntly, Sheriff of Inverness, and of the Earl of Sutherland.

There is a legend connected with Auldwick Castle which may be in some way connected with the siege by the Master of Caithness. It is referred to by Mr James Traill Calder, the Caithness poet, in his poem of "The Soldier's Bride," under the heading of "The Story of the Black Chief." The story runs that Lord Oliphant had a beautiful daughter named Rose, whose hand was demanded in holy matrimony by the Black Chief who resided at Keiss. Oliphant spurned the proposal, and his determination in the matter was immediately communicated to the Black Chiet by Father Gairey. The Chief was so enraged at the refusal of his suit that it is stated he forthwith besieged Lord Oliphant at Auldwick Castle, without avail for some days, but latterly, through the treachery of Angus Bayne, an inmate, the castle was taken, and the indwellers put to the sword. The Black Chief, exasperated at not discovering the beautiful Rose, set fire to the whole pile, and the lady he was in search of, being secreted in some part of the castle, was destroyed along with the premises surrounding her. Judging from all the circumstances related by Mr Calder, the foregoing legend in all probability is associated with the siege described in the complaint to the Privy Council, and the introduction of Rose may have been added for sentimental purposes to increase the interest attaching to the romance. Many of the statements contained in the poem already referred to, are now well known to be inconsistent with fact. Mr Calder sums up his well-known poem in the following words:—

But where is Rose, the ornament and pride,
Of Auldwick Castle, while it crowned the tide;
Alas! she, too, hath sunk a hapless prey,
To those wild flames, secreted where she lay,
And this in beauty's vernal bloom and grace,
Perished the last and loveliest of her race.

The exemption of the lands of the Oliphants in Caithness from the heritable jurisdiction of the Earl of Caithness—a jurisdiction not abolished at the time we are now writing about—did not terminate the contentions of the respective families, or at least the oppressions and plunderings of the Earl and his retainers, for in the following year David Sinclair, a relative of the Earl, with an armed force under cloud of night, forcibly ejected "Lord Oliphant's uncle, William Oliphant," and his servants from the house of Thrumster, and seized the "guidis, geir, insicht, and plenishing upon the ground of the same and within the house thairof." Not content with the forcible invasion and retention of Thrumster, David Sinclair, with sixty followers, in the same year violently seized the "tower and fortalice of Tusbuster and Brawin," with the lands belonging thereto, and all the subjects thereon. The Sinclairs refused to give back the lands and others which were so violently taken from the Oliphants; and in 1587 Lord Oliphant presented a complaint to the Privy Council, narrating the oppressions and maltreatment to which he and his followers were subjected at the hands of the Earl of Caithness and his retainers. But the day of reckoning had now come, for Lord Oliphant obtained letters of charge from the Privy Council against the Earl to the effect that the latter would be "harmless and skaithless" in his actings with Oliphant. The Earl, trusting no doubt in a great measure to the distance between Caithness and the seat of Government, paid very little attention to the charge which he had received, and he therefore continued his former depredations. Lord Oliphant was determined not to be trifled with any longer, and the result was that the Earl, having been put to the horn, was charged "to pas and enter his person in warde within the Castell of Blackness, and to remaine thairin quhile he obeyit the command of the said letters of horning under the pane of tressoun." Those incidents are graphically described in Mr Anderson's work on the Oliphants in Scotland.

The Oliphants were a distinguished family, and on many occasions their chiefs held high offices in the State. Lawrence, fourth Lord Oliphant, concerning whom so much has been written in his relation to his differences with the Earl of Caithness, was a very exemplary and straightforward man, and quite a contrast to the opponent with whom he had to deal in Caithness. He was, when Master of Oliphant, sent as a hostage to England for his father; and in the eventful period in which he lived, he took a fair share of the burdens of the State. He was a member of the Scottish Parliament.

The lands of the Oliphants passed out of their hands, mainly into those of the Earl of Caithness; and the following among other titles are in the charter chest of the present Earl at Barrogill Castle—a nobleman who is respected by all who have had any connection with him:—

1. Charter of the lands of Gillock, &c., by Lawrence, Lord Oliphant, to George, Earl of Caithness, dated 7th May 1550.

2. Sasine in favour of George, Earl of Caithness, on precept by Lawrence, Lord Oliphant, dated 28th July 1550, of Ackergill, Harland, Myrelandhorn, &c.

3. Charter of lands of Ackergill, by Lawrence, Lord Oliphant, to George Sinclair, chancellor, dated 1st April 1574.

4. Sasine on Keiss, Ackergill, &c., in favour of George Sinclair of May, on charter of Lawrence, Lord Oliphant, in 1574.

After having referred at such length to Auldwick Castle, and to its successive occupants—the Cheynes, Sutherlands, and Oliphants—it may be desirable to go back to Mariotta, the daughter of Reginald Cheyne, who was married to John de Keith. Mariotta was married twice—first to Sir John Douglas, but there was no issue of the marriage; and afterwards to John de Keith. It was through this marriage that the great house of Keith—the Earls Marischal of Scotland—became connected with the county of Caithness, in which county they acquired in the course of time vast possessions over and above the lands of Ackergill. Buchan in his history of the Keith family is very meagre in his historical references to the family while in Caithness, and he does not give anything worthy of note regarding such a relationship. It will be of interest, however, for the Caithness men of the present day to know the territorial possessions in the county which belonged to the Keith family. They had part of the lands of Borrowston, Lybster, and Skaill, in the parish of Reay; part of Sordale, Claredon, Murkill, Ormelie, and Sibster, in the parish of Thurso; Subister, Leuaray, Greystones, Scotscalder, and Banniskirk, in the parish of Halkirk; Wester Clyth, in the parish of Latheron; Lynegar and Dun, in the parish of Wattin; Brabsterdorran, in the parish of Bower; Tayne and Stangergill, in the parish of Olrig; Ratter, Hollandmaik, Corsbacky, and others, in the parish of Dunnet; and Slicklie and Brabstermyre, in the parish of Canisbay. The stronghold of the Keiths in Caithness was Ackergill Tower, now the seat of Mr Duff Dunbar of Hempriggs. No evidence apparently exists as to the date of its erection, but it must have been built upwards of four centuries ago. Considering its structure, and comparing it with Auldwick Castle, it is evident that it was erected subsequently to the latter. It has been the residence of Caithness proprietors for centuries. It stands at the south end of Sinclair's bay, the coast along which it overlooks. The only part now standing of the ancient building is the tower, which is about eighty feet in height, and of a rectangular form. The tower consists of four storeys, two of which are arched, while the walls are about ten feet in thickness. A deep moat protected it in the land side, and even though an enemy could have got access to the old castle, it is surmised that he could not make much headway, on account of the narrowness of the winding stair, which enabled one man to defend the upper portions of the tower against great odds. Inside the castle was a well, upwards of twenty feet deep, affording an abundant supply of water. It is said that the well was discontinued to be used for the following reason. A domestic who was a negro fell into it and was drowned. The well was thereupon shut up, there having been some superstitious notion in the district that it was unsafe to drink water out of where a black man had lost his life. But Ackergill Tower has undergone many changes, and various additions and improvements were made to it by the late Sir George Dunbar, Baronet of Hempriggs, a

man of sound sense, and in an eminent degree a gentleman of great practical knowledge. It is reported in the district that the late Lord Duffus wished a window to be opened in one of the thick walls of the castle, but that this was a troublesome architectural difficulty, and after much time and labour had been wasted, his Lordship gave a large piece of ground about Wick to the man who carried out the operation. It is stated in the Origines Parochiales Scotiæ that the tower or castle of Ackergill "was in 1538 granted with the half of the lands to William, Earl Marischal, and Lady Margaret Keith, his wife," but it must be borne in mind that the castle was built long before that time, as it formed the residence of the Keiths in Caithness for many generations previously. It afterwards passed into the hands of the Earl of Caithness, from whom it went into the possession of Lord Glenorchy. It was purchased from the latter by the Dunbars of Hempriggs.

Situated a short distance from Ackergill Tower, and not far from Girnigoe, was the chapel of St Aire, which would no doubt have been the ecclesiastical establishment to which the inmates of the two strongholds would resort. Mr Calder in his History of Caithness calls it the chapel of St Tears, and mentions that it was vulgarly called St Tayre. He states that "it was dedicated to the holy tears shed by the mothers at Bethlehem over their children that were slain by the command of Herod, and was held in great veneration by the inhabitants of the district." But to whatever object it might have been dedicated, we do not see our way to concur in the name give it by Mr Calder, as it appears in old writs as "Sanctus Airis." In this we share the opinion of the late Mr Miller, Town-Clerk of Wick, who maintained that St Aire was the proper name of the chapel. While the little building itself is all gone, its site is still pointed out, and although practically not a vestige of the chapel is to be seen, it was for generations the sacred edifice which the people of the district frequented, not only for religious rites and ceremonies, but also for legal purposes, such as are now administered in the civil courts of the county. The principal officials of the chapel held courts from time to time. The following is an instance of their authority, and as showing what was transacted in it, the original of which is in the charter chest of the Earl of Caithness at Barrogill Castle:—"Act appointing tutors and curators to Helen Brisbane, 4th August 1546. Before Alexander Sutherland, dean and vicar general of Caithness. Court held in the chapel of St Aire." Even after the protestant form of worship had assumed its supremacy in the county, the chapel still continued to be an object of interest, if not of religious awe and dread, to the inhabitants of the district, and its site is shown at the present day as worthy of the attention of the stranger. The Rev. Charles Thomson, late minister of the Free Church of Wick, in the New Statistical Account of Scotland states that it was customary for the people "to visit the chapel of St Tears on Innocents' Day, and leave in it bread and cheese as an offering to the souls of the children slain by Herod, but which the dog-keeper of a neighbouring gentleman used to take out and give to the hounds." This might have been so upwards of a century ago, but there is no trace of it within the memory of man.

(To be Continued.)

WICK. G. M. SUTHERLAND.

TIGH-DIGE NAM FEAR EACHANNACH,

[Composed by Alexander Campbell—*Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair*—to Gairloch House, finding it, on a certain occasion, unoccupied by the family. The house itself is supposed to be lamenting its tenantless position. Ed. *C.M.*]

—o—

'S uaigneach an nochd tha geatachan
Tigh-dige na'm fear Eachannach;
Tha caochladh mor ri fhaicinn ann;
Tha Teaghlach na'm fear gaisgeanta
Air a ghlasadh, 'se gun cheol.

Tha'n Teaghlach mheadhrach, mhanranach
Bha sugach, muirneil, aileiseach,
Fo ghruaim, gun fhuaim, gun ghaireachdaich,
Gun ol, gun cheol d'a bhairigeadh,
Mar a b'abhaist do na seoid.

Chunncas uair gu'm b'fhuirmeil sibh,
Le cuirt; bha cliu feadh Alba oirbh,
Fir aotram 'shiubhal gharbhlaichean
'S iad sunndach, luthair, anmanta,
Neo-chearbach anns an toir.

'S bha Ceannard fialaidh fiughantach,
Bha miadhail, rianail, curamach,
Ceann-uidhe chliar, 'us dhiulanach
'San Teaghlach mheadhrach, mhuirneil ud,
'Tha 'nochd gun smud, gun cheo.

'S nuair dh'eireadh stri no streup oirbh,
Bu lionmhor laoch a dh'eireadh leibh;
Fir mhaoitheach, fhuilteach, gheur lannach,
'S iad strac-bhuilleach, sar-bheumanta,
Nach geilleadh 'us iad beo.

Clann Eachainn Ruaidh na'm brataichean,
Bha piceach, piopach, baitealach,
'S iad meanmnach, strannmhor, tartarach
Fir dhana, laidir, fhaicealach,
Neo-lapanach 'san toir.

'S leat shios 'us shuas 'an Gearrloch iad;
A h-iasg, a feidh, sa fasaichean,
A beinn, a strath, 'sa h-airidhean:
Bi'dh machair agus Gaidhealtachd
A' geilleadh dha na seoid.

'S gur lionmhor oigear maiseach a
Bhitheas cianail a 'dol seachad
Fo'n Tigh Mhor bu mhuirneil macanan,
'S iad a' cuimhneachadh a mharcuis
A bhiodh aca mu do bhord.

Bha 'n Tigh 'san Teaghlach ainmeil anns
Na h-uile taobh dh'am falbhadh tu,
Le miadh, le cliu, s'le anabharra ;
'S gu'm b'iongantach le seanchaidhean
An aimsir so 'thighinn oirnn.

Is trom a sgath an t-eug orm,
Is fhada 'dh' fhag e eis orm ;
Thug e dhiom na laoich nach treigeadh mi,
Na leomhain fhearail ghleusda,
Mo chreach leir ! nach eil iad beo.

'S bho'n la a dh'fhag na h-uaislean mi,
Cha'n fhacas tathaich sluaigh umam,
Cha chualas ceol no fuaim annam,
'S air fhad 's do'm bi mi uainigneach
Bi'dh mo ghruaim a'dol ni's mo.

Ach ged a tha mi gruaimeanach,
Tha duil agam ri fuanacadh ;
Gur fearail treubhach m' uachdaran,
An leomhan tapaidh suairce,
Ni e suas dhomh m' aobhar bhroin.

THE following prospectus has just been issued :—

THE INVERNESSIAN:

An Independent Monthly Journal of Eight Pages Foolscap.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot., Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*.

THE first number of the *Invernessian* will appear on the afternoon of Saturday, the 30th of October 1880, and on the third Saturday of each succeeding month throughout the year. Special editions will be published on special occasions.

It will be particularly devoted to an independent, fair, and fearless criticism of public men and measures in Inverness and throughout the Highlands generally. At the same time care will be taken to supply matter of an entertaining and instructive character to the general reader.

While the actions of public men, as such, will be examined and criticised with a firm hand, anything of a private or personal character will be rigorously excluded. The public conduct of our public men is as legitimate a subject for fair and honest criticism as the plans of our public buildings. It is generally felt that there is in this respect an open field in Inverness, the occupation and cultivation of which will prove advantageous to local interests.

The correspondence columns of the *Invernessian* will be open to all parties, without distinction of politics or creed, so long as communications on public questions are temperately written and devoid of personal reflections of a private nature.

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2 Ness Bank, Inverness, 20th August 1880.

Genealogical Notes and Queries.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

THE SHAWS.—*Apropos* to your reference in last *Celtic Magazine* to the forthcoming "History of the Clan Chattan," perhaps it is not generally known that a colony or section of the Shaws, one of the branches of the Clan Chattan, settled many years ago in the Black Isle, in the parishes of Urray and Killearnan. Their descendants are now known in English as Mackays; but the distinction between themselves and the Mackays of Sutherlandshire is still kept up in the vernacular, the latter being called MacAoidhs; the former MacHäis, pronounced the same as the English form of the word *Mackays*.

Their coat of arms too is altogether different from that of Lord Reay, and from that of the Shaws of the south. On one of their tombstones in the Killichrist burying-ground their arms are beautifully sculptured of a date nearly two hundred years ago. The figures in the four quarters of the shield are intensely Celtic; but the heraldic tinctures are not seen.

Perhaps this may prove interesting to other Shaws, and to the historian of the Clan—Mr Macintosh Shaw. A. R.

THE MACDONALDS OF BALRANALD.—In reply to A. Macdonald, in your last issue, this family is descended from Donald Macdonald, commonly called "Donald Herrach," son of Hugh Macdonald, first baron of Sleat. Hugh of Sleat was a brother of John, last Lord of the Isles, and son of Alexander, last Earl of Ross. The Balranald crest is the same as that of the Macdonalds of Sleat—"A hand in armour, holding a cross crosslet, fitchee, gules." The motto is, "Per mare, per terras." M. A.

[See "History of the Macdonalds," in present number of *Celtic Magazine*, for further details regarding the ancestors of Balranald. Fuller particulars, and a complete genealogy to date, will be given in that work when published in a separate form.—ED. *C. M.*]

QUERY.

THE MURDERED CHIEF OF GLENCOE.—Does any information exist as to where Ian and Alastair, the two sons of the murdered Chief of Glencoe, fled after the massacre? Are there any proofs that either of them or their direct descendants subsequently settled in a Perthshire parish, as by some they are understood to have done?

LEITH. F. J. M.

TEACHING GAELIC IN SCHOOLS.

—o—

What a pleasure it is to read the following extract from the report recently sent by Mr Jolly, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools in the North, to the Education Department, after the flippant, misleading, narrow, and crude remarks on the same subject sent last year to the Department by Messrs Ross and Sime, two of our Gaelic "electro-plated Saxon" inspectors, as they have been so aptly designated. These gentlemen claimed attention on the grounds of a knowledge of Gaelic which they did not possess, while Mr Jolly advocates the claims of the Highland people on broad, educational, and common-sense principles, and a ten years' discriminating experience and enquiry for himself into the wants and desires of the people among whom he so long and so well served his country as an educationist of broad and enlightened views and sympathies. The departure of such a man from amongst us is a loss to the whole Highlands, and we are glad to find him placing on record, in such a form and in such good taste, his acknowledgments that the advantages and civilities of the position were not altogether on one side. The conclusion of his report is as follows:—

I beg once more, especially in the prospect of leaving the north, to recur to the question of the teaching of Gaelic, as it was last year again brought under your Lordships' notice by two of my colleagues, whose opinions carry special weight from the fact of their being Gaelic speakers and students, and as it is one on which your Lordships' ultimate decision is earnestly anticipated by those interested. I shall confine myself to a brief correction of misunderstandings connected with the demands made by the reasonable advocates of the place of Gaelic in the education of the Highland child, and a short statement of what these demands really are. The subject is one on which a Saxon is as competent to form an opinion as a Gael, for, in so far as it concerns the Education Department, it is a purely educational question, to be answered on educational principles. I have myself presumed to express my conclusions in regard to it only after ten years' observation and inquiry in the Highlands themselves, and some study of its literature through translations, which knowledge may, however, not be quite valueless for judgment.

Certain side issues have been imported into the discussion, on which a few remarks are necessary. First, the Highland child should and must learn English as fully as possible: any dubiety on this point may be at once dismissed. There is no doubt that the Highland people wish to learn it, for they are far too practical, notwithstanding their poetry, not to see its need and utility; but I greatly mistake if it is true, as is asserted, that they do not cherish and wish to know and read Gaelic also. Even if they had so far degenerated as to despise their mother tongue while speaking it, their opinion should be disregarded, and their children treated better than their parents desire and deserve. As far as it is educational, the question is not one regarding the desirability or otherwise of conserving the Gaelic language, a speculation quite apart from the subject; it solely concerns its right use while it exists. Nor is it affected, as to educational action, by any statistics in regard to the exact number of

Gaelic speakers in the country. They form a large section of our people —that is enough—and your Lordships have to legislate educationally for these. Nor would the question be altered in any way by a settlement of the problem of the absolute value, age and contents of Gaelic literature and the authenticity of portions of it, or of its relative value as compared with English. The literature is declared by competent authorities to be of no mean worth, and there is no doubt that such a literature might be made a potent instrument in certain important elements of Highland education. No one advocates exclusive Gaelic culture, which would be most unwise, even were the literature higher than it is, for both English and Gaelic literature should be studied by the Highland child. It is simply asked to have the place of the native literature, with its special avenues to the native mind, recognised in the native culture.

Amidst the intemperance of both the over-zealous friends and foes of the language, whom the polemics of the subject have excited, the real educational problem at issue is simple and precise, and may be briefly stated.

In the Highlands we find a people whose native tongue is Gaelic, the language of their homes and their worship, known to them with all the intimacy and ease of a vernacular. It is necessary, however, that they should also acquire the foreign tongue, English, for utilitarian and higher ends.

Surely, in teaching this foreign language, it is only sound sense and good philosophy to employ the native tongue, which first carries the intelligence, to make the teaching of English intelligent—very much in the earlier stages, and decreasingly as power over English is obtained. This is already wisely conceded in the Code in regard to the lower Standards, in which the Intelligence grant may be gained by questioning in Gaelic, a concession which it would be detrimental to Highland education to withdraw. If a Gaelic teacher does not utilise Gaelic to increase real knowledge of English at this stage, he violates the principles of training and throws away an excellent educational tool.

The question regarding which alone there should exist any variety of educational opinion is, that of the use or non-use of the native literature as an element in *later* culture. It cannot, I think, be doubted that this literature could have a unique cultural power which no foreign literature can have, however relatively superior to it; and it would seem only wise and right to utilise this in the education of the child, for if we do not so employ it, we neglect a vitalising factor in his training. He ought, therefore, to be made able to read intelligently his own tongue, and to enjoy and be educated by its best contents. This all true principles of education recommend, where the native literature has any such power, which Gaelic literature in many important elements possesses, especially in expressing the universal feelings of the human heart and the beauties of nature.

To secure this educative experience, it is asked that when the Highland child, having reached the 4th Standard, has surmounted the mechanical difficulties of reading and is more capable of profiting by the subject matter, he should be taught to read the Gaelic he already speaks, and be introduced to the literary stores it contains. Hence the demand that Gaelic should be included in the Specific Subjects. As a matter of

justice, the request is singularly fair; as an educational position, enlightened. Financially considered, it is mild and reasonable, for it would not increase the expenditure of the Department one penny, because, if taught, it would simply take the place of some other subject.

It is a mistake to think that the teaching of Gaelic in the higher classes would hinder progress in English. Rightly treated, it would greatly assist progress, for it would afford the important intellectual gymnastic of inter-translation between two languages, and give him the intellectual gain claimed for the study of two tongues. Indeed, this teaching of Gaelic in the higher Standards I should even recommend, if only to give the child a better knowledge of English at this riper age.

I need only refer to the additional very weighty reason for teaching him to read his native tongue, that of enabling him to read the language of his devotions and the Book of his highest hopes.

These two positions are all that are contended for by the great majority of the advocates of Gaelic in schools. The half of their demand has already been conceded by your Lordships, that of its use in the earlier stages; the other still waits for your decision. The Educational Institute of Scotland, representing the general views of Scottish schoolmasters, Highland and Lowland, has recently joined in the same recommendation.

RETROSPECT OF WORK IN THE NORTH.

In the prospect of leaving the north, after eleven years' residence, it is natural to reflect on past varied experiences in this interesting region. For years I traversed the seven northern counties, travelling from 10,000 to 12,000 miles annually in the old days of denominational inspection, with scattered schools, in poor but picturesque buildings, with poorer educational appliances, where, however, most praiseworthy work was achieved in circumstances now, happily, difficult to realise. Seven years ago, all this was changed by the passing of the Act of 1872, when the conduct of education became a function of the whole people under Government regulation, with the national purse to supply the necessary means, instead of the scattered and imperfect voluntary agencies that had so honourably done the work in the past. The new system, with the enormous burdens involved in the Highlands, was bravely accepted, and has been carried out with an enlightened generosity that is the best pledge of future success.

At first, with the self-sufficient prejudices of the southern Saxon, I looked upon my transference to the north with disappointment, as a kind of banishment to boreal darkness, but I now regard my lengthened sojourn here as a valuable experience for life. No one knows Scotland physically, scientifically, socially, educationally, or religiously, who is ignorant of the Highlands with their many important special problems, interesting to all students of nature and humanity, and of the social condition of our people; and into these the life of an inspector gives unwonted opportunities of looking, for which I shall ever feel thankful. The picturesqueness, too, of the work, and the many exquisite scenes hidden away in remote corners accessible to few to which the needs of inspection introduce one, have been more than sufficient return for much severe, if not dangerous, travel by sea and land, and have furnished countless delightful memories. These have been heightened by the thousand pleasant offices of hospitality

truly Highland, which will ever be warmly remembered but can never be adequately repaid.

My connexions with the hard-working and estimable men and women who conduct Highland education under conditions incredible to those unacquainted with the district have, with rare exceptions, been of the pleasantest kind, and I herewith tender them my sincere thanks for their kindly forbearance and genial friendliness under the many trying relations between the critic and the criticised, on which, in this case, so much of vital moment depends.

The character of the work presented in school has generally been most praiseworthy, especially when the whole circumstances are considered, and has borne favourable comparison with that of the rest of the country in tone, results and extent of study. The future of Highland education may be anticipated with assured confidence: for the people set a high and growing value upon the school; the children are unusually apt and willing, with emotional elements of higher culture too often wanting in their Saxon compeers; the school managers have, in general, proved themselves liberal and enlightened; and the teachers are, as a whole, earnest, hard-working, and capable.

I leave the north, and the many good friends I have found here, with real regret, and only in prospect of other advantages, and I shall ever cherish towards the Highlands the deepest interest and affection.

THE REV. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A., A CHIEFTAIN.—At a special meeting recently held of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, the members did themselves and their Society the honour of unanimously electing the Rev. Alex. Macgregor as one of their Honorary Chieftains. This should have been done long ago; but "better late than never." We do not know at the present moment any one who so well deserves the honour, if services to the Gaelic and Celtic cause generally are to be the leading qualifications. "Bithidh iteagan boidheach air na h-eoin a thig fad as," (Far birds have fine feathers), is a proverb which is not altogether inapplicable to the conduct of the more active members of the Gaelic Society, else Mr Macgregor's great and long-sustained services to the Celts and their cause would have been acknowledged in this form long ago. The number of honorary chieftains is limited to seven, and according to the constitution, as printed in vol. ii. of the Transactions of the Society, the honour can only be conferred upon "gentlemen who are distinguished for Celtic literary attainments or patriotism." Cluny Macpherson of Cluny was elected at the same time, as a special acknowledgment of the latter quality, which all will admit he deserves in an eminent degree. The following is the present roll of honorary chieftains in the order of their election:—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Professor John Stuart Blackie; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, M.P.; Duncan Davidson of Tulloch; the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A.; and Cluny Macpherson of Cluny. We would suggest the completion of the full number by the election of the present Chief of the Society—the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot.; than whom there is no one who better deserves the honour.

THE MACDONALDS AND THE MACLEODS IN HARRIS.

—o—

At the time when the long-continued feuds between the Macdonalds and the Macleods were at their height, the little island of Pabbay, in the Sound of Harris, was the scene of the following exciting incidents. One day the inhabitants of the island discovered to their terror that a large party of the Macdonalds were approaching in their war galleys, evidently with the intention of attacking the island. The Macleods feeling themselves too weak to meet their assailants with any reasonable chance of success, had recourse to stratagem. Hastily collecting their families, they placed all the women and children in places of safety at some distance from the hamlet; then separating, they hid themselves in the numerous creeks and coves of the island, waiting the arrival of their relentless and formidable enemies with feelings of the deepest hatred. From their hiding-places they could see all the movements of the invaders. The Macdonalds landed without opposition, and leaving one man in charge of the boats, they advanced exultingly towards the village, which, to their pleased astonishment, they found deserted. Confident in their numbers and strength, they thought not of guarding against a surprise, but gave themselves up to enjoying the good things the numerous houses afforded, and in collecting all the booty they could lay their hands upon.

So soon as the Macleods saw their foes thus engaged, at a concerted signal they all rushed to the boats, seized and gagged the sentinel before he could give his companions the alarm; then, securing him in one of the boats, they sent the whole fleet adrift, the tide soon carrying them far away. Then, hurrying to their own boats, the Macleods pulled with a will to the neighbouring island of Berneray, and sought the assistance of their kinsmen there, explaining how they had got the Macdonalds into a trap by cutting off their retreat. The Macleods of Berneray willingly offered their aid to destroy their mutual enemy, and accompanied the Pabbay men back to their homes.

On landing, they were wiser than the Macdonalds had been, and left two men in charge of each boat with strict orders to prevent any of the Macdonalds from using them. The main body of them then marched quickly to what only a few hours before had been a populous and happy village, but which now was merely a mass of smoking ruins, only the church and one large house being left standing. In this house most of the ruthless Macdonalds were assembled with the more valuable part of the booty, while the rest were busily employed collecting the cattle and driving them to the shore. Thus it happened that the avengers were close upon them before they knew of their danger. Then, indeed, the fight was fast and furious. The sight of their ruined homes roused the fury of the Macleods to such a degree that each man fought with the strength of two ordinary men. Finding themselves unable to resist the deadly onslaught of the Macleods, the Macdonalds beat a retreat to where they had left their boats; but, to their despair, they found them gone, and encountered instead the determined attack of the men left in charge of the Macleods' boats. Thus they were completely hemmed in on all sides. Many of them in their utter despair threw themselves into the

raging sea, preferring a watery grave to the dishonour and defeat before them. Not a single man of the invaders was left to tell the mournful tale. The houses were rebuilt, the families re-united, and the island of Pabbay was never again attacked by the Macdonalds.

Some years ago a number of human bones were discovered in the ground at Pabbay, which are supposed to have belonged to some of the Macdonalds who fell in the above conflict. It is said that there were also found some time ago, near the same place, eight silver rings, a brass cup, and a sword, all of a very ancient make; and at the same time and spot the bones of a female were dug out of the ground. This female is supposed to have been the wife of the chief or leader of the Macdonald band above referred to, who, not anticipating such a terrible result, accompanied her husband to Pabbay to see the speedy manner in which his band would make an end of the Macleods.

MAC IAN.

MARY J. MACCOLL'S POEMS.—We are glad to find that the first impression of Miss Maccoll's poems, recently noticed in these pages, is already out of print, and that a second edition is almost through the press.

FLORA MACDONALD.—The third article on Flora Macdonald, by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., will appear in our next issue. The delay was unavoidable for reasons which it is unnecessary here to explain.

THE INVERNESS DIRECTORY for 1880-81, recently issued, is an excellent shilling's worth, containing as it does complete street, trade, professional, and official lists, all alphabetically arranged, and giving, with one important exception, the names of all the societies, with their officials, in town. On what principle, or for what reason, such an influential and well-known local institution as the Gaelic Society has hitherto been excluded from this directory, it is difficult to understand. Another local institution somewhat similar in its aims—the *Celtic Magazine*—has also hitherto been ignored, but this year it is considered worthy of recognition, and finds its place among our other local publications. It will, however, be found that even the cold shoulder of the publishers of the Inverness Directory will fail to extinguish such healthy institutions, and we would not be surprised to find even the Gaelic Society finding a place, as well as ourselves, in the next issue of the directory. The work is, altogether, highly creditable, and no business man amongst us can conveniently do without having it within reach. There is, however, one improvement which we would suggest—namely, to dispense with those coloured advertising leaves in the body of the book. When one is looking for a name it is most annoying to come across one of those stumbling-blocks in the way. We have removed the obstruction in our copy by the simple process of cutting the offensive leaves out; but the publishers might save us this trouble in future, and by so doing make the Directory much more attractive than it now is. There is a good map of the town given, which will be found most useful, even to permanent residents, for the town is growing at such a pace that many of the newer streets are unknown to the oldest inhabitant.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS, AND THE LORDS OF THE ISLES.

By the Editor.

XII.

XIII. Donald Macdonald, fourth of Sleat, was known among the Highlanders as "Domhnull Gruamach Mac Dhomh'uill Ghallaich." During the life of this chief the usual internal feuds and rapine appear to have continued rampant throughout the Isles, though they did not extend to the rest of the kingdom, but his position appears all through to have been of a subordinate character among the Island chiefs, and little is known of his early history. The dispute which had long existed between the family of Sleat and Ranald MacAllan, chief and heir of the Clanranald Allansons, about the Sleat possessions in Skye and North Uist seems to have been decided in favour of the latter in 1505, the last year of the rule of his predecessor.* In 1528 King James V., then in his seventeenth year, extricated himself from the thraldom in which he had so long been held by the Earl of Angus and by the Douglases; whereupon the policy of the government underwent a considerable change, especially towards the Isles.

One of the first Acts passed by the Privy Council, and dated 12th November 1528, bears that certain persons in the Lordship of the Isles during the supremacy of the Douglases obtained new titles to land there which might "turn to the great skaith of his majesty, both in respect to his own proper lands and his casualties, without the same be wisely considered and forseen to be for the good of his Grace and realm." These grants were made by the Earl of Angus, no doubt with the view of securing adherents in the Isles; but on the assumption of power by the King, they were declared null and void, while it was, at the same time, provided that, in future, no lands should be bestowed in the West Highlands and Isles without the advice of the Privy Council and of the Earl of Argyll, the King's Lieutenant in the Isles, "because it is understood, by the

* Gregory, p. 102; Reg. Great Seal, xiv., 141; Reg. Crown Rentals, A.D. 1505.

King, that the said lands, or the most part thereof, are his own proper lands, or in his hands, through forfeiture, escheit or non-entries."*

In the same year, 1528, serious disturbances again broke out in the North and South Isles. Those in the North originated in a feud between the Macdonalds and the Macleods of Harris and Dunvegan regarding the lands and office of Bailliary in the wide district of Troternish in the Isle of Skye:—To understand this feud properly, says Gregory, it will be necessary to trace, with some care, the history of the district in question. By a charter under the Great Seal, in August 1498, the office of Bailliary, with two *unciates* of the lands of Trouterness, was confirmed to Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan as having been formerly held by him under the Lord of the Isles, and as being then in the hands of the Crown, by the last forfeiture of that nobleman.† Two months later, another charter passed the Great Seal, granting the same office, and eight merks of the lands, to Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, on precisely similar grounds.‡ Both of these charters seemed to have been rendered null by the general revocation in 1498, or 1499, already alluded to. In 1505 the eighty merk lands of Trouterness were let, by the Commissioners of the Crown, for three years, to Ranald Bane Allanson of Moydert; the Earl of Huntly being surety for the payment of the rent by the latter.§ In 1510, Archibald Dubh, the bloodstained captain of the Clanhuistein, was acting as Bailie of Trouterness, and a letter was directed under the Privy Seal to the tenants of Trouterness in his favour.‖ Ranald Bane of Moydert was executed at Perth in 1513: and Archibald Dubh soon afterwards met with the fate he deserved, being killed by his nephews, the sons of his murdered brothers.¶ Macleod of Dunvegan, who seems to have been principal crown tenant of Trouterness some time before 1517, had his lease continued from that year until the majority of James V. Under the government of the Earl of Angus, Dunvegan appears to have obtained also an heritable grant of the lands of Sleat and North Uist; and thus became additionally exposed to the hostility of the Clanhuistein of Sleat, who were now under the command of Donald Gruamach.** The latter chief sought the assistance of his uterine brother, John MacTorquil Macleod (son of Torquil Macleod of the Lews, forfeited in 1506, and nephew of Malcolm, the present Lord of Lewis), a man like himself, without legal inheritance of any kind, in order to expel Dunvegan and his clan from Trouterness. In this they were successful, as well as in preventing him putting in force his new charter to Sleat and North Uist. Trouterness was again occupied by the Clanhuistein; and John MacTorquil, taking

* Transactions of the Iona Club, p. 155.

† Reg. of Great Seal, xiii., 305.

‡ Ibid, xiii., 377.

§ Reg. of Crown Rentals, ad tempus.

‖ Reg. of Privy Seal, iv., fo. 70. In the same year, at the Justiceaire held at Inverness, precept of remission, dated 4th July, is issued to Gillespic Dhu, Baillzie of Troternish, and others, John MacGille Martin, and 63 others, for common oppression of the lieges, and for resetting, supplying, and intercommuning with the King's rebels, and also for fire-raising.—*Invernessiana, p.* 193.

¶ Hugh Macdonald's MS.

** Donald Gruamach (or grim-looking) was son of Donald Gallach, and grandson of Hugh, Lord of Sleat. His mother was first married to Torquil Macleod of the Lewis, as his second wife (?) Hugh Macdonald's MS.; Dean Munro's Genealogies.

advantage of the opportunity afforded by the death of his uncle, and the minority of the son of the latter, and aided by Donald Gruamach and his followers, seized the whole barony of Lewis, which, with the command of the Siol Torquil, he held during his life.*

The Clandonald of Islay were among those rewarded by the Earl of Angus with grants of some of the lands which had reverted to the Crown after the forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles. The same policy had been adopted towards Hector Mor, chief of the Macleans of Duart. These grants were now, however, declared null and void; the Earl of Argyll being foremost in pressing the Council to this act of bad faith, no doubt, anticipating that the result might almost to a certainty lead to the lands being ultimately conferred upon himself. The Macleans panted for an opportunity to avenge the death of their late chief, Lachlan Cattanach, on the Campbells of Argyll, and the combined followers of Macdonald of Isla and Maclean of Duart made a descent upon Roseneath, Craignish, and other lands belonging to the Campbells, ravaging them with fire and sword, and putting many of the inhabitants mercilessly to death. The Campbells retaliated by laying waste a great part of Mull and Tiree, as well as the lands of Morvern on the mainland. The insurrection had proceeded to such a height that Sir John Campbell of Calder, "on behalf of his brother, the Earl of Argyll, demanded from the Council powers of an extraordinary nature to enable him to restore the peace of the country," in which was included among other demands one to the effect that all the able-bodied householders in the shires of Dumbarton and Renfrew, and in the Bailliaries of Carrick, Kyle, and Cunningham, should meet the Earl at Lochranza, in Arran, with provision for twenty days, to aid him in the subjection of the Islanders. This request was refused by the Council, on the plea that, being harvest time, such would be most injurious to those districts, "but they gave directions for a cannon, with two falconets, and three barrels of gun-powder, under the charge of two gunners, and as many carpenters, to be forwarded to Dumbarton for the use of the Earl, in case he should find it necessary to besiege any of the 'strengths' of the Isles. At the same time they determined upon sending a herald of 'wisdom and discretion' to Alexander of Isla, with directions, in the first instance, to summon him and his followers to lay down their arms, under pain of treason; and, if he found them disposed to be obedient, the herald was then authorised to treat with that chief about his coming under protection, to wait upon the King and state his grievances in person, being prepared to give hostages (Lowlanders) for his obedience, and for his payment of the rents and duties of such lands as might be assigned to him by his sovereign." The herald was a pursuivant named Robert Hart, who, in the course of about a month, reported to the Council that Alexander Macdonald of Isla proved contumacious, when directions were at once given to Argyll to proceed against the rebels of the Isles and reduce them to obedience. During the first six months little or no success was secured, but in the spring of 1538 preparations were made on a more extensive scale to compel the obedience of the rebel chiefs. The "tenants" of the Isles were summoned to the King's presence upon the 24th of May "to

* Acts of the Lords of Council xxxix., fo. 159; xli., fo. 79. Acts of Parliament ii. 333. Sir R. Gordon's History of the family of Sutherland, p. 263.

commune with his Majesty for the good rule of the Isles," and they were at the same time prohibited from giving any assistance to the rebels, and from "convocating the King's lieges in arms" under pain of treason. A large force from the southern counties were to join Argyll, the King's Lieutenant, under high penalties, and to continue their service under him "for a month;" while the burghs of Ayr, Irvine, Glasgow, Renfrew, and Dumbarton were to send their boats with provisions for the army, for which, however, they were to receive payment. Any of the Islesmen afraid to trust themselves in the low country on their way to the King were offered protection while on their way to Court, and for thirty days additional to enable them to return home in safety.

These proceedings had the desired effect on some of the leading Island chiefs, nine of whom sent in offers of submission to the King through one of their number, Hector Maclean of Duart. Among them we find Donald Gruamach Macdonald of Sleat. Their names are as follows, in the order given, viz.:—"Hector Maclean of Doward, John Maclean of Lochbuy, John Moydertach, captain of the Clanranald; Alexander Macian of Ardnamurchan, Alexander Macleod of the Harris (Dunvegan), the Laird of Coll (Maclean), John Macleod of the Lewis, and Donald Gruamach of Dunskaich (a castle in Sleat). These were all promised protection against Argyll, and any others, on condition that they should meet the King at Edinburgh, or anywhere else where he might be holding his Court before the 20th of June following, and remain there so long as he should require them to do so. The protection was to continue for twenty-one days, after their departure from Court, to enable them to reach their homes in safety. The King at the same time agreed to procure from Argyll ample hostages to secure their absolute safety going and returning. These were to be Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, Archibald Campbell of Auchinbreck, Archibald Campbell of Skipnish, and Duncan Campbell of Ilangerig, all of whom were to be confined in the Castle of Edinburgh. Owing to the death of the Earl of Argyll in this year nothing, however, was done, but in the following year it was resolved finally that the King should proceed in person against the Islanders on the first of June. The whole southern array of Scotland were to meet him, with forty days provisions, at Ayr, on that day, to accompany him to the Isles, while the whole array of the northern counties were ordered to meet James, Earl of Murray, the King's natural brother and Lieutenant of the North, at Kintail, or anywhere else he might appoint, to proceed against the Islanders under his directions. And, finally, a parliament was summoned to meet at Edinburgh on the 24th of April to pass sentence of forfeiture against any Islesmen who should still continue disobedient.

Seeing the magnitude of the preparations made for the Royal expedition, Macdonald of Isla and Maclean of Duart, having first received a protection and safeguard, went to the King at Stirling, and made their submission on certain conditions which were considered satisfactory and agreed to. These chiefs being the leaders of the insurrection, it was now considered unnecessary for the king to lead the expedition to the Isles in person, and the command was handed over to the Earls of Murray and Argyll. Macdonald of Isla promised to enforce the collection of the Royal rents upon the Crown lands of the Isles; to support the dignity and respect the revenues of the church; and to maintain the authority of the laws,

and the inviolability of private property. Under these conditions he and his vassals were reinstated in the lands which they had forfeited by their recent rebellions.* Macdonald's revelations at Court "were such that Argyll was deprived of his Lieutenancy, and even for a time imprisoned, and the Crown took the government of the Isles and West Highlands into its own hands, an arrangement which made it necessary to take John of Isla and other chiefs into confidential communication with the Government. The lieutenancy which had been held by the house of Argyll was not transferred to another. Certain engagements were taken by John of Isla and others which seemed to render such a high officer unnecessary. On the vital question of the money interests of the Crown in these districts, the Council were satisfied with obligations by the chiefs to collect and forward the feudal duties of the Crown and the ecclesiastical taxes."†

This portion of the history of the Macdonalds belongs to, and ought perhaps to be given under the heading of the family of Isla itself, and at greater length, but we think this reference to it is necessary here as Macdonald of Isla appears at this time to have been leader of all the Macdonalds; but Donald Gruamach of Sleat, though not taking the leading seems all through to have taken a prominent share in the warlike proceedings of the Islanders during this period.

Like most other chiefs of his time Donald Gruamach could handle the sword better than the pen. A bond of offence and defence between Sir John Campbell of Cawdor, Hector Mackintosh, captain of the Clan Chattan; Hector Munro of Fowlis, Hugh Rose of Kilravock, and "Donald Ilis of Slate," entered into at Inverness, on the 30th of April 1527, is given *in extenso* by Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A. Scot., in his *Invernessiana*, p. 203, whereon the last signature is "Donald Iles of Slate, *with my hand at the pen*," guided by Sir William Munro, notary public. "It is after and from him," continues Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, "that the family of Sleat, now represented by Lord Macdonald, had the patronymic in Gaelic of 'Macdhomhnuill nan Eilean,' or Macdonald of the Isles, to distinguish this family from other branches. It has been alleged that neither this Donald, nor his co-temporary and namesake, Ian Muideartach, were of legitimate descent."

Donald Gruamach married Margaret, daughter of Macdonald of Moydart, by whom he had issue—

1. Donald, his heir and successor.

2. James, from whom descended the Macdonalds of Kingsburgh, and of whom hereafter.

He died in 1534, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XIV. Donald Gorme Macdonald, fifth of Sleat, who soon after claimed for his family, and in his own person, the ancient honours of his ancestors, the Lordship of the Isles, and the Earldom of Ross; for we find him writing a letter, in Latin, dated 5th August 1535, to King Henry VIII., in which he styles himself "Donaldus Rossie Comes et Insularem Scotie Dominus." On this point Gregory says that "many of the Islanders still regarded Donald Dubh, for whose sake their fathers had risen in rebellion in 1503, as the proper heir; but the lengthened

* Tytler's Scotland.

† John Hill Burton's History of Scotland, vol. iii., p. 149, 1876 edition.

captivity of this hapless chief, joined to the doubts of his legitimacy, which were countenanced by the Government, contributed to bring forward another claimant. This was Donald Gorme of Sleat, the son and successor of Donald Gruamach. The talents of the father had done much to raise the Clandonald, or Clanhuistein, of Sleat from the depressed state into which they had fallen, owing to confiscations and internal dissensions; and the power of the son was much increased by his marriage with the heiress of John MacTorquil Macleod. That chief, the representative of an elder branch, though forfeited branch of the family of Lewis, had, as we have seen, obtained possession of the estates and leading of his tribe; and, although he did not hold these by any legal title, the claims of his daughter, after his death, were far from contemptible, especially when supported by the influence of Clandonald. A compromise seems to have been entered into between Donald Gorme and Ruari Macleod, the legal heir of the Lewis. Ruari Macleod was allowed to enter into possession of the estate of Lewis, as formerly held by Malcolm Macleod, his father, and the last lawful possessor. In return for such an important concession on the part of the Chief of Sleat, the other became bound to assist in putting Donald Gorme in possession of Trouterness, against all the efforts of the Chief of Dunvegan and his tribe, the Siol Tormod, who had again contrived to seize that district. It is probable too, that Macleod agreed to co-operate with him in his endeavours to obtain the Earldom of Ross and Lordship of the Isles, to which, indeed, on the supposition of the illegitimacy of Donald Dubh, and setting aside the forfeiture, Donald Gorme was heir male. This was the foundation of a conspiracy which soon embraced a majority of the Island chiefs, and was only extinguished by the death of Donald Gorme, and the active measures adopted by the King. It is probable that Argyll's loss of influence may have led the Islanders to expect that their object was to be obtained by the favour of the Crown; but, if so, they were disappointed, and their disappointment caused them to attempt seizing, by force, what they could not compass by other means.

"In the month of May this year (1539) Trouterness was invaded and laid waste by Donald Gorme, and his allies of the Siol Torquil, as we find from a complaint made against them by Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan.* From Skye, taking advantage of the absence of Mackenzie of Kintail, who was opposed to his pretensions, Donald Gorme passed over into Ross-shire, where, after ravaging the district of Kenlochewe, he proceeded to Kintail with the intention of surprising Mackenzie's castle of Elandonain. This fortress was, at the time, almost destitute of a garrison, and, had the insurgents succeeded in their attempt, a formidable rebellion in the Isles would have been the consequence. But their leader, trusting to the weakness of the garrison, and exposing himself rashly under the walls of the castle, received a wound in the foot from an arrow shot by the Constable of the castle which proved fatal; for, not observing that the arrow was barbed, the enraged chief pulled it hastily out of the wound, by which an artery was severed; and the medical skill of his followers could devise no means of checking the effusion of blood which necessarily followed. They conveyed him to an islet out of reach of the castle, where a temporary hut was constructed, in which this ill-fated representative of the Lords of

* Books of Adjournal, 16th December 1539.

the Isles closed his short career. The spot where he died is still pointed out, and receives from the natives the name of 'Larach tigh Mhic Dhonuill;' or, 'The site of Macdonald's house.' Discouraged by this event, the insurgents returned to Skye, after burning all the boats belonging to the Kintail men they could find."*

A more complete version of the attack upon Eileandonain Castle and of its gallant defence will be found in vol. iii., pp. 247-248 of the *Celtic Magazine*, as also at pages 106-108 of the "History and Genealogies of the Mackenzies," by the same author; and being thus already known to the reader it may here be passed over. It appears, however, from the Letterfearn MS. that this was not the first visit during Donald Gorme's rule paid by the Macdonald's to the Mackenzie country. According to the author of that MS., "a party of the Macdonalds, by command of Donald Gorme of Slate, broke in upon Kintail, took away herschips, and killed many of the inhabitants. Sir Dugal Mackenzie, priest of Kintail, who lived in Achguirean in Glenshiel, was killed, leaving his widow, nien Dunchy Chaim, a Glenmoriston woman, and two sons, and one daughter called Isabell. This relict was married afterwards to John Dow MacMahon, a rich man who was made Governor of Islandonain after Gilchrist MacFhionlay's death. To revenge this on the Macdonalds, Mackenzie (of Kintail) sent his son Kenneth, who was married to Athole's daughter, with a strong party to the Isles, who harried Slate, and burnt and slew some persons there; but to requite this Macdonald broke in again upon some other of Mackenzie's (lands) more northward, came to Kenlochew, carried away a great deal of spoil, and killed Mulmoire MacFhionlay, brother to Gilchrist MacFhionlay, Governor of Islandonain, the relicts of whose monument are to be seen yet at Kenlochew in the place where he was killed, for which cause Kenneth, young Mackenzie, went the second time to Slate and burned and harried much of that country," and, it was only then, according to this authority, that Donald Gorme sailed to Kintail and attacked the Mackenzie stronghold in the manner, and with the result, already described. In consequence of his rebellious conduct his estates were, in 1540, forfeited to the Crown.

According to Douglas, Donald Gorme married Margaret, daughter of Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, while Gregory, a much more reliable authority, says that he married "the heiress of John MacTorquil Macleod, the representative of an elder, though forfeited, branch of the family of Lewis," who "had obtained possession of the estates and leading of his tribe" for a time, and who was a nephew of Malcolm Macleod, Lord of Lewis, at the period of which we now write. By this marriage he left a son,

XV. Donald Gormeson Macdonald, sixth of Sleat, who, at the time of his father's death, in 1539, was a minor of tender years. In the following year, 1540, the King determined upon an imposing voyage with the Royal fleet to the Western Isles, the preparations for and the progress of which is thus described by Tytler:—"He now meditated an important enterprise, and only awaited the confinement of the Queen to carry it into effect. The remoter portions of his kingdom, the northern counties, and the Western and Orkney Islands, had, as we have already seen, been

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 143-146.

grievously neglected during his minority; they had been torn by the contentions of hostile clans; and their condition, owing to the incursions of the petty chiefs and pirate adventurers who infested these seas, was deplorable. This the monarch now resolved to redress, by a voyage conducted in person, and fitted out upon a scale which had not before been attempted by any of his predecessors. A fleet of twelve ships was assembled, amply furnished with artillery, provided for a lengthened voyage, and commanded by the most skilful mariners in his dominions. Of these, six ships were appropriated to the King, three were victuallers, and the remaining three carried separately the Cardinal (Beaton), the Earl of Huntly, and the Earl of Arran. Beaton conducted a force of five hundred men from Fife and Angus; Huntly and Arran brought with them a thousand, and this little army was strengthened by the royal suite, and many barons and gentlemen who swelled the train of their prince, or followed on this distant enterprise the banner of their chiefs. It was one laudable object of the King in his voyage, to complete an accurate nautical survey of the northern coasts and isles, for which purpose he carried with him Alexander Lindsay, a skilful pilot and hydrographer, whose charts and observations remain to the present day. But his principal design was to overawe the rebellious chiefs, to enforce obedience to the laws, and to reduce within the limits of order and good government a portion of his dominions, which for the last thirty years, had repeatedly refused to acknowledge their dependence upon the Scottish crown.

"On the 22d of May, to the great joy of the monarch and his people, the queen presented them with a prince, and James, whose preparations were complete, hoisted the royal flag on board the admiral's ship, and, favoured with a serene heaven and a favourable breeze, conducted his fleet along the populous coasts of Fife, Angus, and Buchan, till he doubled the promotory of Kennedar. He next visited the wild shores of Caithness, and crossing the Pentland Firth was gratified on reaching the Orkneys by finding these islands in a state of greater improvement and civilisation than he had ventured to expect. Doubling Cape Wrath, the royal squadron steered for the Lewis, Harris, and the isles of North and South Uist; they next crossed over to Skye, made a descent upon Glenelg, Moidart, and Ardnamurchan, circumnavigated Mull, visited Coll and Tiree, swept along the romantic coast of Argyle, and passing the promontory of Cantire, delayed a while on the shores of Arran, and cast anchor beside the richer and more verdant fields of Bute. Throughout the whole progress the voyage did not exhibit exclusively the stern aspect of a military expedition, but mingled the delights of the chase, of which James was passionately fond, with the graver cares and labours of the monarch and the legislator. The rude natives of these savage and distant regions flocked to the shore, to gaze on the unusual apparition, as the fleet swept past their promonotories; and the mountain and island lords crowded round the royal pavilion, which was pitched upon the beach, to deprecate resentment and proffer their allegiance. The force which was aboard appears to have been amply sufficient to secure a prompt submission upon the part of those fierce chieftains who had hitherto bid defiance to all regular government; and James, who dreaded lest the departure of the fleet should be a signal for a return of their former courses, insisted that many of them should accompany him to the capital and remain

there as hostages for the peaceable deportment of their followers. Some of the most refractory were even thrown into irons and confined on board the ships, whilst others were treated with a kindness which soon substituted the ties of affectionate allegiance for those of compulsion and terror. On reaching Dumbarton, the King considered his labours at an end, and giving orders for the fleet to proceed by their former course to Leith, travelled to court, only to become exposed to the renewed enmity of his nobles."

Gregory is more particular in some of the details of this royal expedition, and informs us that Donald Mackay of Strathnaver was seized "without much difficulty." From Sutherland "the fleet proceeded to the Isle of Lewis, where Ruari Macleod, with his principal kinsmen, met the King, and were made to accompany him in his further progress. The west coast of the Isle of Skye was next visited; and Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan, lord of that part of the island, was constrained to embark in the royal fleet. Coasting round by the north of Skye, the King came to the district of Trouterness, so lately desolated by the Chief of Sleat. Here various chieftains, claiming their descent from the ancient Lords of the Isles, came to meet their Sovereign—particularly John Moydertach, captain of the Clanranald, Alexander of Glengarry, and other of 'Ma Coneyllis kyn.' These chieftains hoped to secure the royal favour by coming to meet the King before the course of his voyage led him to their own districts. From Trouterness James proceeded, by the coast of Ross, to Kintail, where he was joined by the Chief of the Mackenzies; and then sailing southwards by the Sound of Sleat, he visited, in succession, the Isles of Mull and Isla, and the districts of Kintyre and Knapdale, taking with him, on his departure, Hector Maclean of Dowart, and James Macdonald of Isla, the two principal leaders in the south Isles. . . . It is not the least remarkable circumstance connected with this important expedition, that the Earl of Argyle had no prominent command, if, indeed, he was employed at all, which is very doubtful."

Some of these Island lords were soon after set at liberty on giving hostages for their peaceful behaviour, while the more turbulent of them were kept in confinement until some time after the King's death in 1542. The Lordship of the Isles, with North and South Kintyre, were, as part of the King's policy towards the Islanders, in 1540, inalienably annexed to the Crown. The long cherished hopes of the western chiefs to establish the Lordship in its ancient glory were thus for the time blasted, and a long peace in those remote regions was expected to succeed the successful voyage of the King; but these expectations were soon disappointed, for, two years after, James V. died in the flower of his age, when he was succeeded by his infant daughter, the unfortunate Mary, during whose reign Scotland was so much distracted, not only by foreign aggression, but by domestic feuds among the powerful factions that contended so keenly for power during her minority.

During the rule of this chief Donald Dubh again makes his escape from prison, is proclaimed Lord of the Isles, and supported by all the vassals of the ancient Lordship in a second rebellion, the particulars of which will be given in our next.

(To be Continued.)

SONG BY JEROME STONE.

—o—

Dear Mr Editor,—Some time ago I wrote two or three papers in the *Inverness Courier* on Jerome Stone and his MS. collection of Fingalian ballads and other Gaelic poetry, taken down by him, from oral recitation, in the Highlands of Perthshire, between the years 1745-55. I was able to speak as authoritatively as was possible on the subject, being in possession for the time, by the kindness of a literary friend, of Stone's original manuscript, in many respects an exceedingly interesting and valuable volume. Jerome Stone, however, was something very much more than a mere collector of old Gaelic ballads: he was an excellent classical scholar, and familiar enough with French, Italian, and Spanish to translate the lyrical poetry of these languages into English verse with an easy elegance and evidently keen appreciation of the merits of the originals, highly creditable at once to his linguistic talents, critical judgment, and good taste. But Stone was something more even than the interpreter and translator of the poetry of others: he was a poet himself, or rather, to be more correct, he wrote original poetry with so much elegance of thought and expression, and with such an easy flow and ready mastery of versification, that had he been spared for a score of years longer (he died in his thirtieth year), he would, we have little hesitation in believing, have earned for himself a position of mark amongst the poets of his time. Stone's MS. volume is about to pass from our possession, and before parting with it I transcribe the following verses for publication in the *Celtic Magazine*, if you can make room for them. They are not only interesting as being Jerome Stone's; but they are very beautiful in themselves, and all the more captivating because of a certain subtle quaintness and prettily managed archaic turn of phrase, which reminds us at times of Pope in his lighter mood, and more frequently of Wither, Surrey, Herrick, and that class of sixteenth century song writers. The verses, you will observe, are addressed to "Monessia." On making inquiry I find that there is a place called *Monessie* in the parish of Logierait, not far from Stone's residence at Dunkeld, and it was probably to some fair damsel, the daughter of the then tacksman of Monessie, that the following verses were composed. I send them to you, Mr Editor, because I have always been warmly interested in the success of the *Celtic Magazine*, on whose continued prosperity and still widening popularity I take leave very heartily to congratulate you.—Yours very faithfully,

September 1880. "NETHER-LOCHABER."

MONESSIA: A Song. By Jerome Stone (1747).

Assist, ye friendly powers of love,
Who see my ardent flame,
And bear me to some silent grove,
To sound Monessia's name:

Monessia, fairer than the blooms
That clothe the verdant spring,
Whose beauty all my soul o'ercomes,
Invites her swain to sing.

May every wind as hushed as death,
Enraptured hear my strains,
Nor flowing gale's officious breath
Disturb the listening swains.
Ye wingëd guardians of the sky,
Join your harmonious lays,
And breathe ecstatic notes while I
Resound the charmer's praise!

Not all the virgins of the plains,
For charms admiréd most,
Though thousand lovers drag their chains,
Such charms as she can boast.
A virtuous mind in all its grace
Join'd to a seraph's form;
While heavenly mildness in her face
Sits blushing like the morn.

Not any bloom on radiant rose
That paints the flow'ry field,
Can such a world of sweets disclose,
Or can such beauty yield.
Her cheeks the sister Graces dip
In their ambrosial dye;
While pleasure smiles on either lip,
And Love plays in her eye!

Ah! deign, fair maid, with friendly ear,
To list a lover's pain;
Nor when my plaintive song you hear,
Receive it with disdain.
Sure if you knew the pangs I feel,
Enraptured with your charms,
You would not clothe your heart in steel,
Nor thrust me from your arms.

For while I gaze o'er all your face,
In sweetest transport drown'd,
My soul is struck with every grace,
And feeds a mortal wound!
Here, prostrate, at your feet I'll lie,
And melt in grief and pain,
Until a love-glance from your eye
Bid me revive again!

MATCH-MAKING AMONG THE FRASERS.

In the good old days it was too commonly the custom among the upper classes in the Highlands, as well as in the Lowlands, for contracts of marriage to be entered into solely on political or territorial grounds, without any regard being paid to the personal feelings of the contracting parties, who indeed were often mere children at the time when their parents thus arbitarily disposed of their matrimonial future. That most unhappy effects should often result from such alliances cannot be wondered at; but seldom did they lead to such tragic results as the one of which the following is a truthful account.

In 1685 Hugh Fraser, Lord Lovat, on his marriage with the Lady Amelia Murray, daughter of John, first Marquis of Athole, made a somewhat curious marriage-contract to the effect that if he should have no son by his present wife, or by any subsequent marriage, the lordship and barony of Lovat, and all his other estates, should go to his eldest heir-female, without division, provided she should marry a gentleman of the name of Fraser. Whether Lord Lovat had a glimpse of the future by means of the second sight or not when he made this settlement, true it is that he had no son. He had, however, four daughters, the eldest of whom, named Amelia after her mother, was thus the heiress to all the extensive estates of Lovat. But in March 1696, about six months before his death, Lord Lovat changed his mind, and, making a will, disposed his property to his grand-uncle, Thomas Fraser of Beaufort and his heirs male. Whether he could legally do this in the face of the previous settlement under his marriage-contract is, however, an open question. When her father died, in 1696, the heiress was a child of some eleven years, yet even at that early age her grandfather, the Marquis of Athole, arranged a contract of marriage between her and the Master of Saltoun, the eldest son of Lord Saltoun, a lad of about thirteen years of age, no doubt with the view of gaining sufficient influence by this marriage to secure her in the possession of the Lovat property against the counter claims of the Frasers of Beaufort.

Naturally the proposed alliance was regarded with great disfavour by the above-named Thomas Fraser, and urged on by his son, Simon (afterwards the notorious Lord Lovat, executed for high treason in 1747), he determined, by using every means in his power, to prevent the match from taking place.

To this end they first secured the valuable co-operation and countenance of Charles, Lord Fraser (now represented by the Frasers of Inverallochy), by working upon his political sentiments. Being a fervid Jacobite, this gentleman was easily led to believe that Lord Saltoun would use the additional power, which the contemplated marriage would give him, in opposition to the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne. The opponents of the proposed marriage having gained over Lord Fraser to their side, their next step was to get a number of the principal men of the clan to assemble at Essich, on the Stratherrick road, about four miles from Inverness, where they arranged that Lord Fraser should meet them and make a speech, pointing out what a severe master they would find in

Lord Saltoun, if his son was allowed to marry the heiress of Lovat, and urging them to support the claims of the Frasers of Beaufort to the succession. Having by these means gained the good-will and services of these gentlemen of the clan, the Frasers began to take bolder steps, and sent a threatening letter to Lord Saltoun, ordering him, at his peril, not to come into that part of the country without their leave and invitation. As may be supposed, Lord Saltoun took no notice of this insolent message, and shortly afterwards paid a visit to the Dowager Lady Lovat at Castle Downie, in reference to the marriage of her daughter; but although Lord Saltoun disdained to take any precautions for his own safety, it was deemed advisable that the young bride-elect should be placed for the present under the protection of her grandfather, the Marquis of Athole.

Evidently not anticipating any molestation, Lord Saltoun set out from Castle Downie on his return journey to Inverness, accompanied only by one friend, Lord Mungo Murray, and their usual attendants. They proceeded in safety until they reached the wood of Bunchrew, in passing through which they were suddenly set upon by Fraser of Beaufort and his son Simon, at the head of fifty armed men. Resistance to such an overwhelming force was out of the question, and they were quickly captured, dismounted, and disarmed, and compelled to remount on wretched little ponies, or gearrans, as they were called by the country people. In this miserable plight they were taken to Finellan House, shut up, each in separate rooms, and treated with great harshness by the daring Thomas Fraser of Beaufort and his still more reckless son, who even had the audacity to erect a gallows before the house, in full sight of the unhappy prisoners, and threatened to hang them all unless Lord Saltoun would promise to proceed no further with the projected marriage.

Finding that even this terrible threat would not frighten Lord Saltoun into submission to their demands, and probably fearing a rescue, they, after five days had passed, removed their prisoners to Aigas, a small rocky island in the Beauly river. The Frasers of Beaufort then attacked and gained possession of Castle Downie, capturing at the same time the unfortunate Dowager Lady Lovat, whose atrocious and dastardly treatment at the hands of the brutal Simon Fraser is a well-known matter of history.

After gaining possession of Castle Downie, the Frasers of Beaufort removed their prisoners thither from Eilean-Aigas, and put the Castle in a state of defence. But their lawless proceedings now met with a check, a body of troops was sent against them, who soon retook the castle and relieved the prisoners, the Frasers having to seek safety in flight. Simon Fraser, not daring to appear and stand his trial, was, in his absence, declared guilty, and with nineteen of his companions in crime, sentenced to death on the 5th of September 1698. Notwithstanding this, Simon, who was as clever as he was unscrupulous, not only managed to evade this sentence, but in time procured the royal pardon for his other numerous misdeeds, and also succeeded in obtaining from the Court of Session a decision in favour of his claim to the title of Lord Lovat.

The daring opposition of the Frasers of Beaufort had, however, the effect of breaking off the match between the Lady Amelia and the Master of Saltoun, and five years afterwards, when in her sixteenth year, the young lady married Alexander Mackenzie of Prestonhall.

Lord Saltoun had to wait for ten years before he succeeded in obtaining one whom he considered a sufficiently wealthy bride for his son; eventually a marriage was arranged between the Master of Saltoun and the Lady Mary Gordon, daughter of the first Earl of Aberdeen, whose fortune of 18,000 merks was there and then paid over to Lord Saltoun, in return for which he was taken bound to make a handsome and suitable settlement in favour of the young couple.

M. A. ROSE.

SUPERSTITION EXTRAORDINARY.—The witches of the Outer Hebrides were notorious for the manner in which they took away the fruit of the milk and butter. The following story speaks for itself:—A South countryman went to the Western Isles on one occasion to buy cattle, and going into a certain house at the breakfast hour, he was kindly asked to sit down to breakfast, for, be it remembered, that Highlanders, as a rule, are remarkable for their hospitality to strangers, a fact to which the writer can speak. The man at once complied, and among the other things placed before him was a quantity of fresh milk—new from the cow. On tasting the milk, the man, addressing the hostess, said—"Your milk is spoilt, my good woman; the fruit is taken from it." The woman answered that she was not insensible of her loss, but that she could not help it; she knew not how to retain it, and she wished the thieves much good of it. He then inquired if she knew who did steal it. She answered in the negative, but that she supposed it was one of her neighbours. "When you go to churn," he asked, "does any person call you to the door?" "Indeed," answered the hostess, "I no sooner begin to make butter than my next door neighbour comes and calls me to the door for some purpose or another; but I don't blame her, poor woman, for she is a pious woman, and is the very last person that would do the like of that." "Well, well," said the man, "be that as it may, I will give you an advice, and that is not to go to the door when she calls you again. On the contrary, if you refuse her point blank, you will in future have your own butter and milk." The next time the good woman went to churn, she resolved to follow the stranger's advice, whatever might be the consequence. But she had no sooner began operations, when her neighbour came bawling at her as usual to go to the door, but the butter-maker gave her a deaf ear—she paid no attention to her persuasions. At length she came to the door and begged of her to go to the door for one moment, but as the butter-maker still refused, the other came in and implored her to let her go, "for," said she, "you are tearing my arm off my shoulder." On hearing this the woman took the lid off the churn, when, to hor great astonishment, she found her neighbours' arm in it. The churn was almost full of butter. From that day forward she had plenty of good milk and butter. This story is alleged to be quite true.—*Oban Times.*

ORAN A CHLO.

[This song was composed by Alexander Campbell, Gairloch, under the following circumstances:—As ground officer for Sir Hector Mackenzie, Bart., he had to proceed on estate business on an early day to "Ri-Shuan," an out-of-the-way place, nearly twenty miles from his own residence, and now known as Loch-a-dring. His "best" suit of home-spun was getting somewhat the worse of the wear, and it occurred to *Alastair Buidhe* that he might as well, if possible, get the benefit of a new suit from a web of cloth, the yarn for which had been prepared, but not yet sent to the weaver, or "buaifear," as the bard calls him in the vernacular. On a certain day, while the bard's wife, "Catriana" of the song, was attending to other household duties, *Alastair* was amusing himself and relieving her by rocking the cradle, in which was carefully ensconced one of his promising boys. The bard, while engaged in this interesting occupation, was observed to be in a more than ordinary meditative mood. Soon he set up a kind of subdued humming *cronan*, and his wife having asked him what was the matter, he at once repeated to her aloud "Oran a Chlò," which he had just composed. She took the hint, and at once started with the already prepared yarn to the residence of Iain Donn, the weaver, whom she apparently found still in bed, and she told him of the bard's latest composition, its cause, and its subject. The weaver immediately got up and set to work, as described in the song. In a few days the finished web was sent home to the bard, and a new suit, to deck him out for his journey, was soon made ready, in ample time for the appointed day. The song was in due course repeated to Iain Donn. He and it at once became simultaneously popular in the district. The weaver considered himself amply paid, not only for the present transaction, but for all future labours of the same kind; and well he might, for he at once became famous in the district, and ever after he had more orders in consequence than he could execute.—Ed. *C. M.*]

Cha teid mise d'a Ri-Shuain,
Tha 'n latha 'n diugh gu fliuch, fuar,
Cionnas dh'fhaodas mi 'bhi suas
Mar dean buaifear aithghearra?
Gun teid a ghaoth a steach nam fheoil,
'S mo chot' air deanamh ragachan,
S ged tha'n clò agam ri steill.
Nach fhaic sibh fein mo chraicionn ris!
A Chatriana! eirich is cuir umad,
'S bi dol suas 'na bhail' ud urad,
'S ma tha thu falbh na bi fuireach,
'S dean do thuras aithghearra,
Agus innis do dh' Iain Donn,
Gum bheil mi 'n geall mo leasaichidh,
S mar a dean e gnothuich rium;
Gun toir mo chom dhomh euslainte.

'S dh' fhalbh Catriana leis an leum ud,
'S bha Iain Donn a steach, gun eiridh,
S ma'n da bheannaich iad do cheile,
Chuir i 'n ceill a teachdaireachd :—
" Gun robh 'n duine aice na eigin,
'S nach robh eideadh ceart aige,
'S gur ann air eigin 'bha e beo,
Ge da bha 'n clò a steach aca."
Thuirt Iain Donn a sud 's e gluasad,
" Gu de 'tha dha 'chumail uamsa,
Cuiribh 'n clò thugam gu luath,
'S gum bi e uam a dh'aithghearra."
'S dar a rainig an clò urad,
Bha sgairt is uilbh air an duine,
An deighe aodach a chuir uime,
Bha-sa fuinne 'bhracaiste.

Char surd air fithidh gu luath ;
Cha robh e uair ga bheartachdainn ;
'S ge d' char e troimhe le caonaig,
Chuir e caoin is ascaoin air.
Nuair chuireas mi sud umam ur e,
Their gach te, is fear, 'bheir suil air,
" Dh' fhag am fear ud beagan cuinidh
Am buth an aodaich Shasunnaich ;"
Their gach te, 's i breth air sgeoid air,
" Tha do chota 'taitinn rium,
'S ann air a tha lith nam buadh,
'S e fhein a fhuair a dhreasigeadh ;
Cho fighichte, 's cho teann, 's cho cruaidhe,
'S nach deach e riamh do mhuillinn luaidhe
Mar d' thugadh suathadh chasan air."

'S fear ceairde tha 'n laimh rium fhein,
A chuir an lith 's an craicionn air,
Mo bheannachd aig an laimh a dhlùth e,
Air chor 's nach druigh na frasan air.
Thoir fios gu mnathan uaisle Ghearrloch,
'S a h-uile te 'ni breacan carnaid,
Mar a gabh Iain Donn mu laimh e,
Nach dean cach cho ceart ris e.
Oh ! 's buidhe dha n te 'bheir rud dha,
'S bi cas air an te sheachnas e,
Cha 'n fhith e aithe gu brath,
Nach coisinn bar le thlachd'oireachd ;
Ge d' tharadh te breacan carnaid,
A shniomh, 's a thoinnidh, 'riona-bhaghach,
Cha dean i stuth mhath gu brath dheth,
Mar creic i 'n aite catois e.

THE EARLY SCENES OF FLORA MACDONALD'S LIFE,

With Several Incidental Allusions to the Remarkable Adventures and Escapes of the Unfortunate Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness.

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Part IV.

During the first quarter of the last century, feudal influence and power were perceptibly diminishing under the stringent laws of the nation. On the other hand, Jacobite principles were warmly fostered by many parties of all ranks and classes, especially in the Highlands of Scotland. Such was the state of matters, until the time arrived when, happily for the country, the aims and wishes of the Jacobites were all but extinguished by the result of the rebellion of 1715. The Pretender, commonly called the Chevalier St George, and father of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, having lost all his hopes of success, retired to France, where he remained an exile, and depended for support on the kindness of English friends, but chiefly on the bounty of his relative, Louis XIV. During the long peace that existed from the year 1715 to 1740, friendly feelings were fostered by many for the exiled house of Stuart—feelings which were secretly cherished, although not publicly manifested. Several events, however, came to pass about the latter period mentioned, which suddenly aroused the dormant wishes of the Jacobite party to renew the insurrection in favour, not of the Chevalier himself, but of his promising son, Prince Charles Edward, then a gallant youth of about twenty years of age. But the event which was considered by far the most important for realising the wishes of the Jacobites was the state of the Continent of Europe at that time. Britain was engaged in war with Spain, and had also to go to the field against France and the other powers, in order to settle the question of the Austrian succession. Britain and France came boldly forward, and in Flanders they entered the field as principals, and showed a mutual determination to settle their respective differences by force of arms. The King of France made all the preparations in his power for the bloody strife. He assembled an immense army in Flanders, which he put under the command of the brave Marshal Saxe. In the same manner the Duke of Cumberland hastened from England to the scene of action, and assumed the command of the allied forces, among which were several Highland regiments that acquitted themselves with marvellous gallantry. The allied army had the great disadvantage of being very few in number compared with that of the enemy, yet they fought in a manner that gained the admiration of Marshal Saxe and the other French officers. It is sadly true that our forces lost the day on the bloody battlefield of Fontenoy, but it is equally true that their bravery was universally admired, even by the enemy. A French historian says that "the British behaved well, and could be exceeded in ardour by none but our officers, who animated the troops by their example, when *the Highland furies* rushed in upon us

with more violence than ever did a sea driven by a tempest. In short, we gained the victory, but may I never see such another."*

The Battle of Fontenoy, a small village in the Netherlands, was fought on the 11th May 1745, and at this desperate engagement the Duke of Cumberland had a clear, unmistakable proof of the unrivalled gallantry of the Highlanders, which no doubt might cause a dread in his mind when called upon to encounter them as enemies in his own kingdom in less than one year afterwards. At Fontenoy the Highland regiments were terribly cut up, and more especially the brave 42d Royal Highlanders.

'Si so'n fhirinn gu dearbh air gach seòl agus dòigh,
'S ga co'-dhaingneach' gu dilinn bith la Fontenoi ;
Sud an là a thug ainm dhoibh air tùs anns an fheachd,
Bha an àrm uile-dhìleas do'n Righ, 's do gach reachd !

This stanza may be translated—

That the truth is here told, in a word every way,
Fontenoy will confirm while the sun gives the day ;
There their warlike achievements first purchased renown,
They were combatants loyal to king and to crown !

The unfortunate result of this disastrous battle flashed over the British nation with the utmost rapidity that could be resorted to by the slow process of communication that was then available. The unwelcome intelligence of the sad fate of the allied forces reached Edinburgh in less than eight days, and created great excitement among all classes in the Scottish Capital. A gloom was visible on every countenance, and the loss of life at Fontenoy afflicted many families both in the city and in the country around. In fact, there was a general lamentation in all quarters for the untimely death of numerous brave sons and gallant relatives.

There is no question but the course of events which had come to pass had inspired the Jacobites in Scotland with sanguine hopes that their wishes in regard to their favourite aspirant to the British throne might eventually be realised. It is well known that to effect their purpose they had formed secret associations for a good many years before they had resolved to come into immediate action. We are informed by Dr Chambers that "in the year 1740 seven persons of rank entered into an association of this kind—viz., the Earl of Traquair; his brother, John Stuart; Lord Lovat; James Drummond, commonly called the Duke of Perth; Lord John Drummond, uncle of James Drummond; Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck; and Cameron, younger of Lochiel; most of these brave persons possessing influence in the Highlands. Many others afterwards entered into similar engagements." In the course of about three years thereafter, matters appeared to be approaching to an important crisis. The French nation had come to the resolution of invading Britain as soon as practicable with a powerful force in behalf of the Stuarts, and the command of the expedition was to be conferred upon that distinguished officer Marshal Saxe. Prince Charles was duly apprised of this adventure, and ordered to be in readiness for it with all convenient speed. A powerful fleet was immediately equipped, and lay in Dunkirk Bay, ready to set sail with an army of 1500 to 1600 armed soldiers for the shores of England.

* Account of the Battle of Fontenoy, published in Paris on the 26th May 1845.

Intelligence of this formidable movement struck the British nation with unspeakable terror. Seeing that all the forces which England could then command were but comparatively small and powerless to face such a formidable invasion, the ruling authorities were grievously perplexed. All this being taken into consideration, with the shortness of time to make anything like a suitable preparation to meet the inveterate enemy, was unquestionably a matter of the deepest concern. It was too well known that the shores of England were but feebly protected at the time to make a successful defence; and it was also well known that much discontentment prevailed among all classes of the people. As immediate action, however, behoved to be taken, a few war ships were hastily fitted out, and ordered to sail under the command of Sir John Norris to the coast of France. While the aspect of matters at home and abroad presented nothing but gloom and despair, an over-ruling Providence seemed to deal favourably with the small fleet of England at the moment of its imminent danger. While Admiral Norris approached the Bay of Dunkirk, to ascertain the movements of the enemy's men-of-war, a terrific storm suddenly arose, which dashed many of the French vessels on the rocks, drove others from their moorings, and damaged the remainder so completely, that the French then and there resolved to abandon the scheme as hopeless. No one at home or abroad who had watched these stirring scenes was so very grievously disappointed as the young aspirant to the throne of England. Chambers states that "the mortification of Charles was great; and with his characteristic boldness, he actually proposed to his father's veteran partisan, Earl Marischal, to set sail in a herring boat for Scotland, in order to put himself at the head of his friends—believing apparently that his own presence as their leader was alone wanting for success. The Earl of course refused to sanction such a scheme; and Charles, after an ineffectual endeavour to be allowed by his father to serve in the French army, retired to an obscure part of France to wait for better times." About a year after this, he used all the means in his power, both by personal appeals and by the solicitation of interested friends, to induce the Court of France to renew the enterprise; but all was in vain, as no favourable impression could be made upon the French authorities to promote his purposes. Charles was dreadfully chagrined at the unexpected treatment that he had received from every quarter, yet he patiently restrained his feelings, and endeavoured to appear cheerful and in good spirits. He made several appeals in writing to his father, but to no purpose. He said to his father in one of his letters, "I wish you would pawn all my jewels, for on this side of the water I shall wear them with a very sore heart, thinking that there might be a better use for them; so that in an urgent necessity I may have a sum which may be of use for the cause."*

It is needless to recapitulate all the appeals, altercations, intrigues, and plans resorted to by the Prince to secure the countenance of his father, as well as the support of numerous parties in France. While his earnest endeavours in this respect seemed to become more gloomy and hopeless, the result of the battle of Fontenoy afforded him the chance of brighter prospects. He rejoiced to see that on that bloody field the flower of the

* Stuart Papers. Lord Mahon's History.

British army was destroyed, that England had there lost the most powerful of her fighting men, and that, in consequence, his chances of success became more favourable. He was urged by these circumstances to use all the available efforts in his power to make such preparations as his limited time and resources would allow. No doubt he placed great reliance on many enthusiastic friends in Britain, and more particularly so on a considerable number of faithful partisans in Scotland. He had many encouraging communications from sincere well-wishers on this side of the Channel, promising him substantial support, if he could carry along with him various requisites as indispensable munitions of war. He was himself convinced in his own mind, that if he could once raise his standard in the Highlands, many devoted friends would rally around it and stand true to his cause. Actuated by this belief, he resolved to make the best of his way to Scotland, as privately as possible, and to get as many friends to accompany him as might feel disposed to share in the danger of the enterprise.

Two bankers in Paris of the name of Waters, supposed to be father and son, supplied the sanguine adventurer with the loan of 180,000 livres, and with a part of that money he procured a considerable variety of warlike implements, such as swords, fusees, dirks, and gunpowder. There were two merchants in Nantes of Irish extraction, named Ruttledge and Walsh, who had engaged to furnish two vessels for the Prince —a small frigate named the "Doutelle," to convey himself and party, and also a much larger one called the "Elizabeth," to carry as many men and munitions as could be procured. The gentlemen who had agreed to accompany His Royal Highness were the following, viz. :—The Marquis of Tullibardine, brother to the Duke of Athole; Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been tutor to the Prince; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; the Rev. George Kelly, an English clergyman, who had been confined in the Tower for being concerned in the Bishop of Rochester's plot; Æneas or Angus Macdonell, a banker in Paris, and brother to Kinlochmoidart; O'Sullivan, an Irish officer in the French service; and also some common men, one of whom was John Buchanan, a messenger, and another (as stated in the Jacobite Memoirs) was Duncan Cameron, at one time servant to old Lochiel at Boulogne, who was secured to act as pilot to the Hebrides or Long Island.

On the evening of the 22d June (old style) the Prince, with his comrades, embarked on board the Doutelle at St Nazaire, and sailed to Belleisle to join the Elizabeth. They left this latter place on the 2d of July, and sailed as closely as possible to each other, On the 6th of that month, when west of the Lizard Point, they observed an English war ship, named the "Lion," bearing down upon them with all possible speed. This circumstance caused no ordinary consternation on both the French vessels, seeing clearly that an action was unavoidable. A few minutes thereafter the Elizabeth discharged the first broadside into the Lion, which was instantly returned with very destructive results. Before the Elizabeth was prepared to get her other side round to bear upon her opponent, another broadside was poured into her, which raked her decks so sweepingly both fore and aft, that a great number of her men were cut down. All the while the Prince looked anxiously on, as he stood exposed on the

deck of the Doutelle. He could not prevail upon the captain to give any assistance to the suffering Elizabeth; in fact he positively refused, and sternly told the Prince, if he insisted on his doing so any more, that he would instantly order him down to his cabin.* The engagement lasted for five long hours, until the darkness of night put an end to one of the most bloody encounters that had ever taken place between two single ships. Both vessels were complete wrecks, and at length they parted as if by mutual consent. The Elizabeth returned to France to be refitted, and carried along with her the too scanty stores that had been provided for the Prince's hazardous expedition. The Doutelle, however, pursued her course, under the directions of old Duncan Cameron the pilot, until the Prince and his companions arrived at the Hebride Isles.

In the meantime Prince Charles will be left on board the Doutelle, until an account of his further movements be stated hereafter.

It is now high time to make some additional remarks in reference to Miss Flora, the heroine of these articles. It will be remembered that by the last instalment of her history, she was, in the month of May 1745, in the city of Edinburgh, under the hospitable roof of Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles.

It has been already stated that the intelligence of the disastrous defeat of the British forces at Fontenoy soon reached the Scottish Capital, and caused no ordinary alarm. In a few weeks thereafter rumours were prevalent that this victory gained by the French over the allied forces of England was hailed as a propitious event for the prospects of the young Chevalier and his numerous partisans. As the days were passing, these rumours were gaining more and more feasibility in the eyes of the community at large. However clandestinely the Jacobites were devising their schemes, yet the reality of their purposes was hourly becoming more apparent to the loyal subjects of the reigning monarch of Great Britain. In short, the state of the country in connection with the well known intrigues of the youthful aspirant to the British throne was the continual subject of conversation among the citizens of all classes.† Sir Alexander

* Kirconnel MS. Jacobite Memoirs, p. 7.

† It was amusing to see and hear the citizens of Edinburgh, of all ranks and classes, standing in groups on the High Street, the Lawn Market, about old St Giles, and other thoroughfares, keenly discussing the events of the day, and fighting the battle of Fontenoy over again. Such dialogues as the following might then be heard:

DAVIE.—"Sad stirrin' news that, Jamie, in the *Courant* the day! Man, did ye see it?"

JAMIE.—"No; what is't? I see lots o' folk speakin' awa' aboot some fearfu' thing that happint east awa', whar an unco feck were killt, but I kenna' whar."

DAVIE.—"Hut, man, didna' ye hear that a man cam' a' the wai on horseback frae Lunnon, as fast as the creatur's heels could carry him, to tell that maistly a' our sodgers were killt by the French at some unco queer place o'er the sea, but I dinna' min' the name o't?"

JAMIE.—"Ye frichten me, Davie; is't a' gospel? Aiblins it may be a wheen o' lies. What does the *Courant* say about it?"

DAVIE.—"It's as true's death, Jamie; but didna' ye hear that a darin' chiel that they ca' the young Chevaleer is comin' o'er wi' a' the French at his tail, to ding doon and sweep awa' our King and a' his big folks, and like his faither afore him, to fecht hard, that he may get to be our King himsel'?"

JAMIE.—"Are ye tellin' what's richt, Davie? Will ye say 'Faith' that it's true? Surely that's the reason o' a' the steer and din that the folk are makin' in thir days on our streets. They're a' rinnin' aboot as gif the toun was on fire! Aye, and the

Macdonald had much at stake, and should a revolution be attempted, his position was a critical one, which required no ordinary firmness of resolution, as well as a steadfast determination, to stand true to his Sovereign and country.

The worthy baronet, although far from being robust in health at the time, saw the necessity of making the best of his way to Skye, to be in complete readiness for whatever changes or events might come to pass. Flora was at the time on a visit with her kind friend Bishop Forbes at Leith, and a messenger was sent to her to return to Edinburgh without delay, as Sir Alexander and his lady were making ready for their journey to Skye, and that she of course was to accompany them. It was a matter of no ordinary concern by what means that long journey was to be accomplished, as the modes of transit were then quite different from those of the present day. Sir Alexander in the meantime had fixed upon no determined plan as to how he and his party were to leave the Capital for the North, when he met accidentally with the Lord President Forbes of Culloden at a public dinner given by one of the Lords of Session. In course of conversation about the alarming rumours that had reached from France in regard to the purposes of the young Chevalier, the President stated that there was a necessity for his leaving the city for Culloden, as matters of no ordinary importance might require his immediate attention. Sir Alexander told the President that he had similar intentions, and had judged it a prudent step on his part, although his health was not what he would wish it to be, to return without delay to his clan and countrymen in Skye. The President told his friend, the Baronet, that he had resolved to take his passage to Inverness by the smack "Brothers," commanded by an acquaintance of his own, a Captain Mackenzie, who was a cautious sailor, and a steady man. Sir Alexander made up his mind at once to accompany his friend by the same route, and so matters were to be speedily arranged accordingly. On the third day of June, the party in question went on board the "Brothers" in Leith harbour, and set sail in the evening of the same day. A suitable supply of the requisite creature comforts were put on board by both Sir Alexander and the President, which proved to be a wise precaution as the passage was tedious. The weather was all that could be desired, but much too calm for a speedy

Provist himsel', and thae bodies o' Bailies o' his, are scamperin' up and doon the streets as if they were clean crackit in their brains, for my certy, there's something awfu' in the wind. But what say ye aboot that loon the Chevaleer's faither, and whan was he in oor country fechtin' for the croon?"

DAVIE.—"O! Jamie, Jamie, my man, I thocht ye had mair sense! Do ye nae mind that your ain coushin, Jenny Nelson's gudeman, was shot clean dead in yon bluidy battle near the toun of Dumblane, about thirty year syne, and that battle was on account o' this mad loon's faither; but, Guidness be thankit, he made naething o't, and we hope that his son may mak' still less?"

JAMIE.—"But what richt hae thae callans wi' oor kingdom; we dinna trouble them?"

DAVIE.—"Weel, Jamie, there's nae doot they hae a kin' o' richt throu' their bluid and kin in some wai that I canna explain, as it is sae unco raivellt and intercate, and I am nae gealogist; but nae doot they are Stuarts, ye ken, and they wanted to come in, but as they were Papists, we wad hae naething to dae wi' them."

JAMIE.—"Waes me! Davie. It will be an awfu' thing, Guidness preserve us, gif we will hae war again in this oor ain countra, for as sure as death, Davie, I dinna like it ava! Eh! nae, nae."

voyage. There happened to be a numerous company on board, and among the rest was Mr John Fraser, Provost of Inverness, and two bailies of that borough, who had been in Edinburgh attending some legal proceedings connected with their town. The Provost was a very facetious, jocular gentleman, whose mind was well stored with anecdotes, and whose art in telling them was easy and natural. He frequently kept the company in roars of laughter, and everything was very enjoyable and pleasant. Lady Margaret was much taken with the Provost's interesting stories, and would now and then address him, and say, "Come now, Provost, and tell us something else?" Flora, naturally reserved, modest, and unassuming, appeared to enjoy the company exceedingly, and at intervals amused them by singing some of her beautiful Gaelic songs. Of all on board, the captain of the smack seemed to be the most discontented. This arose from the tardy progress made by his comfortable vessel, in consequence of the continued calm. At length, after the lapse of fully eight days, the "Brothers" arrived safely at Inverness. The party went ashore with grateful thanks, but not until they had presented a few gifts to Captain Mackenzie for his unceasing attention to the comforts of his passengers. Sir Alexander, before leaving Edinburgh, had written to his servants in Skye, to send three of his horses properly saddled to Inverness, to convey Lady Margaret, Miss Flora, and himself to his residence in that island. At that time there were no public roads, but rough, riding paths from Inverness to Skye, and, in consequence, the journey was very fatiguing and uncomfortable, particularly for ladies. Sir Alexander and his party passed a whole week very pleasantly in the Capital of the Highlands, and were visited during their stay by most of the surrounding lairds, such as Grant of Glenmoriston, Baillie of Dochfour, Maclean of Dochgarroch, Robertson of Inches, and several others. The worthy Provost invited a large party of gentlemen and ladies to do him the honour, on one of the days, of dining with him at his own residence. Among other guests were the Lord President, Glenmoriston, Dochfour, and some of the aristocracy of the town. Ample justice was done to a substantial repast, and nothing less so to a hogshead of superior claret that the hospitable chief-magistrate had lately imported. A delightful evening was spent with anecdotes and songs, to the entertainment of which the modest Flora contributed no ordinary share. The whole company admired the beauty of her Gaelic melodies. She was naturally supposed by some present to be a daughter of Sir Alexander, as Lady Margaret treated her with such motherly attention and kindness. Glenmoriston received a promise from Sir Alexander, that on his way to Skye, he would spend a day or two with him at his romantic residence, and make it his first stage from Inverness. The Grants of Glenmoriston were steadfast adherents to the reigning dynasty. Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., states in his "Antiquarian Notes," "That in the struggle that prevailed during the whole of the seventeenth, and first half of the eighteenth centuries, the Grants of Glenmoriston invariably supported the Royal cause, while the chiefs as firmly ranged themselves on the other side. This much tended to support the independence of Glenmoriston, and many of Grant's people, particularly in Urquhart, were enthusiastic for the Stuarts." —(p. 187.) Two days thereafter three saddled horses arrived in town to convey Sir Alexander, his lady, and Miss Flora to Skye. Each horse had

his "Gille-ceannsrein," or attendant, who walked on the right side of the horse to protect the rider.* The party on leaving Inverness by the rough, mountainous path by Kenmylis, and through Caiplich, Abriachan, and Glen-Urquhart, arrived safely that evening at Invermoriston House, where they remained for two days, and enjoyed the Chieftain's hospitality along with a select company of guests. The next route was by Cluny and Glenshiel. At the latter place, on account of a heavy rainfall, by which the mountain rivulets were swollen into impassable streams, they had to pass the night in a small inn, where they received all the comforts that the little Highland hostelry could afford. Starting early the following morning, they went through Kintail, crossed Kyleakin ferry into Skye, and arrived late in the evening at the hospitable house of "Corriechatachain," where the Mackinnon of the day gladly received, and heartily welcomed his unexpected guests.† Miss Flora was more than delighted to find her venerable mother at Corriechatachain, under the expectation of meeting with Sir Alexander and his party there. She had come from her own residence at Armadale, a distance of about twenty miles, to welcome her daughter back to Skye after so long an absence. In two days more Sir Alexander and party, with their retinue of attendants, arrived safely at the family residence at Monkstadt, and Miss Flora's mother accompanied them.

(To be Continued.)

* Every Highland Chief had a numerous staff of strong and robust "gillies," or attendants, to each of whom regular duties were prescribed. These were ten to twelve in number, such as the "Bladair," the fool, or jest-man; the "Piobair," the piper; the "Gille-Piobaire," the bearer of the piper's bag-pipe; the "Filidh," or bard, to sing his chieftain's praises; there was also the "Gille-Casfhluich," being a strong man to carry his chief across morasses, streams, and rivers; the "Gille-Mor," the man to carry the chief's heavy broad-sword; the "Gille-trusarneis," or the "Gille-Malaid," the baggage-man; the Gille-ruith," the message man; and the "Gille-ceannsrein," the man who guarded and led the horse when the chief was riding.

† Dr Samuel Johnson, about twenty-eight years thereafter, was greatly pleased with the kind reception that he met with on his visit to Corriechatachain, as may be seen in Dr Carruthers' interesting notes appended to Boswell's tour to the Hebrides. Mackinnon of Corriechatachain was of an old sept of that clan, whose descendants lately claimed the chieftainship. Many well versed in the genealogical branches of the clan, were of opinion that the claim was well founded. The last male representative of this sept was the late Mr A. K. Mackinnon of Corry, who was for many years factor to Lord Macdonald, and only died a few years ago.

DEATH OF JOHN CAMERON MACPHEE, OF H.M. CUSTOMS, LONDON.—Just as we were going to press we received with sincere regret the sorrowful intimation that this genuine and truly patriotic Highlander had passed over to the majority at the comparatively early age of sixty-five. He died President of the Gaelic Society of London, and was one of its oldest members. Our late friend was a grand-nephew of the distinguished General Sir Allan Cameron of Erracht, who originally raised the 79th Cameron Highlanders, and to his able pen we are indebted for the valuable and interesting memoir of that gallant officer which appeared in the first volume of the *Celtic Magazine*. We shall have more to say on an early date regarding himself and his career.

CANNTAIREACHD, OR ARTICULATE MUSIC.

—o—

The above is the title of an interesting pamphlet of 38 pages, recently issued by Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay. The occasion of writing it was that a friend in Edinburgh called the author's attention to, and asked his opinion of a copy, which his friend possessed, of Gesto's "Canntaireachd," containing "a sample of a peculiar language used by a school of musicians in Skye, for teaching, learning, and remembering music." Wonderful to say the far-famed compiler of "The West Highland Tales," and the author of "Leabhar na Feinne," never heard of Gesto's book, published in 1828, until January of this year, though it was pretty well known among many worse-informed students of Highland folk-lore. A copy of the book, presented by Gesto himself to the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness, has been for several years in the library of the Gaelic Society of Inverness—presented by Mr Macgregor. In an interesting Gaelic address, delivered to the Society on the 24th of October 1872, and dealing with "The Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highlanders," the rev. gentleman refers to this peculiar book of Articulate Music, and quotes specimens from it which will be found printed at page 21, vol. ii. of the Transactions of the Society, published so long ago as 1873.

Knowing Mr Macgregor's acquaintance with Gesto and his peculiar notation, we called his attention to Mr Campbell's pamphlet, requesting that he would kindly supply us with any information in his possession about Gesto and his work, not given in this latest production of the author of "The West Highland Tales." In reply we received the following interesting communication, given exactly as it reached us :—

"My Dear Ceilteach,—I was in Edinburgh during the winters of 1831, 1832, 1834, and 1835, and in almost all these years old Captain Neil Macleod of Gesto, in Skye, resided in Edinburgh, and thus spent more of his time there than he did with his family at home. During the day he was seldom or never absent from the Advocates' Library, and I heard it said that he had even passed several nights there, having more than once been accidentally shut in at the close of the day. He amused himself there searching out for old books, writing letters, and attending to law papers, for he was at law with his proprietor, Macleod of Macleod, for many years, about the boundaries of Gesto. He lost his case, was ruined, lost his farm, and resided ultimately in a rented cottage, with his wife and daughters, in the village of Stein. He was a tall, gaunt, thin-faced man, with long nose, grey hair, white hat, tartan trousers, and plaid. He was known as the 'Parliament House Ghost,' and at times the 'Advocates' Library Ghost,' as he frequented these places day and night.

"I saw him daily, or almost so, and saw him oftener than I wished, as he made me write hundreds of pages of his law papers, to save expenses to him. He was crazy about 'Piobaireachd,' but did not play himself. He knew, I believe, almost every piobaireachd in existence—the names, the composers, their origin, and the causes for composing them. When strolling to and from the Advocates' Library, he very frequently called on,

and sat for hours with old John Macdonald, the father of Donald Macdonald, pipe-major to the Highland Society, whose portrait I recently saw in your possession. He would make Donald (then about 80 years old, while the father, then also alive, was upwards of 100) play 'piobaireachds' to him, all of which he himself could articulate with his pliant lips in the MacCrimmon noting style. He had a large manuscript collection of the MacCrimmons's 'piobaireachds,' as noted by themselves, and part of it was apparently very old and yellow in the paper from age, with some of the writing getting dim. Other parts were evidently more modern, and on different paper. Donald Ban MacCrimmon, who was killed at the rout of Moy, the day before the battle of Culloden, was (Gesto said) one of the best of the MacCrimmon performers; but the best of them all was Padruig Mor MacCruimean. For many ages these pipers noted down their piobaireachds, and Padruig Mor had a daughter who was very expert at noting, and could also play herself when asked as a favour to do so. I should think that the manuscript I saw with him would contain upwards of two hundred 'piobaireachds' from the bulk of it, and out of that manuscript he selected twenty or so, which he published as a specimen. The Macarthurs, pipers to the Clan Macdonald of the Isles, noted their piobaireachds also, but with different vocables. Gesto had one very old-looking leaf of their noting, on which the vocables appeared very faint, but I did not look much at it.

"Gesto told me that the vowels *a e i o u* were the roots of the syllabic notes. The vowel *i* (pronounced as in Gaelic and Latin—*ee*) was the root or index of the highest note on the chanter, and *u* the lowest, and *o* the next lowest, and then *a* and *e* represented the middle notes in the chanter. It was thus the case that such vocables as hi, tri ti, represented the high notes, and ho, hu, the lowest. These they combined by rules of their own, as hio, hiao, hiuo, hi dro to hachin, hidrototatiti, hidrototutati, hidrototutati, hiodrotohachin. I could easily fancy that it would be a very simple matter to fix on syllables, or vocables to represent every bar in pipe music, as it is such regular music in its construction. Any piper of any knowledge who can play the 'urlar' of the tune, and also the first 'siubhal,' can easily play the 'taobhluth' and the 'crunnluth.' If you give myself the noting of the first 'siubhal' of any 'piobaireachd,' I could easily note down all the other variations, should I have never heard nor seen the 'piobaireachd' before. This regularity in pipe music renders it an easy matter to frame syllables for the 'urlar' and for the first 'siubhal,' or variation; and if you have that on some fixed principle, it is easy to add the rest.

"This is all I have to say on the subject of the 'Brochan Ileach,' and it is enough; my dear Ceilteach, yours, gu dileas,

"1st September 1880. "ALASDAIR RUADH."

Mr Campbell remembers to have seen his father's piper reading and practising music from an old paper manuscript, which he has tried since to recover, but failed in doing so; but so far as he can remember, the words "were not the same as those used by the Skye school." There were thus, according to Iain Ileach, "three different systems existing fifty years ago for writing one system of reciting music articulately, which was current orally a hundred and fifty years ago in the West of Scotland,

and is current there still, used by pipers." This "old system," we are correctly told, "merits attention, because it is a bit of nearly forgotten folk lore. It is a genuine popular growth; native in the Celtic regions of the British Isles; and still flourishing there, amongst a small class of musicians of the old school; though unknown to the rest of the world."

Mr Campbell informs us that Ross, the Duke of Argyll's piper, who learned tunes orally in Ross-shire, from the chanter of John Mackenzie, the famous "Piobaire Ban," could read Gesto's book and play from it at sight. We ourselves have repeatedly heard pipers in the North-West Highlands, who knew not a single note of ordinary notation, teaching their pupils to play the various tunes by chanting the syllabic "Canntaireachd" of the MacCrimmons; and in remote districts it is no uncommon thing to find them doing so even now. It is therefore easy to understand how Mr Campbell's "interpreter could read a whole book," though "he could not explain a line of it," like a thrush unable "to explain the songs which mother nature taught him." The system was just carried down from father to son, from generation to generation.

The author points out the close connection which exists between this peculiar system of Celtic notation of pipe music, and the seemingly unmeaning choruses of some of our Gaelic songs, such as—

Ho i u o hill ho ro o
Ho i u o hi ri ri u o
Ho i u o hill ho ro o.

and also the chorus to "a modern song composed by a Highlander in New Zealand, on the marriage of Lord Lorn," and printed at page 23 of Sinclair's "Oranaiche," as follows:—

Irin, arin, a ho ro,
Irin, arin, a ho ro,
Irin, arin, a ho ro,
My love for Lorne's Marquis.

Though the New Zealand Highlander used the chorus to a "modern song," he was only adopting a very old and very popular one, to which several of our Gaelic songs are sung. Let the reader repeat the above "Irin, arin," &c., and substitute

Cha bhi mi slan mar faigh mi thu,

or

Gun togainn fonn gu h-aighearach,

or

Gur tu mo luaidh na'm faighinn thu,

for

My love for Lorne's Marquis,

and he will at once recognise an old friend—old wine, or rather an old cork, placed by the modern New Zealander in a new bottle.

The specimens given of what Mr Campbell designates "piper's folk lore, orally collected this day" from Duncan Ross, piper to the Duke of Argyll, is of a very loose description, and not much to be depended upon. This piper informs Mr Campbell that "now we have three drones in the pipe, and grace notes. That's an improvement. Many a story did old John Mackenzie tell me when I was turning his lathe for him and

learning music with him. *He was four score when he died, and that is more than twenty years ago. It must be nearly a hundred years since he was in Raasay, learning 'Ceol mor,' great music, from Mackay* (the italics are ours). They had but two drones (doss) then, and they played no grace notes. They had no 'Ceol beag' then, no small music, they only played Ceol mor on the pipes, battle tunes, and laments, and salutes, and such like. They had cattle in one end of their house. Mackay used to turn his back to the pupils and play the tunes. Mackay's sister used to sit by the fire, and dictate the words of Canntaireachd, and sing them as the piper played. 'Many a time,' says Ross, 'have I heard old women, myself, out herding cattle, sing great music in the words of Canntaireachd. They had no grace notes. That is Ceol mor—Cille-Chriosd. When the Papists burned the church near the Muir of Ord, I don't know how long ago it was, but it was a long time ago, they came from *taobh na Manachain*, from the Beauly side; the piper played up, and they did not know what he was going to play. He played—

Yonder I see the great smoke,

and so he warned them all. That is the same as the words you have got there—

I hindo hodro hindo
Chi mi thall ud an smuid mhor.

That's Cille-Chriosd, and that's the way it was made.'"

It would be an act of supererogation to reproduce for the readers of the *Celtic Magazine* the real history of the atrocious burning of the church of Cille-Chriosd, in 1602, by the Macdonalds of Glengarry, and of how their piper played on that occasion, for the first time, the piobaireachd known by that name, while he marched round the burning sanctuary, full of agonising and burning men, women, and children, who rent the air with their cries of distress. But the actual facts regarding John Mackenzie, the "Piobaire Ban," for so long piper to Tulloch and the Marquis of Breadalbane, are not perhaps so well known, and we think it right to guard the reader against accepting this "piper tradition" and the arguments founded upon it, in place of the real facts of history. Last May, while on a visit to Strathpeffer, we took a ramble among the tombs in Kinettas Churchyard, looking for genealogical information. Among other interesting monuments we came across a handsome one—erected to John Mackenzie, the famous piper, by his widow, Maria, sixth daughter of the late Captain Donald Mackenzie of the 100th Regiment, son of Thomas Mackenzie, VIth of Applecross and IVth of Highfield, and who still survives at Liverpool—bearing the following inscription:—

Erected by his sorrowing widow, to the memory of JOHN MACKENZIE, late piper to the Marquis of Breadalbane for 28 years, who died at Greenhill Cottage, Munlochy, on the 24th of April 1864; aged 68.

He was a real specimen of the Highlander, esteemed and respected by all who knew him. He was known as chief and father of all the Highland pipers, and had taught upwards of forty young men, &c.

It will be at once apparent that even such a famous piper as John Mackenzie could not in the course of nature have been learning "great music" from John Mackay in Raasay "nearly a hundred years since"—

some 18 years before he was born; which event took place in 1798—only 82 years ago.

Apart, however, from such "piper's tradition," and other characteristic peculiarities, Mr Campbell's brochure possesses considerable interest, and it will at least prove useful in calling attention to the peculiar system of musical notation of which it treats; but we are afraid it will not in other respects add much to the reputation of its distinguished author. During the last General Election he fired the following, to many, unintelligible, literary bombshell, through the columns of a Glasgow newspaper, among his excited countrymen. The enigma was truly characteristic of Iain Ileach, and the quotation from Gesto, which we at the time recognised as an old acquaintance, is a fair enough specimen for presentation to the reader of the MacCrimmon notation. Mr Campbell wrote then, and now reproduces on his title-page the following :—

Like a herald of old, or a bard, or a piper, I can stand here on a green knoll, in a yellow fog, out of the field of the fray, and incite people to battle, with the mustering of the clans in the old forgotten language of MacCrimmen, piper to Macleod of Dunvegan; of Macarthur, piper to the Lord of the Isles; of "The Piper o' Dundee;" and of John Campbell, the Lorn piper, who taught me fifty years ago how to rouse men with strange words out in the Isles :—

COGADH NA SITH. BATTLE OR PEACE.
THE TRUE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Hodroho, hodroho, haninin, hiechin,
Hodroho, hodroho, hodroho, hachin,
Hiodroho, hodroho, haninin, hiechin,
Hodroha, hodroha, hodroha, hodroha,
Hodroha, hodroho, hodroho, hachin,
Hiodroho, hodroho, haninin, hiechin,
Hodroha, hodroho, hodroho, hodroha,
Haninun, haninun, haninun, haninun.

Finishing measure in eight syllables—

Hiundratatateriri, hiendatatateriri,
Hiundratatateriri, hiundratatateriri.

All of which means music, which meant—

"Almost alike for us, battle or peace."

The following is another specimen, given by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor in the address already referred to, from "Failte Phrionnsa," and quoted from the Transactions of the Gaelic Society :—

AN T-URLAR.

Hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
Hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi a chin,
Hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
Hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi i chin,
Hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
Hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi a chin,
Hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
Hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi i chin.

SIUBHAL.

Hi o dro hi chin, ha chin ha chin,
Hi o dro ha chin, hi chin ha chin,
Hi o dro hi chin, ha chin ha chin,
Hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi chin,

Hi o dro hi chin, hi chin hi chin,
Hi o dro ha chin, hi chin ha chin,
Hi o dro hi chin, ha chin ha chin,
Hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi chin,

TAOBHDUDH.

Hio dro to, hi dro to, ha dro to, ha dro to,
Ho dro to, ha dro to, hi dro to, hi a chin, &c.

The author explains what he considers to be the origin and meaning of the term "Canntaireachd" in the following manner:—"One name of the Highland system" (of Canntaireachd) "is 'Aryan,' because words related to it, pervade Aryan speech. In Gaelic *can* means to say or to utter; as *can oran*, chant a song. In Welsh *can* means song, *canaid* singing. But in Welsh and in French, the word which means "singing" includes the crowing of a cock. Music is common to men and birds—

"Le coq gaulois *chante* toujours."

All natural singing, from the love songs of blackbirds to the war-cries of cocks; human shouts, laughter, wailings, exclamations, and ejaculations; any articulate chanting of musical notes; may be spelt as other sounds are, which make words in a language. Each note is a syllable, and can be expressed by a vowel and consonants; notes and syllables combine into words with and without meaning. So Aryan Highlanders who chanted tunes naturally, as mankind in general are apt to do, wrote their chants as words with Roman letters; and called their system by a name of Aryan origin, which is *Canntaireachd*. The system has another Aryan name which means 'memory.' The Gaelic word is variously written *meoghair*, *meamhair*, *meomhair*. It is sounded *meauair*. It is a sound related to *meur*, a finger; *meoir*, fingers; *meuraich* v.a. to finger, as men of old fingered a reed to make music. The original 'stave' in musical notation had but four lines, and it probably represented the four fingers which still are used as a 'stave' in teaching children to sing. This Gaelic word seems to associate 'memory' with fingers, and counting upon them, and it explains *Canntaireachd* to be an artificial memory for music as taught by pipers to pupils of old."

If this paragraph had been written by any other than Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay, it might safely be allowed to pass without fear of its doing any harm. The author of "Leabhar na Feinne" is, however, an authority on such subjects, and therefore we must take the liberty of disagreeing with his elaborate theory as to the real meaning of the word *Canntaireachd*. It is very simple. Mr Campbell is quite correct in saying that *can* means to say or to utter. Let him follow up this *can* and he will find that *cainnt* means *speech; Cainntear*, a speaker, an orator; *Canntaireachd*, speaking. *Canntaireachd* then, in its application to pipe-music, simply means *speaking* (not writing) the notes in contradistinction to what is not "the same system with another Aryan name which means 'memory,'" as Mr Campbell would have us believe. The "other" system to which it is a contrast is not one of *memory* but of *fingering*, sounding or playing the notes with the "meur" or finger on the chanter; whereas in the this case the notes are sounded or spoken with the living voice. *Canntaireachd*, or articulate notation, first invented and described to a nicety by the name itself, came afterwards to be written in syllables

made up "of vowels and consonants" by the MacCrimmons and others, but there is no more connection between the *writing* of it, in that form, either with its original and thoroughly descriptive name of *Canntaireachd*, or with "memory," than there is between the name of the sun and the art of printing.

Meur means finger; *meurach*, fingered; *meuraich*, to finger; *meurachadh*, fingering. "Piob *mheurach* nan dòs," as the bard has it, when *fingered* or played upon, produces very *different* sounds to the *Canntaireachd* or chanting of the human voice, and exhibits a separate and distinct system. *Meomhair*, memory, has nothing to do with either. *Meoghair* is a very different word, meaning "sport, fun, mirth," &c.; while the adjective *meoghrach* means "merry, cheerful, sportive, lively," &c. [see Armstrong's Dictionary]. The latter might be applied to the pipes, but it would be very far fetched, not correct, and not in any way so appropriate as "meurach," or fingered. So much for the author's Aryan derivation and other theories, as to the meaning of the term *Canntaireachd*.

Mr Campbell gives the Piobaireachd of "Kilichrist" at the end of his pamphlet, as noted in ordinary modern notation by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, late of the 78th Highlanders, and now of the Highland Rifle Militia, along with Gesto's articulate version of the tune. It is, however, pitched on such a key, that no performer can possibly reproduce it on the bag-pipes.

Our author sums up his brochure thus:—"My conclusion is that Canntaireachd is not a systematic scientific method of writing music, but a natural growth from human nature. Men who make vocal music, articulate naturally, and naturally associate articulate sounds with musical notes, so as to remember tunes. Civilization and education associate words with meaning, and with musical notes, so as to separate and then join poetry and music in songs and ballads and in epics transmitted orally. A further advance records oral recitations in writing, and music in notation. The systems are numerous as alphabets and symbols, and these writings came to printing when that art was invented. That system of growth belongs to reasoning humanity; and where it is to end is hard to imagine. But this seems plain. The book of Scotch pipe tunes, printed in 1828, stands alone in the library of human inventions, so far as I have been able to discover, and it is therefore worthy of the notice of men who study the progress of civilization. I add one tune, without grace notes; which pipers add, but with Gesto's articulate music, and the equivalent notes; to enable those who care, to study how these two systems correspond, and how they differ."

The pamphlet is printed in bold and clear type, and the workmanship is highly creditable to the "Islay printer," Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, compiler, printer, and publisher of the "Oranaiche," or Highland Songster.

A. M.

Literature.

—o—

HISTORY OF IRELAND; *Cuculain and his Contemporaries.* By STANDISH O'GRADY, vol. ii. London: Sampson, Low, Searle, Marston, & Rivington. Dublin: E. Ponsonby. 1880.

THE first volume of Mr Standish O'Grady's History of Ireland appeared in 1878. We read it at the time with unmixed pleasure, and noticed it favourably and at some length in these pages. The volume before us appeared early this year; but it has hitherto been left unnoticed. Some time subsequently to the receipt of the book from the publishers, and before we were able to peruse it, a letter from the author reached us, quite unsolicited, in which he volunteered the following statement:—"As I look over the preface to vol. ii. I feel quite ashamed of the somewhat *h*asty (or *n*asty; we are not quite sure which) way in which I have alluded to the noble Scotch traditions and bardic tales and poems which, through Macpherson, have made the name of Ossian famous over the world. In writing so I must have felt a momentary annoyance that the ancient MS. literature of Ireland should be so forgotten and unknown. If I come to a second edition I hope to write more fairly on that subject."

Naturally enough, on receipt of this manly, voluntary, and unexpected acknowledgment of the "hasty (or nasty) way" in which he referred to Macpherson, we began to read the book, or rather its long introduction of 88 pages, in which the author treats of the "Early Bardic Literature of Ireland;" and a most interesting and learned dissertation we found it. In it he informs us that, until modern times, history was the one absorbing pursuit of the Irish secular intellect, the "delight of the noble, and the solace of the vile;" but that, at present, the apathy which prevails on the subject among Irishmen is "without parallel in the world. It would seem as if the Irish, extreme in all things, at one time thought of nothing but their history, and, at another, thought of everything but it. Unlike those who write on other subjects, the author of a work on Irish history has to labour simultaneously at a two-fold task—he has to create the interest to which he intends to address himself." The Irish historian stands with dismay and hesitation, not through the deficiency but through the excess of the mass of material ready to his hand, while the English historian has utterly lost record of everything which took place during the centuries to which these extensive Irish records refer. The mass of imaginative literature causes the main difficulty, for it can neither be rejected nor retained; "it contains historical matter which is consonant with and illuminates the dry lists of the chronologist," while at the same time it is said that "popular poetry is not history, and the task of distinguishing in such literature the fact from the fiction—where there is certainly fact and certainly fiction—is one of the most difficult to which the intellect can apply itself. That this difficulty has not been hitherto surmounted by Irish writers is no just reproach. For the last century, intellects of the highest attainments, trained and educated to the last degree, have been vainly endeavouring to solve a similar question in the

far less copious and less varied heroic literature of Greece. Yet the labours of Wolfe, Grote, Mahaffy, Geddes, and Gladstone, have not been sufficient to set at rest the small question, whether it was one or two or many who composed the Iliad and Odyssey, while the reality of the achievements of Achilles, and even his existence, might be denied or asserted by a scholar without general reproach. When this is the case with regard to the great heroes of the Iliad, I fancy it will be some time before the same problem will have been solved for the minor characters, and as it affects Thersites, or that eminent artist who dwelt at home in Hyla, being by far the most excellent of leather cutters. When therefore Greek meets Greek in an interminable and apparently bloodless contest over the disputed body of the Iliad, and still no end appears, surely it would be madness for any one to sit down and gaily distinguish true from false in the immense and complex mass of the Irish bardic literature, having in his ears this century-lasting struggle over a single Greek poem and a single small phase of the pre-historic life of Hellas."

This argument is particularly apposite and to the point; but it is curious, to say the least, to find the author of such an argument writing, as he does further on, in so dogmatic a manner of Macpherson and his Ossian, and in a style which only an Irishman, who, on that question, borrows his limited information, and his dense prejudices, from Dr Johnson and his Saxon satellites, could use; all of whom hated the Celt and still continue to grudge to him, both in Scotland and in Ireland, anything in literature removed from mere common-place. It is really a pity to find writers like Standish O'Grady adopting such a course, and blindly following the lead of the enemies of his own race to scratch the literary eyes out of his brother Celts of Scotland; but, to tell the truth, this has hitherto been markedly characteristic of Irish *literatteurs*. They have an Ossian and an Ossianic poetry of their own—mere doggerel and gibberish in comparison with Macpherson's, and they, naturally, but narrowly and mistakenly, grudge their Scottish brethren the noble heritage. We had in vain hoped that in this respect matters were improving, and that the Celts of both countries were beginning to see more eye to eye and becoming more willing to co-operate rather than to pick out each other's eyes. The work before us has, however, undeceived us. The author seems strongly depressed and impressed throughout with the dense ignorance of his own countrymen regarding their own history, and he cumulates the wailing and piles on the agony thus :—"A history dealing with the early Irish kings and heroes would not secure an audience." "A rational scientific history of Ireland will be acceptable in proportion to the readableness of the style, and the mode in which the views of its author may harmonise with the prevailing humour and complexion of his contemporaries." "There is not in the country an interest on the subject to which to appeal. A work treating of the early Irish kings in the same way in which the historians of neighbouring countries treat of their own early kings would be, to the Irish public generally, unreadable. It might enjoy the reputation of being well written, and as such receive an honourable place in half-a-dozen libraries, but it would be otherwise left severely alone. It would never make its way through that frozen zone which, on this subject, surrounds the Irish mind." "Intensity of application" on the part of the Irish reader "is a condition of the public mind upon

which no historian of this country can count." "Educated Irishmen are ignorant of, and indifferent to, their history." "I think I do not exaggerate when I say that the majority of educated Irishmen would feel grateful to the man who informed them that the history of their country was valueless and unworthy of study." These are only a few specimens of the complimentary vocabulary in which the author of the work before us refers to his countrymen—to "educated Irishmen," And yet, he hesitates not to address them regarding Macpherson's Ossian in a manner which can only be justified by his friends on the supposition that he is just as ignorant on *that* question as they—his educated countrymen—are, if we accept his authority, of the history of their own country. Some of his educated but "ignorant" brother-Irish have recorded their narrow and prejudiced opinions of Macpherson's Ossian in the "Transactions of the Irish Ossianic Society," and Mr O'Grady appears to have adopted their ignorant and prejudiced conclusions without having made any enquiry of his own. The paper in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society is as shallow and one-sided a criticism as it has ever been our fortune or misfortune to peruse, and did it fall within the scope of this notice there would be little difficulty in showing that its arguments are bad; that the so-called facts on which they are based are no facts at all; that history itself had been perverted; and that the conclusions arrived at are exactly neither more nor less than the natural outcome of these false premises. They seem, however, to have been considered good enough for the author of the "History of Ireland;" and the only satisfaction derivable from all the circumstances is the manly and voluntary acknowledgment which the author has made that he is "ashamed" of the nasty manner in which he has written of Macpherson and his Ossian.

After wading through several sneering and depreciatory remarks regarding Macpherson, we finally land, page 45, upon the following curious compliment and peculiar "justice" to Macpherson and his countrymen, addressed mainly, of course, to the "educated" of whose dense ignorance we have learned more in this volume than we are really willing to believe :—

"To Macpherson, however, I will do this justice, that he had the merit to perceive, even in the debased and floating ballads of the Highlands, traces of some past greatness and sublimity of thought, and to understand, for the first time, how much more they meant than what met the ear. But he saw, too, that the historical origin of the ballads, and the position in time and place of the heroes whom they praised, had been lost in that colony removed since the time of St Columba from its old connection with the mother country. Thus released from the curb of history, he gave free rein to the imagination, and in the conventional literary language of sublimity, gave full expression to the feelings that arose within him, as to him, pondering over those ballads, their gigantesque element developed into a greatness and solemnity, and their vagueness and indeterminateness into that misty immensity and weird obscurity which, as constituent factors in a poem, not as back-ground, form one of the elements of the false sublime. Either not seeing the literary necessity of definiteness, or having no such abundant and ordered literature as we possess, upon which to draw for details, and being too conscientious to invent facts, however he might invent language, he published his epics

of Ossian—false indeed to the original, but true to himself, and to the feelings excited by meditation upon them. This done, he had not sufficient courage to publish also the rude, homely, and often vulgar ballads—a step which, in that hard critical age, would have been to expose himself and his country to swift contempt. The thought of the great lexicographer riding rough-shod over the poor mountain songs which he loved, and the fame which he had already acquired, deterred and dissuaded him, if he had ever any such intention, until the opportunity was past.

"Macpherson feared English public opinion, and fearing lied. He declared that to be a translation which was original work, thus relegating himself for ever to a dubious renown, and depriving his country of the honest fame of having preserved through centuries, by mere oral transmission, a portion, at least, of the antique Irish literature. To the magnanimity of his own heroes he could not attain :—

> Oscar, who feared not armies—
> Oscar, who never lied.

"Of some such error as Macpherson's I have myself, with less excuse, been guilty, in chapters xi. and xii., vol. i., where I attempt to give some conception of the character of the Ossianic cycle." This is another manly confession; yet, Mr O'Grady, it is hardly fair that you should measure Macpherson's corn by your bushel. You may be willing to admit that you have *feared English public opinion, and fearing lied;* but Macpherson admitted no such thing. It has yet to be proved; and you must not assume, that because you did so and confess it, he was also capable of condescending to such literary degradation.

Having reached and perused what Mr O'Grady's letter evidently referred to, we immediately wrote to him asking if the letter addressed to us was to be considered private—in which case the work would have to be reviewed as if the letter had never existed—or whether we were to hold it as a public document, and to be permitted to make such use of it as we thought right in the circumstances. We at once received his reply, giving us full permission to use it in whatever manner we thought proper, and we had no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that it ought to be at once published; for it is, at best, only problematical that a second edition of the History of Ireland may ever appear. And we consider it only fair that Irishmen and Scotchmen alike should know that the opinions expressed regarding Macpherson and his Ossian in his published work are not the present and more matured opinions of the accomplished author of the History of Ireland.

Apart from this unconsidered attack upon Macpherson and his Ossian, which we felt bound in justice to his memory to resent, the present volume is an interesting and valuable work, and well worthy of its predecessor.

Traditions and Folk Lore of Strathglass.—The first of a series of papers on this subject will be commenced by Mr Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, in our next.

TO THE READER.

THE present number completes our fifth annual volume, under circumstances which, we think, justly entitle us to congratulate ourselves, our contributors, and our readers. It is admitted by all who take any interest in the language, literature, history, and folk lore of the Highlands, that the *Celtic Magazine* has secured for itself a respectable and influential position: thanks mainly to our able and well-informed contributors, but also to the many good friends of the Celtic cause, who, by their kindly aid, helped to make it known among their more immediate friends and the general public.

Our small craft was launched exactly five years ago, by no means under the most favourable circumstances. At the time the *Gael* and the *Highland Pioneer* (both now no more) and the *Highlander* occupied the Celtic field. From all these we at the time received the cold shoulder. In spite of this, however, and numberless other difficulties, the *Celtic Magazine* secured at the outset a respectable circulation among the better and more intelligent classes, and that circulation has ever since continued steadily to increase, until during the current year it has made an unprecedented bound in all directions—at home and abroad.

In addition to this substantial evidence of how our labours are being appreciated, we constantly receive communications from all quarters, warmly congratulating us upon our success, and encouraging us to persevere in our efforts to make one Celtic publication, at least, not only a literary but a financial success. Perhaps, however, the best evidence of all is that our first volume commands the handsome figure of 25s in the book market—a sum nearly equal to the entire cost to subscribers of the complete series of five volumes. Our original subscribers will thus find that we have been able to supply them with good value for their money. The current volume is also out of print (except a few copies, which can only be supplied to new subscribers with sets of vols. ii., iii., and iv.), and worth double its published price.

Our arrangements for next year will be found to produce results even superior to any that we have yet attained. In addition to the "History of the Macdonalds," which will be continued for another year, a varied and interesting programme has been already arranged; but we feel quite sure that our friends, from what they have hitherto received, will, on that score, take us a good deal on trust, without our going into further detail.

The experience of the year now closing induces us to recommend intended subscribers to send in their names at once; for several of the numbers of the current volume went out of print almost as soon as published, and could not be supplied to new subscribers.

Our old friends will very materially aid us, and secure for themselves a considerable saving, by forwarding us their annual subscriptions *in advance*, as indeed most of them have always done hitherto.

With this number a title-page and table of contents are issued for volume v.

Sean gu dlu ri cliu do shinnsir

"A h-uile latha 'chi 's nach fhaic."

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The Celtic magazine

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